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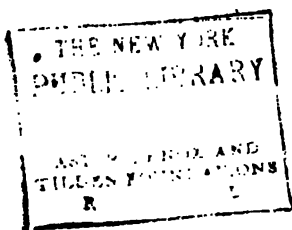
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REPUBLIC OF LETTERS.

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THE
REPUBLIC OF LETTERS,

A SELECTION, IN POETRY AND PROSE,

FROM THE

WORKS OF THE MOST EMINENT WRITERS,

WITH

MANY ORIGINAL PIECES.

BY A. WHITELAW,

EDITOR OF "THE CASQUET OF LITERARY GEMS."

Books are yours,
Within whose silent chamber treasure lies,
Preserved from age to age ; more precious far
Than that accumulated store of gold
And orient gems which, for a day of need,
The sultan hoards in his ancestral tombs.

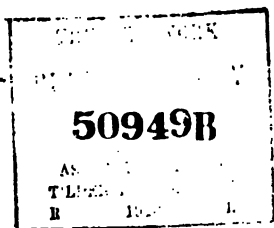
Wordsworth.

IN FOUR VOLUMES.

WITH TWENTY ENGRAVINGS.

VOL. I.

GLASGOW:
BLACKIE & SON, 8, EAST CLYDE STREET,
AND 5, SOUTH COLLEGE STREET, EDINBURGH;
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GLASGOW:
PRINTED BY GEORGE BROOKMAN.

TO
THOMAS BRYDSON, Esq.

AUTHOR OF
"PICTURES OF THE PAST,"
THE REPUBLIC OF LETTERS

IS INSCRIBED,
AS A SLIGHT TESTIMONY OF THE EDITOR'S HIGH REGARD FOR HIM
AS A FRIEND AND AS A POET.

RECD 7 FEB '36



P R E F A C E.

THE REPUBLIC OF LETTERS may be considered as a continuation of the CASQUET OF LITERARY GEMS, lately published, in four 12mo volumes. Both works are of the same miscellaneous description, and pains have been taken that they should resemble each other in the variety and value of their contents. While, however, they are thus connected by similarity of design and execution, each publication has its respective claim to attention, as none of the pieces which have appeared in the one are repeated in the other.

Several original pieces were given in THE CASQUET, without specification. In the REPUBLIC OF LETTERS, a much larger proportion of these are dispersed throughout the collection, and in most cases indicated by initial subscriptions. It is not expected that the intrinsic value of the work will be increased on this account,—for it would be absurd to hope, that the occasional contributions even of able writers would equal the *selected* beauties of English literature,—*but, by thus mingling new with old, it was considered that an additional variety would be given to*

the work, and the common objection to mere compilations in some degree removed. To those friends who favoured him with original pieces, the Editor begs to acknowledge his obligations. It has been matter of regret to him, that, from the limited plan of the work, he has been unable to do justice to many of the numerous communications with which he has been honoured.

In regard to its Engravings, the present publication will be found greatly to surpass its predecessor. The Editor may speak with freedom here, as this department of the work was almost entirely left to the care of its junior publisher, Mr John Blackie, Member of the Dilettanti Society, Glasgow, who has evinced much taste and liberality in selecting proper subjects for embellishment, and in securing the assistance of eminent artists. To the kindness of several gentlemen in giving permission to copy from paintings in their possession, the work is indebted for some of its chief attractions. The engraving of 'Rotterdam' is from a painting in the possession of Mr Hay of Edinburgh; that of 'The Shepherd Boy,' from a painting in the possession of Mr Jenner, Glasgow; that of 'The Cobbler,' from a painting in the possession of Mr Hope, Dean of Faculty, Edinburgh; that of 'The Moss Trooper,' from a painting in the possession of Mr John Brown, Glasgow; that of 'The Golden Age,' from a painting in the possession of Mr M'Lellan, Convener of the Trades' House, Glasgow; and that of 'The Love-Sick Maid,' from an old and highly valued painting in the

possession of Mr Ewing, present Lord Provost of Glasgow. To the Artists, Messrs Bonar, Williams, Kemp, and Howard, the publishers are also indebted for permission to copy from their several works.

For the rest: although the **REPUBLIC OF LETTERS** presents itself under the disadvantage of a younger son, having been forestalled by its elder brother, **THE CASQUET**, in several fair domains in the province of literature, still it is trusted that its own possessions will be found to be neither few nor unattractive. The Editor has, at all events, the consciousness of having spared no exertion in rendering it equal to its predecessor. He is not sanguine enough to hope that his labours will be judged of in the mild spirit recommended by Erasmus; yet he ventures to quote the words of that celebrated scholar, with the view of soothing his own misgivings, and of encouraging the charitable constructions of others. "A reader," says Erasmus, "should sit down to a book, *especially of the miscellaneous kind*, as a well-behaved visitor does to a banquet. The master of the feast exerts himself to satisfy all his guests; but if, after all his care and pains, there should still be something or other put on the table that does not suit this or that person's taste, they politely pass it over, without noticing the circumstance, and commend other dishes, that they may not distress their host, or throw a damp on his spirits. For who could tolerate a guest that accepted an invitation to your table with no other purpose but that of finding fault with every thing put

before him ; neither eating himself nor suffering others to eat in comfort ? And yet you may fall in with a worse set than even these,—with churls that, in all companies, and without stop or stay, will condemn and pull to pieces a work which they had never read. But this sinks below the business of an informer, yea, though he were a false witness to boot. The man who abuses a thing of which he is utterly ignorant, unites the infamy of both ; and in addition to this, makes himself the pander and sycophant of his own and other men's envy and malignity."

GLASGOW, *December*, 1832.

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THE
REPUBLIC OF LETTERS.

MY SISTER KATE.

There is a low road (but it is not much frequented, for it is only round about) that passes at the foot of the range of hills skirt the long and beautiful gut or Firth of the Clyde, in the north of Scotland : and as you go along this road, either up or down, the sea or Firth is almost at your very side, the hills rising above ; and you are just opposite to the great black and blue mountains on the other side of the gut, that sweep in heavy masses, or out in bold capes, at the mouth of the deep lochs that run up the Firth into the picturesque highlands of Argyleshire.

There is here a little village exactly opposite to you, looking across the Firth, which is called Kilmun, and contains the burying place of the great House of Argyle ; and which, surrounded by a patch of green cultivated land, sloping pleasantly from the sea, and cowering snugly by itself, with its picturesque cemetery, under the dark blue hills frowning behind, looks, from across the Firth, absolutely like a tasteful little haunt of the capricious spirit of fancy.

Well, between this road, on the lowland side of the Firth, and the water's edge, and before it winds off round by the romantic bay of Sir Michael Shaw Stewart, farther up ; there stands, or stood, two or three small fishing cottages, which, from the hills directly over them, from which General Brisbane used to look after the stars, or from the sea as you sailed past ; looked just like white islands, of a large size, dropped fancifully down upon the green comely bay between the hills and the road. In these cottages, it was observed, the fishermen had numerous families, who, while young, depended on them in their healthful employment ; and that the girls, of which there was a number, were so wild in their contented seclusion, that if any passenger on the road stopped to observe them, as they sat in groups on the green, mending their fathers'

nets, they would take alarm, and rise and run off like fawns, and hide among the rocks by the sea, or trip back into the cottages. Now it happened, once on a time, that a great event took place to one of the cottager's daughters, which for a long period deranged and almost destroyed the happy equality in which they had hitherto lived; and becoming the theme of discourse and inquiry concerning things beyond the sphere of the fisher people and all their neighbours, as far as Gourrock, introduced among them no small degree of ambition and discontent.

There was one of the fishermen, a remarkably decent, well disposed highlandman, from the opposite shore of Argyleshire, named Martin M'Leod, and he had two daughters, the youngest of which, as was no uncommon case, turned out to be remarkably and ever delicately beautiful.

But nobody ever saw or thought any thing about the beauty of Catherine M'Leod, except it might be some of the growing young men in the neighbouring cottages, several of whom began, at times, to look at her with a sort of wonder, and seemed to feel a degree of awe in her company; while her family took an involuntary pride in her beyond all the others; and her eldest sister somehow imitated her in every thing, and continually quoted her talk, and trumpeted about among the neighbours what was said and done by "my sister Kate."

Things continued in this way as Kate grew to womanhood; and she was the liveliest little body about the place, and used to sing so divertingly at the house-end, as she busied herself about her father's fishing gear, and ran up and down "among the brekans on the brae," behind the cottages, or took her wanderings off all the way to the Clough lighthouse at the point; or she would skip on the yellow sands of the sea, beyond her father's boat, when the tide was low, as he used to say, just like a water-wagtail; so that she was allowed to be as merry as she was pretty, and put every one in a good humour that looked at her. I say things continued in this way until a gentleman, who, it turned out, was all the way from London, came to lodge in Greenock, or Gourrock, or Innerkip, or somewhere not very far distant; and, being a gentleman, and, of course, at liberty to do every sort of out of the way thing that he pleased, he got a manner of coming down and wandering about among the cottages, and asking questions concerning whatever he chose of the fishermen; and then it was not long until he got his eyes upon Kate.

"The gentleman," as her sister used to tell afterwards, "was *perfectly ill*, and smitten at once about our Kate. He was not *able*," she said, "to take the least rest, but was down constantly

about us for weeks ; and then he got to talking to and walking with Kate, she linking her arm in his beneath the hill, just as it had been Sir Michael Stewart and my lady ; and then such presents as he used to bring for her, bought in the grand shop of Bailie Macnicol, at Greenock ; gowns, and shawls, and veils, and fine chip hats, never speaking of ribbons, an' lace edging, an' mob caps—perfect beautiful."

The whole of the other fishermen's daughters became mad with envy of poor Kate, and admiration of her new dress, which some said was mostly bought by her father, after all, who wanted to have his daughter made a lady of ; and now nothing was heard in the hamlet but murmurings and discontented complaints ; every girl looking at herself in the little cracked glass, that her father used to shave by, to see if she were pretty, and wishing and longing, not only for a lover of her own, but even for a gentleman. So, as matters grew serious, and the gentleman was fairly in love, old Martin M'Leod, who looked sharply after Kate, behoved to have sundry conversations with the gentleman about her ; and masters being appointed to teach her various things, which the fisher folks never heard of, but which were to turn her into a lady, Kate and the gentleman, after a time, were actually married, in Greenock new church, and set off for London, or some other grand place, to live where the king and all the great people lived, and to drink wine and wheel about in a carriage for evermore.

During all this time, there were various opinions among the fisher people, how that Kate never was particularly in love with the gentleman ; and some even said that she was in love with somebody else (for pretty maidens must always be in love,) or at least, that some of the youths of the neighbourhood were in love with her ; but then the old folks said, that love was only for gentle-people who could afford to pay for it ; and that when a gentleman was pleased to fall in love, no one had a right to say him nay, or pretend to set up against him. Some of the young women, to be sure, ventured to contest this doctrine, and cited various cases from the authority of printed ballads bought at the Greenock fair, at a half-penny each ; and also from the traditionary literature of Argyleshire, which was couched in the mellifluous numbers of the Gaelic language ; but, however this might be, the fame of Catherine M'Leod's happy marriage, and great fortune, was noised abroad, exceedingly, among the fisher people throughout these coasts, as well as about Gourock and all the parts adjacent.

As to the gentleman, it was found out that his name was Mr *Pounteney*, and that little Kate M'Leod was now Mrs Pounteney, and a great London lady ; but what quality of a gentleman Mr.

Pounteney really was, was a matter of much controversy and discussion. Some said that he was a great gentleman, and others thought that, from various symptoms, he was not a *very* great gentleman;—some went so far as to say he was a lord or a prince while others maintained that he was only a simple esquire, although he might yet be turned into a belted knight, or baronet, like Michael who lived in the neighbourhood, which the king could make him, any day he chose, by knocking him down with sword; for it was part of the king's business to make knights of lords, and this was the way he did it. But as the fisher people among whom Kate had been reared, did not understand what a knight meant, nor any thing of these high matters; and from the rising ambition of fisher girls, to get gentlemen as well as Kate were much occupied in discussions, about the quality of her as her husband; her elder sister, Flora, was constantly appealed to and drawn out wherever she went, upon this interesting subject.

Nothing, therefore, could be talked of wherever Flora MacLe went, but about "my sister Kate;" and she was quite in request every where, because she could talk of the romantic history of a happy fortune of her lucky sister. Mrs Pounteney's house in London, therefore, Mrs Pounteney's grand husband, and Mrs Pounteney's coach, excited the admiration and the discontent of the fishermen's daughters, for many miles round this romantic coast and these quiet cottages under the hills, where the simple people lived upon their fish and did not know that they were happy. Many a long summer's day, as the girls sat working their nets on a knoll towards the sea, the sun that shone warm upon their idle limbs on the grass, and the breeze that blew from the Firth, swept round from the flowery woods of Ardgowan, seemed less grateful and delicious, from their discontented imaginings about the fortune of Mrs Pounteney; and many a sweet and wholesome supper of fresh boiled fish was made to lose its former relish, or was even embittered by obtrusive discourse about the fine wines and the gilded grandeur of "my sister Kate." Even the fisher lads in the neighbourhood, fine fearless youths, found a total alteration in the sweethearts; their discourse was not relished, their persons were almost despised; and there was now no happiness found for fisherman's daughter, but what was at least to approach to the state of grandeur and felicity so fortunately obtained by "my sister Kate."

The minds of Kate's family were so carried by her great fortune that vague wishes and discontented repinings followed their constant meditations upon her lucky lot. Flora had found herself above marrying a fisherman; and a young fellow, called Bry

Cameron, who had long waited for her, and whose brother, Allan, was once a sweetheart of Kate's herself, being long ago discarded; and she not perceiving any chances of a gentleman making his appearance to take Bryce's place, became melancholy and thoughtful; she began to fear that she was to have nobody, and her thoughts ran constantly after London and Mrs Pounteney. With these anxious wishes, vague hopes began to mix of some lucky turn to her own fortune, if she were only in the way of getting to be a lady; and at length she formed the high wish, and even the adventurous resolve, of going all the way to London, just to get one peep at her sister's happiness.

When this ambition seized Flora M'Leod, she let the old people have no rest, nor did she spare any exertion to get the means of making her proposed pilgrimage to London. In the course of a fortnight from its first serious suggestion, she, with a gold guinea in her pocket, and two one pound notes of the Greenock bank, besides other coins and valuables, and even a little old fashioned Highland brooch, with which the quondam lover of her sister, Allan Cameron, had the temerity to intrust to her, to be specially returned into the hands of the great lady when she should see her, besides a hundred other charges and remembrances from the neighbours, she set off one dewy morning in summer, carrying her shoes and stockings in her hand, to make her way to London, to get a sight of every thing great, and particularly of her happy sister Kate.

Many a weary mile did Flora M'Leod walk, and ride, and sail, through unknown places, and in what she called foreign parts; for strange things and people met her eye, and long dull regions of country passed her like a rapid vision, as she was wheeled towards the great capital and proper centre of England. After travelling to a distance that was to her perfectly amazing, she was set down in London, and inquired her way, in the best English she could command, into one of those long brick streets, of dark and dull gentility, to which she was directed; and after much trouble and some expense, at length found the door of her sister's house. She stood awhile considering, on the steps of the mansion, and felt a sort of fear of lifting the big iron knocker that seemed to grin down upon her; for she was not in the habit of knocking at great folk's doors, and almost trembled lest somebody from within would frown her into nothing, even by their high and lofty looks.

And yet she thought the house was not so dreadfully grand after all:—not at all such as she had imagined, for she had passed houses much bigger and grander than this great gentleman's; it was not even the largest in its own street, and looked dull and dingy, and

shut up with blinds and rails, having a sort of melancholy appearance. At least it was not at all equal, she thought, to many of the white stone villas by the Firth of Clyde, that sat so proudly on the hill face, opposite the sea, near her father's cottage, with their doors wide open to receive the summer air or welcome the passing traveller, and their windows gleaming in the evening sunshine, before it dipped behind the big mountains of Argyleshire.

It was strange that reflections about home, and so enhancing of its value, should pass through her mind at the very door where lived her envied sister in London! but she must not linger, but see what was inside. She lifted up the iron knocker, and as it fell the very clang of it, and its echo inside, smote upon her heart with a sensation of strange apprehension. A powdered man opened it, and stared at her with an inquisitive impertinent look, then saucily asked what she wanted. Flora courtesied low to the servant from perfect terror, saying she wanted to see Mrs Pounteney.

"And what can you want with Mrs Pounteney, young woman, I should like to know?" said the fellow; for Flora neither looked like a milliner's woman, nor any other sort of useful person likely to be wanted by a lady.

Flora had laid various pretty plans in her own mind, about taking her sister by surprise, and seeing how she would look at her before she spoke, and so forth; at least she had resolved not to affront her, by making herself known as her sister before the servants; but the man looked at her with such suspicion, and spoke so insolent, that she absolutely began to fear, from the interrogations of this fellow, that she would be refused admittance to her own sister, and was forced to explain and reveal herself, before the outer door was fully opened to her. At length she was conducted, on tiptoe, along a passage, and then up stairs, until she was placed in a little back dressing-room. The servant then went into the drawing-room, where sat two ladies at opposite sides of the apartment, there to announce Flora's message.

On a sofa, near the window, sat a neat youthful figure, extremely elegantly formed, but petite, with a face that need not be described, further than the features were small and pretty, and that, as a whole, it was rich in the nameless expression of simple beauty. Her dress could not have been plainer, to be of silk of the best sort; but the languid discontent, if not melancholy, with which the female, yet quite in youth, gazed towards the window, or bent over a little silk netting with which she carelessly employed herself, seemed to any observer strange and unnatural at her time of life. At a table near the fire was seated a woman, almost the perfect contrast to this interesting figure, in the person of Mr Pounteney's eldest sister, a

hard-faced, business-like person, who with pen and ink before her, seemed busy among a parcel of household accounts, and the characteristic accompaniment of a bunch of keys occasionally rattling at her elbow.

The servant approached, as if fearful of being noticed by "the old one," as he was accustomed to call Miss Pounteney, and in a half whisper, intimated to the little figure, that a female wanted to see her.

"Eh! what!—what is it you say, John?" cried the lady among the papers, noticing this manœuvre of the servant.

"Nothing, Madam; it is a person that wants my lady."

"Your lady, sirrah! it must be me!—Eh! what!"

"No madam; she wants to see Mrs Pounteney particularly."

"Ah, John!" said the little lady on the sofa; "just refer her to Miss Pounteney. There is nobody can want me."

"Wants to see Mrs Pounteney particularly!" resumed the sister-in-law: "how dare you bring in such a message, sirrah? Mrs Pounteney particularly, indeed! who is she, sirrah! Who comes here with such a message while I am in the house?"

"You must be mistaken, John," said the little lady sighing, who was once the lively Kate M'Leod of the fishing cottage in Scotland; "just let Miss Pounteney speak to her. You need not come to me."

"No, madam," said the servant, addressing Miss Pounteney, the natural pertness of his situation now returning to overcome his dread of *the old one*! "This young person wants to see my mistress directly, and I have put her into her dressing-room: pray ma'am, go," he added, respectfully, to the listless Kate.

"Do you come here to give *your* orders, sirrah?" exclaimed Miss Pounteney, rising like a fury, and kicking the footstool half way across the room, "and to put strange people of your own accord into any dressing-room in this house! and to talk of *your* mistress, and wanting to speak to her directly, and privately, while *I* am here! I wonder what sister Becky would say, or Mr Pounteney, if he were at home?"

The "old ones" wrath being now aroused, she next diverged into a tirade of abuse of John, for various crimes and misdemeanours, with which her examination of the documents before her furnished matter of accusation against him, on household matters, and into which she contrived to include the trembling little victim on the sofa. While she was at the height of this, her sister Becky entered the room; and, as usual, helped up the brawl, or rather added fuel to the angry storm with which she raged against the man, who listened with the true sneer of a lacquey, made insolent

you from the bonnie sea side himself, and when he thought himself once so happy to get you?"

"Alas! he does indeed!—too often—too often; when he is crossed abroad, and when his sisters set him on, and that is very mean of him; and it so humbles me, Flora, when I am sitting at his table, that I cannot lift my head; and I am so sad, and so heart-broken among them all!"

"Bless me! and can people be really so miserable," said Flora, simply, "who have plenty of money, and silk dresses to wear every day they rise?"

"It is little you know, my happy Flora, of artificial life here in London," said Kate, mournfully. "As for dress, I cannot even order one but as my sister-in-law chooses; and as for happiness, I have left it behind me on the beautiful banks of the Clyde. Oh, that I were there again!"

"Poor little Kate!" said Flora, wistfully looking again in her sister's face; "and is that the end of all your grand marriage, that has set a' the lasses crazy, from the Fairly Roads to Gourrock Point? I think I'll gang back and marry Bryce Cameron after a'."

"Is Allan Cameron married yet?" said Kate, sadly. "When did you see blithe and bonnie Allan Cameron? Alas! the day!"

"He gave me this brooch to return to you, Kate," said Flora, taking the brooch out of her bosom. "I wish he had not given it to me for you, for you're vex'd enough already."

"Ah! well you may say I am vex'd enough," said she, weeping and contemplating the brooch. "Tell Allan Cameron, that I am sensible I did not use him well—that my vain heart was lifted up: but I have suffered for it—many a sad and sleepless night I have lain in my bed, and thought of the delightful days I spent near my father's happy cottage in Scotland, and about you, and about Allan. Alas! just tell him not to think more of me, for I am a sad and sorry married woman, out of my own sphere, and afraid to speak to my own people, panting my heart out, and dying by inches, like the pretty silver fish that floundered on the hard stones, after my father had taken them out of their own clear water."

"God help you, Kate," said Flora, rising; "you will break my heart with grief about you. Let me out of this miserable house! Let me leave you and all your grandeur, since I cannot help you; and I will pray for you, my poor Kate, every night at my bed-side, when I get back to the bonnie shore of Argyleshire."

Sad was the parting of the two weeping sisters, and many a kiss of fraternal affection embittered, yet sweetened, the hour; and

anxious was Flora M'Leod to turn her back upon the great city of London, and to journey northwards to her own home in Scotland.

It was a little before sundown, on a Saturday evening shortly after this, that a buzz of steam, let off at the Mid Quay of Greenock, indicated that a steam-boat had come in ; and it proved to be from the fair sea-port of Liverpool, having on board Flora M'Leod, just down from London. The boat, as it passed, had been watched by the cottagers where she lived up the Firth ; and several of them, their day's work being over, set out towards the Clough, to see if there was any chance of meeting Flora.

Many were the congratulations, and more the inquiries, when they met Flora, lumbering homewards with her bundle and her umbrella, weary, and looking anxiously out for her own sweet cottage by Clyde side. " Ah, Flora ! is this you ? " cried the whole at once ; " and are you really here again ?—and how is your sister, and all the other great people in London ? and, indeed, it is very good of you not to look the least proud, after coming from such a grand place ! "

With such congratulations was Flora welcomed again among the light-hearted fisher people in the West of Scotland. But it was observed that her tone was now quite altered, and her own humble contentment had completely returned. In short, to bring our story to a close, she was shortly after married to Bryce Cameron, and various other marriages soon followed ; for she gave such an account of what she had seen with her eyes, that a complete revolution took place in the sentiments of the whole young people of the neighbourhood.

It was observed, in the hamlet, that the unhappy Mrs Pounteney was never named, after this, by any but with a melancholy shake of the head ; the ambition of the girls to get gentlemen, seemed quite extinguished ; and Flora, in time, began to nurse children of her own in humble and pious contentment.

She received many letters after this from London, over which she often wept to herself, while she prayed in private that poor Mrs Pounteney might yet experience happier days ; but she was never heard to utter one vaunting word more concerning " my sister Kate. "

PICKEN. *

ODE TO LIBERTY.

A GLORIOUS people vibrated again
 The lightning of the nations : Liberty
 From heart to heart, from tower to tower, o'er Spain,
 Scattering contagious fire into the sky,
 Gleamed. My Soul spurned the chains of its dismay,
 And, in the rapid plumes of song,
 Clothed itself, sublime and strong ;
 As a young eagle soars the morning clouds among,
 Hovering in verse o'er its accustomed prey ;
 Till from its station in the heaven of fame
 The Spirit's whirlwind rapt it, and the ray
 Of the remotest sphere of living flame
 Which paves the void was from behind it flung,
 As foam from a ship's swiftness, when there came
 A voice out of the deep : I will record the same.

The Sun and the serenest Moon sprang forth :
 The burning stars of the abyss were hurled
 Into the depths of heaven. The dædal earth,
 That island in the ocean of the world,
 Hung in its cloud of all-sustaining air :
 But this divinest universe
 Was yet a chaos and a curse,
 For thou wert not : but power from worst producing worse,
 The spirit of the beasts was kindled there,
 And of the birds, and of the watery forms,
 And there was war among them, and despair
 Within them raging without truce or terms :
 The bosom of their violated nurse
 Groan'd, for beasts warr'd on beasts, and worms on worms,
 And men on men ; each heart was as a hell of storms.

Man, the imperial shape, then multiplied
 His generations under the pavilion
 Of the Sun's throne : palace and pyramid,
 Temple and prison, to many a swarming million,
 Were, as to the mountain-wolves their ragged caves.
 This human living multitude
 Was savage, cunning, blind, and rude,
 For thou wert not ; but o'er the populous solitude,
 Like one fierce cloud over a waste of waves
 Hung tyranny ; beneath, sate deified
 The sister-pest, congregator of slaves
 Into the shadow of her pinions wide ;
 Anarchs and priests who feed on gold and blood,
 Till with the stain their inmost souls are dyed,
 Drove the astonished herds of men from every side.

*The nodding promontories, and blue isles,
 And cloud-like mountains, and dividious waves*

Of Greece, beaked glorious in the open smiles
 Of favouring heaven : from their enchanted caves
 Prophetic echoes flung dim melody.

On the unapprehensive wild
 The vine, the corn, the olive mild,
 Grew savage yet, to human use unreconciled ;
 And, like unfolded flowers beneath the sea,
 Like the man's thought dark in the infant's brain,
 Like sought that is which wraps what is to be,
 Art's deathless dreams lay veiled by many a vein
 Of Parian stone ; and yet a speechless child,
 Verse murmured, and Philosophy did strain
 Her lidless eyes for thee ; when o'er the Ægean main.

Athens arose : a city such as vision
 Builds from the purple crags and silver towers
 Of battlemented cloud, as in derision
 Of kingliest masonry : the ocean-floors
 Pave it ; the evening sky pavilions it ;
 Its portals are inhabited
 By thunder-zoned winds, each head
 Within its cloudy wings with sunfire garlanded,
 A divine work ! Athens diviner yet
 Gleamed with its crest of columns, on the will
 Of man, as on a mount of diamond, set ;
 For thou wert, and thine all-creative skill
 Peopled with forms that mock the eternal dead
 In marble immortality, that hill
 Which was thine earliest throne and latest oracle.

Within the surface of Time's fleeting river
 Its wrinkled image lies, as then it lay
 Immoveably unquiet, and for ever
 It trembles, but it cannot pass away !
 The voices of thy bards and sages thunder
 With an earth-awakening blast
 Through the caverns of the past ;
 Religion veils her eyes ; Oppression shrinks aghast :
 A winged sound of joy, and love, and wonder,
 Which soars where Expectation never flew,
 Rending the veil of space and time asunder !
 One ocean feeds the clouds, and streams, and dew ;
 One sun illumines heaven ; one spirit vast
 With life and love makes chaos ever new,
 As Athens doth the world with thy delight renew.

Then Rome was, and from thy deep bosom fairest,
 Like a wolf-cub from a Cadmean Menad,
 She drew the milk of greatness, though thy dearest
 From that Elysian food was yet unweaned ;
 And many a deed of terrible uprightness
 By thy sweet love was sanctified ;
 And in thy smile, and by thy side,

Saintly Camillus lived, and firm Atilius died.
 But when tears stained thy robe of vestal whiteness,
 And gold profaned thy capitolian throne,
 Thou didst desert, with spirit-winged lightness,
 The senate of the tyrants : they sunk prone
 Slaves of one tyrant : Palatinus sighed
 Faint echoes of Ionian song ; that tone
 Thou didst delay to hear, lamenting to disown.

A thousand years the Earth cried, Where art thou ?
 And then the shadow of thy coming fell
 On Saxon Alfred's olive-cinctured brow :
 And many a warrior-peopled citadel,
 Like rocks which fire lifts out of the flat deep,
 Arose in sacred Italy,
 Frowning o'er the tempestuous sea
 Of kings, and priests, and slaves, in tower-crowned majest
 That multitudinous anarchy did sweep,
 And burst around their walls, like idle foam,
 Whilst from the human spirit's deepest deep
 Strange melody with love and awe struck dumb
 Dissonant arms ; and Art, which cannot die,
 With divine wand traced on our earthly home
 Fit imagery to pave heaven's everlasting dome.

Thou huntress swifter than the Moon ! thou terror
 Of the world's wolves ! thou bearer of the quiver,
 Whose sunlike shafts pierce tempest-winged Error,
 As light may pierce the clouds when they dis sever
 In the calm regions of the orient day !
 Luther caught thy wakening glance,
 Like lightning, from his leaden lance
 Reflected, it dissolved the visions of the trance
 In which, as in a tomb, the nations lay ;
 And England's prophets hailed thee as their queen,
 In songs whose music cannot pass away,
 Though it must flow for ever : not unseen
 Before the spirit-sighted countenance
 Of Milton didst thou pass, from the sad scene
 Beyond whose night he saw, with a dejected mien.

The eager hours and unreluctant years
 As on a dawn-illuminated mountain stood,
 Trampling to silence their loud hopes and fears,
 Darkening each other with their multitude,
 And cried aloud, Liberty ! Indignation
 Answered Pity from her cave ;
 Death grew pale within the grave,
 And Desolation howled to the destroyer, Save !
 When like heaven's sun girt by the exhalation
 Of its own glorious light, thou didst arise,
 Chasing thy foes from nation unto nation

Like shadows : as if day had cloven the skies
 At dreaming midnight o'er the western wave,
 Men started staggering with a glad surprise,
 Under the lightnings of thine unfamiliar eyes.

Thou heaven of earth ! what spells could pall thee then,
 In ominous eclipse ? a thousand years
 Bred from the slime of deep oppression's den,
 Dyed all thy liquid light with blood and tears,
 Till thy sweet stars could weep the stain away :
 How like Bacchanals of blood
 Round France, ghastly vintage, stood
 Destruction's sceptred slaves, and Folly's mitred brood !
 When one, like them, but mightier far than they,
 The Anarch of thine own bewildered powers
 Rose : armies mingled in obscure array,
 Like clouds with clouds, darkening the sacred bowers
 Of serene heaven. He, by the past pursued,
 Rests with those dead, but unforgotten hours,
 Whose ghosts scare victor kings in their ancestral towers.

England yet sleeps : was she not called of old ?
 Spain calls her now, as with its thrilling thunder
 Vesuvius wakens Ætna, and the cold
 Snow-crag's by its reply are cloven in sunder :
 O'er the lit waves every Æolian isle
 From Pithecusa to Pelorus
 Howls, and leaps, and glares in chorus :
 They cry, Be dim ; ye lamps of heaven suspended o'er us.
 Her chains are threads of gold, she need but smile
 And they dissolve ; but Spain's were links of steel,
 Till bit to dust by virtue's keenest file.
 Twins of a single destiny ! appeal
 To the eternal years enthroned before us,
 In the dim West ; impress us from a seal,
 All ye have thought and done ! Time cannot dare conceal.

Tomb of Arminius ! render up thy dead,
 Till, like a standard from a watch-tower's staff,
 His soul may stream over the tyrant's head ;
 Thy victory shall be his epitaph,
 Wild Bacchanal of truth's mysterious wine,
 King-deluded Germany,
 His dead spirit lives in thee.
 Why do we fear or hope ? thou art already free !
 And thou, lost Paradise of this divine
 And glorious world ! thou flowery wilderness !
 Thou island of eternity ! thou shrine
 Where desolation clothed with loveliness,
 Worships the thing thou wert ! O Italy,
 Gather thy blood into thy heart ; repress
 The beasts who make their dens thy sacred palaces.

He who taught man to vanquish whatsoever
 Can be between the cradle and the grave
 Crowned him the King of Life. O vain endeavour!
 If on his own high will a willing slave,
 He has enthroned the oppression and the oppressor.
 What if earth can clothe and feed
 Amplest millions at their need,
 And power in thought be as the tree within the seed?
 O, what if art, an ardent intercessor,
 Driving on fiery wings to Nature's throne,
 Checks the great mother stooping to caress her,
 And cries: Give me, thy child, dominion
 Over all height and depth? if Life can breed
 New wants, and wealth from those who toil and groan
 Rend of thy gifts and hers a thousand fold for one.

Come Thou, but lead out of the inmost cave
 Of man's deep spirit, as the morning-star
 Beckons the Sun from the Eoan wave,
 Wisdom. I hear the pennons of her car
 Self-moving, like cloud charioted by flame;
 Comes she not, and come ye not,
 Rulers of eternal thought,
 To judge, with solemn truth, life's ill-apportioned lot?
 Blind love, and equal Justice, and the Fame
 Of what has been, the Hope of what will be?
 O, Liberty! if such could be thy name
 Wert thou disjoined from these, or they from thee:
 If thine or theirs were treasures to be bought
 By blood or tears have, not the wise and free
 Wept tears, and blood-like tears? The solemn harmony

Paused, and the spirit of that mighty singing
 To its abyss was suddenly withdrawn;
 Then, as a wild swan, when sublimely winging
 Its path athwart the thunder-smoke of dawn,
 Sinks headlong through the aerial golden light
 On the heavy-sounding plain,
 When the bolt has pierced its brain;
 As summer clouds dissolve, unburdened of their rain;
 As a far taper fades with fading night,
 As a brief insect dies with dying day,
 My song, its pinions disarrayed of might,
 Drooped; o'er it closed the echoes far away
 Of the great voice which did its flight sustain,
 As waves which lately paved his watery way
 Hiss round a drowner's head in their tempestuous play.

MARRIED? OR NOT MARRIED?

FROM THE GERMAN.

THE Countess von Werbe became a widow very young. Her husband was old and rich when he asked her in marriage. She rejected his addresses, and wept in the arms of her father. Her father laughed at her tears. He did not conceive how it was possible to reject the count, and his daughter did conceive it. Her father reckoned the estates of the count, and she reckoned his years.

She had sometime before become acquainted with Herr von Welt, who had fewer estates, and fewer years over his head, danced well, talked tenderly, and loved ardently. But the count was pressing—the father severe—the Herr von Welt was poor, and the count rich. She continued to love the Herr von Welt, and gave the count her hand.

The count had no children. The gout and a cough reminded him of temperance, and he retired in the arms of hymen to one of his estates. The young countess lived in solitude; the count coughed worse, and remained without children. His old age and his infirmities increased every day; in two years he left the world and his estates, and the young wife was a widow.

She laid aside her white dresses and put on black. The countess was fair—the dark dress set off her complexion—mourning became her.

The count left her all his property: but old people are often fantastical! According to a singular condition of the will, if she married again, the greatest part of the property reverted to one of his relations, living at the residence.

Herr von Welt hastened to comfort the widow. He found her beautiful, and she found him as amiable as before. He talked all day long without coughing, and she listened to him all day long without yawning. He could relate a thousand little anecdotes, and the countess was curious. He spoke of the torch of love and his own feelings, and the countess felt. He described the torments of separation, and the anxieties which had martyred him, and the countess was compassionate. He lay at her feet; protestations of his passion streamed from his lips, and his tears upon her hand, and the countess loved; but she thought with tears on the conditions of the will. She was melancholy. It was already six weeks since the count had bid adieu to his gout for ever, and grief appeared now for the first time on the countenance of the countess.

"My dear friend," said Herr von Welt to her in the morning "you torment yourself with doubts, and it remains in your own power to put an end to them."

"How so?" said the countess.

"You believe in the possibility," continued he, "of my ceasing to love you; you consider the band of the feelings not strong enough to withstand time; but, my dear friend, how easy it is for the heart of the priest to join ours together; you will then be tranquillized."

"Have you then forgotten the will?" said she weeping.

"My love, the question now is only about making you easy. We will be married privately. You and I, the priest—and lo! we will hear our oath."

"But you see, there must be a priest," said she, hastily.

"Let me manage that," said Herr von Welt. "Here in this neighbourhood lives an old man, who is borne down by poverty and more than half a century of years. He is as worthy as the times in which he was born, and as silent as the tomb which will soon receive him. He will carry our secret with him to the grave and we will bury it in our bosoms."

The countess threw herself into his arms, and entreated him to hasten. Welt did so. The conscience of the priest was tranquillized; twilight, and a distant summer-house, concealed them from the eye of suspicion, and Welt embraced with rapture—his wife.

A year passed away; she no longer looked after him with inquietude when he rode out, and his eyes were no longer fixed on her window when he returned; she could yawn when he related and he sometimes felt ennui though she was sitting by him—they lived together. The servants had observed familiarities warranted by friendship; yet their attachment did not appear so ardent enough to account well for their being together. A year had made them feel secure, and they no longer paid that strict attention which they did at first to their conduct and conversation. People began to conjecture, to doubt, at last to believe, and at last a time to impart their sentiments to each other.

The Count von Werbe, who was to inherit the property in default of the condition of the will being observed, was at this time out of favour with the prince, through the intrigues of his numerous creditors, and had left the residence with his wife, to take refuge in the arms of nature. He had purchased the situation of grand chamberlain to the prince—had squandered his property in giving balls and *fetes*, and destroying his health by dancing with *dancers*. His wife was formerly a lady of honour—people had formerly paid homage to her charms—she was formerly surrounded by a circle of admirers, but the boundaries of this circle

smaller, and it was now many years since she had found the residence empty and tiresome, and the taste of the times quite spoiled.

Their estate joined that of the countess. The count attended with much interest to the suspicions which were imparted to him, and hastened to the castle of the countess to pay his respects to her as a relative, and to convince himself of the truth of the opinion of his neighbours, but he did not convince himself. The countess was prepared for his visit. The Herr von Welt was tender and attentive—his eyes riveted on her. The countess showed all the cordiality of friendship, and the attentions of a warmer affection. The count returned home sorrowful.

"Dear Augusta," said the count, as he entered the chamber of his wife, "our neighbours are not prudent. It is only necessary to see them both to give no credit to the tale they have amused us with. I was there two hours, and he had not the courage to come within three steps of her."

"But that proves for us," cried the countess, "he would have sat at one end of the room and she at the other."

"Not so, my love," said the count; "respect seemed to keep him at a distance. Their eyes sought each other—her countenance appeared to complain of my presence. Then the interest with which they spoke of each other! No, my love, we see each other—we talk to each other, but believe me on my word they are not married."

"But," said the countess, "our neighbours have eyes; did you never, then, observe nothing which can justify their opinion?"

"My love," replied the count, "you may suppose that I observed every thing very attentively. It is not my fault if our creditors are not paid."

"Trifles often betray us," said the countess. "Reflect a little; did she not once drop her pocket handkerchief?"

"Her pocket-handkerchief?" said the count, and considered a little; "no, but her fan fell down."

"And she picked it up again?" said the countess, quickly.

"Truly yes, she picked it up," said the count, looking at her with astonishment.

"And he was there, and suffered it?" said the countess.

The count looked thoughtful—she struck him playfully on the shoulder: "Believe me, good count, our neighbours are in the right."

"When I consider well," said the count, "it appears to me probable; she was very well dressed; her toilette was certainly a few months behind the fashion, but we are in the country, and I was astonished at her taste."

"And he?" asked the countess.

"He held a long dissertation upon taste; he went through the whole history of fashions, from the fig leaf of the first lady, to the last gala dress of the grand duchess. He particularly admired the Grecian costume."

"And was she dressed like a Greek?" said the countess quickly.

"Oh no," said the count: "she was true German—buried up to the chin."

"They are man and wife," said the countess, throwing herself into his arms.

"But her eyes," said the count, shaking his head.

"You are a keen observer," said the countess. "What proofs do you wish to have? The lover would have fallen to the ground with the fan, the husband remained quietly seated; the lover would have had eyes only to admire, the husband had time for a long conversation; the lover would have been delighted to see a German woman he admired, dressed in the German fashion, and the husband praised the Greek women. My dear count, are you not aware of all that?"

The count laughed. "Well," said he, "we are invited to-morrow to our neighbour the chamberlain; the Herr von Welt and the countess will likewise be there. In a large society we fancy ourselves less remarked, and give ourselves up more to our ease; we can therefore both observe them. You may be in the right, but her countenance, and her eyes. I have had the honour, during the last fifteen years, of presenting many married men to his royal highness, and I know mankind well! Matrimony has a peculiar look, something like despair—if you are right, my knowledge of mankind is good for nothing."

The next day all the company was assembled at the chamberlain's except the countess and Herr von Welt. The chamberlain was impatient, all eyes turned toward the road; at last a cloud of dust was observed, and then the carriage of the countess driving quickly up. She was looking out of the right window of the carriage. Welt leaning on his arm, was looking out of the other. The lady of the grand chamberlain touched her husband and smiled; he turned round good-humouredly, and said in a low voice, "I believe you are right." The carriage stopped; Welt sprang out, the servants assisted the countess; he stood quietly by and brushed the dust from his coat. "They are man and wife," said the grand chamberlain's lady softly.

"Yes, yes, I begin to doubt my knowledge of mankind," said the count.

The countess made excuses for being so late; Welt knit his brow in vexation. Dinner was announced; the master of the house of-

ferred his arm to the lady of the grand chamberlain. The grand chamberlain and Welt, the countess and a strange lady remained. Welt offered his arm to the strange lady, and left the countess to the grand chamberlain. His wife looked back and smiled; the grand chamberlain nodded significantly. The society was gay. Welt sat between the countess and the strange lady. He conversed with the stranger on fashion and feeling, and left the countess to be amused by the grand chamberlain. The latter smiled, his wife looked at him good-humouredly. After dinner Welt approached the countess. He talked of the influence of the body over the mind, which occasioned satiety in every thing. The countess yawned. "That is the body said she." Welt continued calmly talking, and the body of the countess yawned again.

The grand chamberlain stole up to his lady. "They are man and wife," she whispered.

"It is certain," said the grand chamberlain.

The chamberlain proposed a walk in the garden, and the company went. A narrow plank led to a fine waterfall. The grand chamberlain had brought his vertigo with him from the residence; the chamberlain was too lusty to trust himself on the plank, and the ladies were timid. Welt sought to tranquillize them. He escorted them over the plank; but he offered his services last to the countess.

The grand chamberlain stood smiling on one side, and his wife stood smiling at him from the other. It was evening, and the company hastened back to the house. The countess was behind, Welt near her. He walked on thoughtfully; she followed him fatigued.

The grand chamberlain pressed the hand of his wife. The carriages were ordered; the party separated, and hastened home.

"You are a clever woman, my love," said the grand chamberlain; "it is certain they are man and wife."

"Now, my dear," said the countess, "only take the pains to get certain proofs."

"Leave me alone," said the count. "The thing is clear, and when that is the case, there must be proofs." Accordingly he went round the neighbourhood to obtain more information; but he wanted proof, and could only procure conjectures. People had heard this, and seen that; one referred to another; and when he wanted proofs, the one had said nothing, and the other had heard nothing. He came back sorrowful. "My dear," said he, "I return just as rich in conjectures, and as poor in proofs."

"Indeed!" said the countess. "Can the people yet doubt that they are married?"

"Alas! no," said the count; "but no one can prove it. How-

ever, I will try what I can do ; the day after to-morrow Herr von Welt has business in the residence ; I will send immediately to my lawyer. We must take advantage of the moment, for conjectures lead to nothing."

The lawyer was called ; they were shut up together, and on the second day he drove to the chateau of the countess.

"All alone?" said the grand chamberlain, as he entered the room with an appearance of surprise.

"Herr von Welt is in town," said the countess ; "he will be sorry that he was not at home when he finds that you have been here."

The grand chamberlain took a seat near her ; he admired the arrangement of the house, and some pictures which were in the room.

"My husband was a connoisseur," said the countess. "The collection of paintings he has made proves his taste."

"Ah ! his taste proves other things still more," said the count, smiling ; and he kissed her hand. "But he was an extraordinary man ; he had caprices, which he showed even to the last ; his will proves that."

The countess looked at him surprised. The grand chamberlain appeared not to observe it, and continued, "So young as you are, to remain a widow can only be the caprice of an old jealous husband, who wishes to torment you after his death. The poor man forgot that the heart is very susceptible at your age."

The countess cast down her eyes, and blushed.

"Herr von Welt is an old acquaintance, at least I think so," said the grand chamberlain.

"I have known him above four years," said the countess embarrassed.

"He was remarked at court for his talents and affability," continued the grand chamberlain, smiling, and his smile was expressive ; but the last year he has been quite lost to the court and to the world. How is it possible for him not to forget the caprices of an old man who is dead ?"

The countess was evidently more embarrassed.

"Why were you not sincere with me?" said he, softly, and took her hand. "Your secret is known in the neighbourhood, why would you conceal it from me?"

The countess started up terrified. "Is it possible," said she—and her voice faltered. "Can the old man have—Oh, count ! what do you know—what is known ?"

"Do you think," said the count, "that I watch my advantage so servilely?" and his tone was tender and sincere. "I will see and hear nothing. Enjoy in peace what you have dearly enough

bought, by a sacrifice of two years. But, dear countess, I have children, who may hereafter complain of my pliability and indulgence. I must therefore do something to fulfil the duty of a father. Another in my place would here require—he would lay before you proofs on which to ground his claims, but I spare your heart, and respect your secret. The friend is silent—it is the father only entreats.”

“Alas!” cried the countess, and tears streamed from her eyes, “what do you require of me?”

The grand chamberlain drew a paper out of his pocket. “You know,” he continued calmly, “that my property is greatly embarrassed. Your husband left you large estates, and a great fortune; I am silent on his will, of which I make no use; but this wound which I give to my interest must not continue bleeding in my children. Sign, therefore, this writing, my dear friend. You undertake therein to discharge a part of my debts, which have been occasioned by my service in the state, and your secret will ever remain concealed.”

He fetched a pen. The countess in the mean time recovered her presence of mind.

“Allow me,” said she, more tranquilly, “to request that you will present me the proofs on which you ground your suspicions?”

“Why so?” said he, smiling, “the government will, perhaps, soon communicate some to you.”

“The government?” said the countess, terrified.

“You know,” continued he, “the steady course of justice; you will be cited. It is certainly only a form, but still unpleasant. You must appear and take your oath.”

“Oh heavens!” cried the countess, and her voice faltered again.

“You take your oath,” said the grand chamberlain, “and remain in possession of your property.”

The countess seized the pen hastily. “Your children shall lose nothing,” said she, and signed. The grand chamberlain kissed the hand which returned him the paper, and went gaily to his carriage.

Herr von Welt returned the next day. “We are betrayed,” said the countess, and threw herself weeping into his arms.

“Betrayed?” said he, astonished.

“The old priest must have chattered,” said the countess.

“Indeed!” says Welt, “he has not spoken these nine months, for he is dead.”

The countess looked confounded. She related to him the visit of the grand chamberlain, his behaviour, and her signature.

“That is a deception,” cried Welt, “he has taken you by surprise; but he shall not long enjoy his triumph.” He hastened out

of the room, ordered his horse, and rode to the grand chamberlain. The count came to meet him on the steps.

"I have a word to say to you, count," said Welt; "but I should wish it to be in private."

"A word also with you, for it is time to sit down to dinner, and you must be our guest," said the grand chamberlain, affably, and led him into the room.

"Count," said Welt, "you expressed a suspicion yesterday to the countess, in which I am concerned."

"Quite right," replied the count; "people told me of these conjectures, and I repeated them to the countess."

"Count!" said Welt, "by what can you prove your conjectures?"

"We will talk about it after dinner," said the grand chamberlain; "it is already on the table. Our conversing longer may occasion surprise, and you do not, of course, wish that we should furnish the people with more materials for conjectures?"

Welt bowed embarrassed. "After dinner, then," said he, and his tone was somewhat milder. The grand chamberlain opened the dining-room door, and introduced him to his wife.

Two sons of the count were at table with them. The youngest, the mother's darling, sat next her, and amused himself by getting under the table to pinch the calf of his father's leg. The count drew up his feet several times, making a wry face; but the strength of the darling seemed to increase, for he clung like a crab to the calf. The grand chamberlain at last kicked him from him with an exclamation, and the darling fell screaming at his mother's feet.

"The child grows unbearable," cried the grand chamberlain, as he rubbed the calf of his leg, which was smarting with pain; and the mother wiped the tears from the cheeks of the little one. "Poor child!" said she, "has he hurt you?"

"Go on spoiling him," said the count, "and he will one day give your heart as much pain as he has now done my calf."

"Only do not torment him," said the mother, stroking his cheeks; "he must be allowed to grow like the tree of the field. It was so that Jean Jacques wished boys to be educated."

"But he is to be a gentleman of the chamber," said the father, "and you will at last make a Jean Jacques of the boy. He will then be good for nothing at most but to be a stable boy."

"When the children are grown up," said she, coldly, "you may present them at court; that you may understand, but do not interfere in their education. You do not wish the tender plants to wither before their time."

The grand chamberlain was silent, and looked vexed; the count

less expatiated on the virtues of her children, and the cruelties of certain fathers, who had no steady principle of education.

The storm subsided by degrees, and they rose from table. Welt impatiently reminded the count of his promise, who conducted him into his room.

"Herr von Welt," said the grand chamberlain, as he begged him to be seated, "am I married?"

Herr von Welt looked at him with astonishment.

"I do not know what this question means, count?"

"You were not a witness at our marriage; you did not accompany us to the altar: may I be allowed to ask by what means you know we are married?"

"I think you must be joking," said Welt; "how I know?—people have told me so."

"You consider that as a proof, then?" said the grand chamberlain quickly.

"You embarrass me," said Welt; "I knew it before I had the honour of seeing you, and my eyes convinced me."

"What have you seen, then?" asked the count.

"Oh!" said Welt, "there are certain trifles which soon discover that connexion. One is more familiar together, one is not so attentive to the choice of expressions when speaking together, and sometimes one differs about the mode of education."

"Precisely so," continued the grand chamberlain, "the ardour of first love is gone by, but we live together, we bestow our attention on strangers, and leave our wives to be entertained by others: we walk onwards lost in thought, and forget that a wife is following."

"Count!" said Welt embarrassed, "you describe the most minute features of the picture. But we have digressed from the main point of our conversation."

"And I think we have been constantly discussing it," said the grand chamberlain; he went to his bureau and took out a paper—"will you have the kindness to deliver this to the countess? You may read it, Herr von Welt; it is the ratification of my promises. You see I therein renounce my claim according to the will."

"The countess will be astonished at your generosity," said Welt; "but she delivered you a contract yesterday which she requires back."

"Indeed!" said the grand chamberlain, "then I beg you to return me my writing.—But, Herr von Welt, you have withdrawn yourself entirely from court.—Do you know that people have made observations upon it? Thence arise conjectures; you must have rendered a few people jealous. I give you warning my dear friend;

no one can hurt you, but they seek to revenge themselves on the countess."

"How is that possible?" said Welt, astonished.

"I am entreated to ground a complaint on the conjectures I have heard: I have not done so, but have explained my apprehensions to the countess. The ecclesiastical court, which puts the consciences of his royal highness's subjects to proof, can put her upon her oath."

Welt looked over the paper much agitated. "I will give your renunciation to the countess," said he, getting up.

"And if she wishes her contract again," said the grand chamberlain, smiling, "it lies here amongst my papers."

"Count," said Welt, "the countess will not be behind you in generosity. Her property comes from her husband, who bore your name, and I am convinced she will be happy to appropriate a part of the property to support the splendour of his family."

He took a friendly leave of the count, who accompanied him to the hall door.

"Will you not soon travel?" said the grand chamberlain, as they descended the steps.

"Possibly very soon," said Welt; "I mean to accompany the countess, who is anxious to be in a warmer climate."

"Well, the observations you make on your journey cannot be otherwise than instructive," said the grand chamberlain. "But, my dear friend," he continued, "when in London or at Madrid you see a man sitting opposite a lady, and the lady lets fall her fan, and he does not stoop to pick it up, or when he speaks learnedly, and the lady yawns—and they yawn at Madrid as well as here—then believe me, they are man—and wife."

Herr von Welt threw himself on his horse.

"Ride fast," said the count laughing; "make haste home; a gallop will confound the neighbours, who always walk their horses home to their wives."

Welt laughed, and spurred his animal. The grand chamberlain soon after satisfied his creditors, and returned to court.

THE BANNER OF THE COVENANTERS.*

HERE, where the rain-drops may not fall, the sunshine doth not play,
Where the unfelt and distant breeze in whispers dies away;

* At the Mareschal College at Aberdeen, among other valuable curiosities, they show one of the banners formerly belonging to the Covenanters; it is of white silk, with the motto, "Spe Expecto," in red letters; and underneath, the English inscription, "For Religion, King, and Kingdome." The banner is much torn, but otherwise in good preservation.

Here, where the stranger paces slow along the silent halls,
 Why mutely art thou hanging thus against the massive walls ?
 Thou, that hast seen blood shed for thee—that midst the battle-tide
 Hast faintly lit the soldier's eye with triumph ere he died ;
 Bright banner, which hath witness'd oft the struggles of the free,
 Emblem of proud and holy hope, is this a place for *thee* ?

Wake ! wave aloft, thou Banner ! let every snowy fold
 Float on our wild, unconquer'd hills, as in the days of old :
 Hang out, and give again to Death a glory and a charm,
 Hang where Heaven's dew may freshen thee, and Heaven's pure sunshine
 warm.

Wake, wave aloft !—I hear the silk low rustling on the breeze,
 Which whistles through the lofty fir, and bends the birchen trees ;
 I hear the tread of warriors arm'd to conquer or to die ;
 Their bed or bier the heathery hill, their canopy the sky.

What, what is life or death to them ? *they* only feel and know
 Freedom is to be struggled for, with an unworthy foe—
 Their homes—their hearths—the all for which their fathers, too, have fought,
 And liberty to breathe the prayers their cradled lips were taught.
 On, on they rush—like mountain streams, resistlessly they sweep—
 On ! those who live are heroes now—and martyrs those who sleep—
 And still the snow-white banner waves above the field of strife,
 With a proud triumph, as it were a thing of soul and life.

They stand—they bleed—they fall ! they make one brief and treathless
 pause,

And gaze with fading eyes upon the standard of their cause.
 Again they brave the strife of death, again each weary limb
 Faintly obeys the warrior soul, and earth's best hopes grow dim.
 The mountain rills are red with blood, the pure and quiet sky
 Rings with the shouts of those who win, the groans of those who die ;
 Taken—re-taken—raised again, but soil'd with clay and gore,
 Heavily on the wild, free breeze, that banner floats once more.

I hear the wail of women now : the weary day is done :
 God's creatures wait to strive and slay until to-morrow's sun :
 I hear the heavy breathing of the weary ones who sleep,
 The death-sob and the dying word, " the voice of them that weep ;"
 The half-choked grief of those, who while they stifle back their breath,
 Scarce know if what they watch be hush'd in slumber or in death ;
 While mournfully, as if it knew and felt for their despair,
 The moon-lit banner flaps and falls upon the midnight air.

Morning ! the glad and glorious day ! the waking of God's earth,
 Which rouses *them* to stain with gore the soil that gave them birth.
 In the still sunshine sleeps the hill, the stream, the distant town—
 In the still sunshine, clogg'd and stiff, the battle-flag hangs down.
 Peace is in Heaven, and Heaven's good gifts, but war is amongst men—
 Red blood is pouring on the hill, wild shouts are in the glen—
The past—they sink, they bleed, they fly, that faint, enfeebled host—
Right is not might—the banner-flag, the victory, are lost !

Heaven's dew hath drunk the crimson drops which on the heather lay,
 The rills that were so red with gore go sparkling on their way ;
 The limbs that fought, the hearts that swell'd, are crumbled into dust,
 The souls which strove are gone to meet the spirits of the just ;
 But that frail, silken flag, for which, and under which, they fought,
 And which even *now* retains its power upon the soul of thought,
 Survives—a tatter'd, senseless thing, to meet the curious eye,
 And wake a momentary dream of hopes and days gone by.

A momentary dream ! oh ! not for one poor, transient hour,
 Not for a brief and hurried day that flag exerts its power ;
 Full flashing on our dormant souls the firm conviction comes,
 That what our fathers did for *theirs*, we could do for *our* homes.
 We, too, could brave the giant arm that seeks to chain each word,
 And rule what form of prayer alone shall by our God be heard :
 We, too, in triumph or defeat, can drain our heart's best veins,
 While the good old cause of liberty for church and State remains !

New Monthly Magazine.

THE KELP-GATHERER.

THE stranger who wanders along the terrific masses of crag that overhang the green and foaming waters of the Atlantic, on the western coasts of Ireland, feels a melancholy interest excited in his mind, as he turns aside from the more impressive grandeurs of the scene, and gazes on the small stone heaps that are scattered over the moss on which he treads. They are the graves of the nameless few whose bodies have been from time to time ejected from the bosom of the ocean, and cast upon those lonely crags to startle the early fisherman with their ghastly and disfigured bulk. Here they meet, at the hands of the pitying mountaineers, the last offices of Christian charity—a grave in the nearest soft earth, with no other ceremonial than the humble peasant's prayer. Here they lie, uncoffined, unlamented, unclaimed by mourning friends, starting like sudden spectres of death from the depths of the ocean, to excite a wild fear, a passing thought of pity, a vain inquiry in the hamlet, and then sink into the earth in mystery and in silence, to be no more remembered on its surface.

The obscurity which envelopes the history of those unhappy strangers affords a subject to the speculative traveller, on which he may give free play to the wings of his imagination. Few, indeed, can pass these deserted sepulchres without endeavouring for a moment to penetrate in fancy the darkness which enshrouds the fate of their mouldering tenants ; without beholding the progress of the ruin that struck from beneath the voyager's feet, the firm

and lofty fabric to which he had confidently trusted his existence, without hearing the shrieks of the despairing crew, and the stern and horrid burst of the roused-up ocean, as it dealt the last stroke upon the groaning timbers of the wreck, and scattered the whole pile far and wide, in countless atoms, upon the boiling surface of the deep. And again, without turning in thought to the far-away

mes, at which the tale of the wanderers was never told—to the pale young widow that dreamed herself still a wife, and lived on, from morn to morn, in the fever of a vain suspense—to the helpless parent, that still hoped for the offices of filial kindness from the hand that was now mouldering in a distant grave; and to the social fire-side, over whose evening pastimes the long silence of an absent friend had thrown a gloom, that the certainty of woe or gladness could never remove.

Among those nameless tombs, within the space of the last few years, the widow of a fisherman, named Reardon, was observed to spend a great portion of her time. Her husband had died young, perishing in a sudden storm, which swept his canoe from the coast side into the waste of sea beyond it; and his wife was left to inhabit a small cottage near the crags, and to support, by the labour of her hands, an only child, who was destined to inherit little more than the blessing, the virtue, and the affections of his parent. The poor widow endeavoured to procure a subsistence for her boy and for herself, by gathering the kelp which was thrown upon the crags, and which was burned, for the purpose of manufacturing soap from its ashes; while the youth employed his yet unformed strength in tilling the small garden, that was confined by a quickset hedge, at their cottage side. They were fondly attached, and toiled incessantly to obtain the means of comfort, rather for each other than for themselves; but, with all their exertions, fortune left them in the rearward of her favour. The mother beheld, with a mother's agony, the youthful limbs and features of her boy exhibit the sickly effects of habitual privation, and habitual toil; while the son mourned to see the feebleness of a premature old age begin to steal upon the health and vigour of his parent.

In these difficulties, a prospect of certain advantage and probable good fortune, induced the young man to leave his mother and his native country for some years. The distresses and disturbances which agitated that unhappy land, pressed so heavily upon the fortunes of many families of the middle, as well as the lower rank, that great numbers were found to embrace the opportunity of improvement, which the colonization of the new world held out for their advantage. Among those who emigrated, was the family *under whom the Reardons held their little cottage; and with them*

it was, that the young man determined to try his fortune in a happier region. Having arranged their affairs so as to secure his widowed parent against absolute poverty, they separated with many tears, the mother blessing her son as she committed him to the guardianship of Providence, and the son pledging himself to return to her assistance so soon as he had obtained the means of providing her the comforts necessary for her old age.

His success, though gradual, was complete. The blessings of the young Tobias fell upon the work of his hands, and his industry, because well directed, was productive, even beyond his expectations. Instead of lingering like many of his fellow-exiles in the sea-port towns, where they were detained by idleness, and that open-mouthed folly, which persuades men that fortune may be found without the pain of seeking, young Reardon proceeded at once into the new settlements, where human industry is one of the most valuable and valued commodities. In a little time he was enabled to remit a considerable portion of his earnings to his poor mother, and continued, from time to time, to increase his contributions to her comfort, until at length the abundance of his prosperity was such, as to enable him to relinquish the pursuit of gain, and to fulfil the promise he had made at parting.

He did not return alone. With the full approbation of the poor widow, he had joined his fate to that of a young person in the settlement where he dwelt, whose dispositions were in every way analogous to his own, and who only excelled him in the superior ease and comfort of her circumstances. Previous to his return, he wrote to the poor widow, to inform her, that in less than two months from that time, with the blessing of Providence, her daughter-in-law, her two grand-children, and her son, would meet beneath the roof of her ancient dwelling.

Fancy, if you can, the anxiety with which the poor widow looked out for this long expected time. The assistance which the affectionate exile had been able to afford her, was such as to raise her to a state of comparative affluence in her neighbourhood, and to render her independent of the hard and servile toil by which she had been accustomed to gain a livelihood. Her cottage was wholly changed in its appearance, and had the honour of being frequently selected for a night's lodging by her landlord's agent, and other great men, who passed through that lonely district. A few flowers sprang up in her sally fringed garden, which were not the less tenderly cherished, that the seeds from which they grew were transmitted from the emigrant's garden in the other hemisphere. *Her life up to the moment when she received this joyous letter, had been calmly and sadly happy. She looked forward with a*

serene feeling of mingled hope and resignation, to the day of her son's return, and never once suffered the eagerness of her affection to outstep her gratitude to Heaven, and her entire dependence upon the divine will.

But, forgive a mother's fondness!—There are few hearts in which the affections of the world and of nature are so entirely held under subjection by the strong hand of reason and faith, that they cannot be moved to a momentary forgetfulness of duty, by a sudden and startling occasion. After the widow had heard the letter read, in which her son announced his approaching return, the quiet of her life was for a time disturbed. She thought of heaven indeed, and prayed even more fervently than before; but the burning fever that possessed her heart, showed that its confidence was qualified. In the hours of devotion, she often found her thoughts wandering, from that Being whose breath could still or trouble the surface of the ocean, far over the wide waters themselves, to meet the vessel that was flying to her with the tidings of bliss. She shuddered as she went morn after morn, to the cliff-head, and cast her eyes on the graves of the shipwrecked voyagers, which were scattered along the turf-mountain on which she trod. In the silence of the night, when she endeavoured to drown her anxieties in sleep, imagination did but overact the part with which it had terrified her waking. Stormy seas and adverse winds—a ship straining against the blast, her deck covered with pale and affrighted faces, among which she seemed to detect those of her son, and of his family—winds hissing through the creaking yards—and waves tossing their horrid heads aloft, and roaring for their prey. Such were the visions that beset the bed of the longing mother, and made the night ghastly to her eyes. When she lay awake, the rustling of a sudden wind among the green boughs at her window, made her start and sit erect in her bed; nor would she again return to rest until she had opened the little casement, and satisfied herself, by waving her hand abroad in the night air, that her alarm was occasioned by one of its fairest and most favourable motions. So indeed it was. The Almighty, as though to convince her how far she was from conjecturing aright the quarter from which calamity might visit her, bade the winds blow, during the whole of that period, in the manner which, had they been in her own keeping, she would have desired. Her acquaintances and neighbours all seemed to share in her anxiety. The fishermen, after they had drawn up their canoes at evening, were careful, on their way homeward, to drop in at the widow Reardon's door, and let her know *what vessels had entered the neighbouring river in the course of the day, or had appeared in the offing.* She was constantly cheered

with the assurance that fairer weather for a homeward bound ship, or more likely to continue, was never known before. Still, nevertheless, the poor woman's heart was not at peace, and the days and nights lagged along with an unaccustomed heaviness.

One night in particular, towards the end of the second month, appeared to linger so very strangely, that the widow thought the morn would never dawn. An unusual darkness seemed to brood over the world; and she lay awake, gazing with longing eyes toward the little window through which the sun's earliest rays were used to greet her in her waking.

On a sudden, she heard voices outside the window. Alive to the slightest circumstance that was unusual, she arose, all dark as it was, threw on her simple dress in haste, and groped her way to the front door of the dwelling. She recognised the voice of a friendly neighbour, and opened the door, supposing that he might have some interesting intelligence to communicate. She judged correctly.

"Good news! good news! Mrs Reardon; and I give you joy of them this morning. What will you give me for telling you who is in that small boat at the shore?"

"That small boat!—what?—where?"

"Below there, ma'am, where I'm pointing my finger. Don't you see them coming up the crag towards you?"

"I cannot—I cannot—it is so dark—" the widow replied, endeavouring to penetrate the gloom.

"Dark! And the broad sun shining down upon them this whole day!"

"Day! The Sun! O my almighty Father, save me!"—

"What's the matter? Don't you see them, ma'am?"

"See them?" the poor woman exclaimed, placing her hands on her eyes and shrieking aloud in her agony—"Oh! I shall never see him more!—I am dark and blind!"

The peasant started back and blessed himself. The next instant the poor widow was caught in the arms of her son.

"Where is she? My mother! O my darling mother, I am come back to you! Look! I have kept my word."

She strove, with a sudden effort of self-restraint, to keep her misfortune secret, and wept without speaking, upon the neck of her long absent relative, who attributed her tears to an excess of happiness. But when he presented his young wife, and called her attention to the happy laughing faces and healthful cheeks of their children, the wandering of her eyes and the confusion of her manner left it no longer possible to retain the secret.

"My good, kind boy," said she, laying her hand heavily on his

arms—"you are returned to my old arms once more, and I am grateful for it—but we cannot expect to have all we wish for in this world. O my poor boy, I can never see you—I can never see your children! I am blind."

The young man uttered a horrid and piercing cry, while he tossed his clenched hand above his head and stamped upon the earth in sudden anguish. "Blind! my mother?" he repeated—"O, heaven, is this the end of all my toils and wishes? To come home and find her dark for ever! Is it for this I have prayed and laboured? Blind and dark! O my poor mother! Oh, heaven! O mother, mother!"

"Hold, now, my boy—where are you? What way is that for a Christian to talk? Come near me, and let me touch your hands.—Don't add to my sorrows, Richard, my child, by uttering a word against the will of Heaven.—Where are you? Come near me. Let me hear you say that you are resigned to this and all other visitations of the great Lord of all light. Say this, my child, and your virtue will be dearer to me than my eyes! Ah, my good Richard, you may be sure the Almighty never strikes us except it is for our sins, or for our good. I thought too much of you, my child, and the Lord saw that my heart was straying to the world again, and he has struck me for the happiness of both. Let me hear you say that you are satisfied. I can see your heart still, and that is dearer to me than your person. Let me see it as good and dutiful as I knew it before you left me."

The disappointed exile supported her in his arms.—"Well,—well,—my poor mother," he said, "I am satisfied. Since you are the chief sufferer and show no discontent, it would be too unreasonable that I should murmur. The will of Heaven be done!—but it is a bitter—stroke." Again he folded his dark parent to his bosom and wept aloud, while his wife retiring softly to a distance, hid her face in her cloak. Her children clung with fear and anxiety to her side, and gazed with affrighted faces upon the afflicted mother and son.

But they were not forgotten. After she had repeatedly embraced her recovered child, the good widow remembered her guests. She extended her arms towards that part of the room at which she heard the sobs and moanings of the younger mother. "Is that my daughter's voice?" she asked—"place her in my arms, Richard. Let me feel the mother of your children upon my bosom." The young woman flung herself into the embrace of the aged widow. "Young and fair, I am sure," the latter continued, passing her wasted fingers over the blooming cheek of the good American. "*I can feel the roses upon this cheek, I am certain. But what are*

these?—Tears? My good child, you should dry our tears ~~instead~~ of adding to them. Where are your children? Let me see—ah! my heart—let me *feel* them, I mean—let me take them in my arms. My little angels! Oh! If I could only open my eyes for ~~one~~ moment to look upon you all—but for one little instant—I would close them again for the rest of my life, and think myself happy. If it had happened only one day—one hour after your arrival—but the will of Heaven be done! perhaps even this moment, when we think ourselves most miserable, He is preparing for us some hidden blessing.”

Once more the pious widow was correct in her conjecture. It is true, that day, which all hoped should be a day of rapture, was spent by the reunited family in tears and mourning. But Providence did not intend that creatures who had served him so faithfully, should be visited with more than a temporary sorrow, for a slight and unaccustomed transgression.

The news of the widow's misfortune spread rapidly through the country, and excited universal sympathy—for few refuse their commiseration to a fellow-creature's sorrow—even of those who would accord a tardy and measured sympathy to his good fortune. Among those who heard with real pity the story of their distress, was a surgeon who resided in the neighbourhood, and who felt all that enthusiastic devotion to his art, which its high importance to the welfare of mankind was calculated to excite in a generous mind. This gentleman took an early opportunity of visiting the old widow when she was alone in the cottage. The simplicity with which she told her story, and the entire resignation which she expressed, interested and touched him deeply.

“It is not over with me yet, sir,” she concluded, “for still, when the family are talking around me, I forget that I am blind; and when I hear my son say something pleasant, I turn to see the smile upon his lips; and when the darkness reminds me of my loss, it seems as if I lost my sight over again!”

The surgeon discovered, on examination, that the blindness was occasioned by a disease called cataract, which obscures, by an unhealthy secretion, the lucid brightness of the crystalline lens, and obstructs the entrance of the rays of light. The improvements which modern practitioners have made in this science, render this disease, which was once held to be incurable, now comparatively easy of removal. The surgeon perceived at once by the condition of the eyes, that, by the abstraction of the injured lens, he could restore sight to the afflicted widow.

Unwilling, however, to excite her hopes too suddenly or pre-

maturely, he began by asking her whether, for a chance of recovering the use of her eyes, she would submit to a little pain?

The poor woman replied, "that if he thought he could once more enable her to behold her child and his children, she would be content to undergo any pain which would not endanger her existence."

"Then," replied her visitor, "I may inform you, that I have the strongest reasons to believe that I can restore you to sight, provided you agree to place yourself at my disposal for a few days. I will provide you with an apartment in my house, and your family shall know nothing of it until the cure is effected."

The widow consented, and on that very evening the operation was performed. The pain was slight, and was endured by the patient without a murmur. For a few days after the surgeon insisted on her wearing a covering over her eyes, until the wounds which he had found it necessary to inflict, had been perfectly healed.

One morning, after he had felt her pulse and made the necessary inquiries, he said, while he held the hand of the widow—

"I think we may now venture with safety to remove the covering. Compose yourself now, my good old friend, and suppress all emotion. Prepare your heart for the reception of a great happiness."

The poor woman clasped her hands firmly together, and moved her lips as if in prayer. At the same moment the covering fell from her brow, and the light burst in a joyous flood upon her soul. She sat for an instant bewildered and incapable of viewing any object with distinctness. The first on which her eyes reposed, was the figure of a young man bending his gaze with an intense and ecstatic fondness upon hers, and with his arms outstretched as if to anticipate the recognition. The face, though changed and sunned since she had known it, was still familiar to her. She started from her seat with a wild cry of joy, and cast herself upon the bosom of her son.

She embraced him repeatedly, then removed him to a distance, that she might have the opportunity of viewing him with greater distinctness—and again, with a burst of tears, flung herself upon his neck. Other voices, too, mingled with theirs. She beheld her daughter and their children waiting eagerly for her caress. She embraced them all, returning from each to each, and perusing their faces and persons as if she would never drink deep enough of the cup of rapture which her recovered sense afforded her. The beauty of the young mother—the fresh and rosy colour of the children—the *glossy brightness of their hair*—their smiles—their *movements of joy*—all afforded subjects for delight and admiration, such

as she might never have experienced, had she never considered them in the light of blessings lost for life. The surgeon, who thought that the consciousness of a stranger's presence might impose a restraint upon the feelings of the patient and her friends, retired into a distant corner, where he beheld, not without tears, the scene of happiness which he had been made instrumental in conferring.

"Richard," said the widow, as she laid her hand upon her son's shoulder and looked into his eyes, "did I not judge aright, when said, that even when we thought ourselves the most miserable, the Almighty might have been preparing for us some hidden blessing. Were we in the right to murmur?"

The young man withdrew his arms from his mother, clasped them before him, and bowed down his head in silence.

GRIFFIN.*

THE FIRST AND LAST RUN

Belay there, my hearties, and ease off your crack,
Come, heave up your anchor, make sail on your tack;
And tip us a yarn of peril and spree,
While the grog round the table in oceans flows free,
Brave boys!

"Och hone agra, Denis, mavourneen, is it kilt ye are? Spake to the poor ould mother that bore ye. Och, may the curse of the widy and the childless light on the villain that fetcht ye that wip athwart yer brow; and if I catch the murtherin' thafe, I'll set my tin commands on 'im, by tare and ounty I will. Alas! alas! ye gon from me intirely now! Ye'll never more grasp the tiller, or rin out another reef in this world; but it's ye that shan't want a mass t' help ye in the next, tho' I should never whiff another cau been for it; yer sowl to glory, amin. Dry your peepers, Rose ma-colleen. Weepin' 'll do 'im no good, that lies there dead and gon."—"Oh Nancy, I can't help it when I see him stretched so and when I think that he'll never more smile on his poor Rose never again; but hasn't Ned gone for the doctor?"—"True for ye a cushla ma chree, he maybe's there by this, tho' I'm mightily 'fraid his lifelines are cut away, and he must be stowed under the board like his father afore 'im. Och whirra, sthrew my poor boy—Och the blessings on yer face, dochter, avourneen, it's me that

* "Tales of the Five Senses."

aint glad to see ye mayhap," said the old woman to the doctor, as he entered the room of the hut in which they were; and while he's doing his best to bring his patient to, we'll say a few words to our readers in explanation of the above.

The small town or fishing village of F——, on the south-east part of England, was, at the time of our story, one of the chief and most noted haunts of the smugglers of that wild coast. The whole of the population, from their infancy up, were taught, both by precept and example, to consider the free trade as the chief and most glorious end of their lives. The house of each person was, in some manner, adapted for escape or concealment. Steps for the feet, and holds for the hands, were cut in several of the chimneys, and on the roofs several planks were always kept in readiness, to be placed from the ledge of one house to another, in order to facilitate escape, which was the more easily managed, as the streets were narrow, and the top story of each domicile juttied out in the old-fashioned style of the architecture of the time in which they were built. The floors likewise of the rooms could all be taken up, discovering large spaces, capable of holding many a bale of silk and tobacco. Among so many hardy and reckless men, there was always some one who held a kind of tacit authority over the rest, won by many a deed of skill and daring. For many years Matthew, or Big Mat Smith, as he was generally called, had been their leader. To a frame of iron, he added a mind fearless and unshrinking, and fertile in every expedient necessary to ensure success in their undertakings. He was now sinking into the "sere and yellow leaf," and the only prop of his declining days was his fair-haired, blue-eyed daughter Rose. Of five stalwart sons, not one now remained to him. Two perished in the storm,—the rest fell fighting by his side. Success full often awaited on the smuggler's undertakings, and many a whisper of hoarded shot in his locker was rife in the town. 'Twas no wonder that the doctor and the apothecary thrived, for hardly a Saturday night passed without numerous broken heads; for Rose, to no small share of beauty, added the more substantial charms of Plutus; and this, combined with the almost certainty, that whoever was the favoured one, would in all probability succeed to the skippership of the place, caused such a flow of blood to the fingers of the free traders, that when not busy in breaking the pates of the sharks, they were fully employed in toasting the pretty Rose, and giving each other *striking* proofs of their admiration of the "pride of F——." After much drinking, dancing, and fighting, Denis M'Carthy at last opened a pretty clear road for himself, by beating all his opponents, and *lighting a little bit of a spark* in Rose's breast, which he was not

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the boy to let go out for want of fanning; and old Mat himself saw with pleasure his child fixing on Denis for her future pilot through life—for the young Irishman had always borne himself spiritedly and well, both afloat and ashore, and had once even saved the old man's life, by flinging himself before him, and receiving the stroke of a man-of-war's cutlass intended for Mat. Denis, being young and of a hardy constitution, soon recovered, and became prime favourite with his Rose's father. "'Tis mighty odd intirely," said his mother to him, one night as they sat croonin' over their bright fire and clean wiped hearth, "what confidence that same thafe, love, puts into the most fearful little colleen of us all. Faix, not more nor a month agon', there was that same Rose couldn't lift up her peepers from the grund, and ax a crathur, 'How d'ye do?' but now she'll go hangin' on yer oxter the whole day, an' look into your face too as bold as brass. The blessin's on her! Och, but ye're the boy for 'em, Deny alanna! Luff up to that port, ma bouchal, for it's it that's a warm un." Nancy and her husband had left Ireland soon after they were married, and after being tossed here and there, at last came to anchor for good at F—. M'Carthy soon joined the smugglers, and plied his vocation with the greatest assiduity, having, as he himself said, "not the laste bit of objection in the world at all at all agen it." Working away thus, he managed to get on pretty well for about three years, when, one fine moonlight night, as he was pacing the deck of the "Speed," which was going at a glorious rate before the wind, with the spray dashing like falling snow over her bows, he was most unluckily met by a leaden messenger from a cruizer, which ran across their bows, and which just gave him time to exclaim, "D—d unjontlemanly behavior this, by the big piper of Leinst—" when death stept in, and cut his soliloquy short. Nancy was now left, "a poor lone widy on the wide world, wid a poor faderless bit of a gossoon to provide for;" and nobly she did her duty towards her orphan boy. Many a cruise did Nancy take "wid the boys," and many a run did she lend a by no means useless hand in, till at last "ould Nancy was well to do, plase God, and thrivin'." Such was the state of affairs on the morning of the day on which our "veritable historie" commences.

The pier, the harbour, the town, and all the manifold objects therein, had just begun to emerge from the dim obscurity of night, and to stand broad out in the rays of the rising moon, which, kissing the crests of the dancing waves, glanced on and illumined with one blaze of purple light the "eternal cliffs," and gradually faded away into the distant sea, showing, in one coup d'œil, the grand superiority of nature over the works of the sojourners of earth. From every house, street, and alley, the people now began to issue

hurrying fast to the pier. Mat Smith's beautiful new schooner, the "Rose," was that morning to make her first trip. All was ready on board for sailing, and nought delayed her but the absence of Denis and the skipper. On all sides cries of approbation and delight arose. "What a tight little hooker! What a clean run along the bends; and then her yards and spars so all a taunto! If she don't take the conceit out o' the sharks, why, I'm blowed, that's all. Here they come! here they come!—Good luck attend you, Mat, 'tis you that's the glory of us! Ah, Denis, I give you joy; here's success to you, my lad." Many more uproarious congratulations of the same sort followed the Rose, even till she was far out of the harbour. Night came on, and found her about eleven knots to the southward of F—. The opposite coast had been made, and the run as yet had been quite successful. Mass after mass of fleecy clouds flitted across the moon, their edges rendered luminous as they came within the influence of her rays. The wind was fast lulling; and the gentle undulating motion of the water scarce rippled against the sides of the schooner as she lay in the bight of a small bay about three hundred yards from the shore, casting her huge shadow to the foot of the hoary cliffs themselves. The stillness of the scene added greatly to its beauty. On her starboard side stretched the sea in its broad expanse to the gay shores of France. One sheet of radiance tapering from the extreme verge of the horizon, and gradually extending itself into one broad mellow light, fell across it, till it was stopped by the schooner, looking as she lay, her sides all silvered with the glowing beams, "the forest queen of the deep." On the larboard rose a high range of cliffs, which girt in almost the whole of the coast. Here and there some twinkling lights shone in the distance, marking the place where stood some lowly hamlet or more lordly tower. "I say, Denis, my hearty," began Mat, soon after the schooner took up the berth we have described, "I can't say as how I feel particularly pleasant this 'ere night, like as if somethin' had ta'en me quite aback, and almost, as it were, cut my life-lines adrift. Some harm 'll lay us aboard, I'm thinkin'. I wish those lubberly shore haulers would bear in sight, and we'd this cargo safe stowed, and us alongside o' Rose snug moored by a blazer, with a prime in our mauleys—eh, boy?"—"Can't say as how, Mat, but that 'ere prime wouldn't be after being mighty agraable, or I'm thunderstruck—But what a't keepin' them shore-goin' spalpeens? Thunder an' cuns, no one han't turned the snitch, an' peached—eh, Mat?"—"Hope not, boy; but may I go to Davy this moment, if that ain't the signal! All hands ahoy, and stir about, every mother's son of ye! Stop your pipe, ye snivelin' powder-monkey, or I'll stop it

with a rope, and be d—d to ye! Dost want to bring the lobsters on us?"

The signal had been made from the shore that the party there were ready for the cargo, and for starting, and in a few moments they were all standing on the edge of the shore prepared for their share of the business. A number of strong roadsters stood by, ready to be off to the interior as soon as they were loaded. Most of the group were armed with some weapon or another, chiefly of a rustic kind. "Here, Neptune, here," shouted one who acted as leader of the land party; and a fine large Newfoundland dog, with a rope attached to his collar, bounded into the water, and swam straight for the schooner. A number of kegs and bales, well fastened and tarred to prevent the water getting in, were fastened to it, and immediately drawn ashore. The dog made two or three trips, and a great quantity of goods were thus landed. The ship's boats in the meantime were not idle, and, in an incredibly short time, the whole of the cargo, and Mat and Denis, were safely landed, and the schooner then stood out to sea. Six of the best armed men mounted, and took up their position in front, as the avant-guard. Mat, Denis, and four more, formed the rear. The rest, with the cargo, were in the centre. The word was given to advance, and the party were just in motion when the look-out, who was stationed up the glen, through which they had to pass, came running in at the top of his speed, roaring out, "The sharks are on us, and the lobsters with 'em!" No time was to be lost. "Away with ye, every sowl!" thundering Mat and Denis together, "away!" And in a moment the whole were flying in every direction, still, however, retaining a hold of their loads, with the exception of our two friends, and the ten men with them, all bold and resolute fellows, and determined to the last to cover the retreat of their goods. In cases like this, when the free traders were met by the bloodhounds of the law, they were accustomed to separate, and by the thousand cross roads and hill-paths, to make the appointed place of rendezvous, which was always previously agreed upon. Thus, though a few might be taken, still the greater part escaped with the share of the run assigned to them. As the flying party disappeared one by one, in different directions, the picked, or head men, moved steadily onward. On reaching the mouth of the glen, they were stopped by about twenty man-of-war's men, ranged in line, and commanding the passage. "On, my lads, on for your own sakes!" cried Mat, putting spurs to his horse, and galloping forward, followed close by his men. On they went, and the pistols of the king's men were discharged in a volley, but fortunately, owing to the moon that instant having veiled her light behind an

obliging old gentleman in the shape of a dark cloud, the shots passed harmlessly over their heads, and before the smoke could clear away, horse and men were mixed together in the *melée*. Oaths, shouts, and execrations in every shape, from the simple d—n upwards, flew fast and furious. The free traders seldom, if they could help it, used their fire-arms, and consequently they were always at it hand to hand, tooth and nail. The kicking and plunging of the horses soon bore fright and dismay among the sharks. They began to waver, and Denis, that moment rising in his stirrups to make a cut, sung out with the whole force of his Stentorian lungs, "Give it 'em, my jewels! give 'em the laste taste in the world of the steel shillaly! At 'em, my Roses, asth!" he said no more for a back handed stroke of one of his antagonists that instant brought him to the ground.

When the dawning light of sense and perception returned and resumed her wonted seat, Denis found himself in the house of Smith, with Rose holding one hand, and his mother kissing and crying over the other. "Och hubbabo! mother, what's the row? What are you afther, keenin' over me that way for, agra?"—"Och, Denis, avourneen, a cushla machree, a lanna, hould yer tongue, and don't spake, for the docthur says ye'll kill yerself if ye do so. Aisy now, dear, and Rose, the darlin', 'll till ye all about it; eternal blassin's rest on her and hers, for it wasn't her maybe that watched ye all alongst!" The free traders had been triumphant, and had beat the sharks off. Denis was carefully raised up, the cutlass-cut across his brow bound up, and he was then carried to Mat's house in a state of insensibility. The operation for trephine was performed upon him, and for a month he was delirious. He then recovered, and, to use his own expression, "bore up from the lee shore of sickness, with every sail he could crowd, for the port of health and splicingation." A short time after, Rose and Denis became one, and two or three of the mayors of F— were the lineal descendents of the Irish smuggler and his pretty Rose. The intervention of the king's men was owing to a rejected rival of Denis having betrayed them. He was discovered, and met the fate of a traitor. One misty night, soon after the run, he fell from a cliff seven hundred feet high. Not one atom of his body was found in its original shape. Rose had influence enough over her commander and father to prevail on them not to tempt the peril of the free-trade again, and accordingly her namesake was sold: And thus ended the Rose's "First and Last Run;" and now the web of our yarn is wove, and, to conclude with the words of the Oriental sage, kind and gentle reader, who hast followed us thus far, "may your shadow never be less!"—*East Lothian Journal*.

THE SPIRIT OF THE TIMES.

"Veni, vidi, vici."

There is amidst the earth gone forth, to set the nations free,
A giant spirit, whom even Time seems half amazed to see ;
His look hath power to scatter light, his touch to sever chains,
And tyrants tremble on their thrones, and bigotry complains.

Youth hath not lately tinged his cheek, nor his light ringlets curl'd,
His long experienced look reflects all ages of the world ;
Before the flood his race began with mortal hopes and fears,
And he hath walk'd with christian men full eighteen hundred years.

He ever was the wondrous guest of all the wondering earth,
E'en when in boyhood mightily with truth he wander'd forth ;
And when his guilty youth grew up with error side by side,
And when he pluck'd from Knowledge, leaves, his infamy to hide ;

And when, as proud as Lucifer, he put the mitre on,
And trampled fair Religion down, and laugh'd at what he'd done ;
And when he muster'd armed hosts in multitudes like bees,
And scatter'd them in death, as leaves are scatter'd from the trees ;

Ah, then his footsteps sounded woe, his hand was red with crimes
And awfully polluted, stalk'd The Spirit of the Times !
At length he sought the cloister'd shade, and knelt him down a monk,
For ages drivelling and despised, with superstition drunk.

Till, warn'd by an ambitious dream, he arm'd again for fight,
And shouting—"For Christ's Sepulchre !" rush'd forth a Red-cross Knight ;
But Heaven, in mercy to mankind, proclaimed his madness o'er,
And bade him go and bless those lands which he had cursed before.

A glorious scroll before him blazed, in which he read aright,
Words traced by an unerring pen, in characters of light :
Words, as pre-eminently true as wonderfully given ;
Words which came down from, and led on through holiness to Heaven :

Words which proclaim'd 'twixt man and man, Truth, Mercy, Peace, and
Love,
Which chase the lion from men's hearts, and cherish there the dove.
And then the scene changed all around—and oh, how mighty then
The Spirit of the Times went forth, amidst the sons of men !

He went into the cottage first, and lo ! as by a spell,
Sound Knowledge was with Piety constrain'd thenceforth to dwell :
His presence in the lordly hall astonish'd the proud peer,
But soon he grew a welcome guest, and gave his lessons here.

*Yea, with undaunted steps he strode e'en through the palace gate,
And soon—what will not spirits ?—stood before the chair of state !*

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Fig. 1. - "Countryside" 45

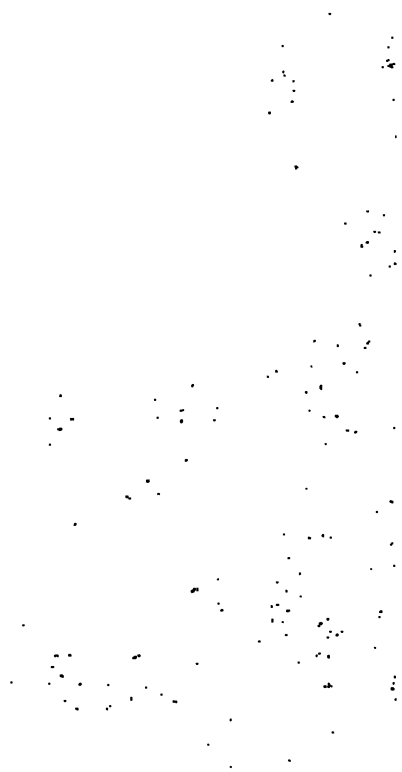
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in the ear of royalty this message he imparts :—
 "If, would ye safely reign, your thrones must be your people's hearts."

giant Spirit of the Times!—but let us ever see
 now, LIBERTY, as now, walk hand in hand with thee ;
 shall all nations bless thy course—then shall the world indeed
 superstition be released, and from oppression freed.

J. HOLLAND.

THE RUINS OF PÆSTUM.*

THEY stand between the mountains and the sea ·
 Awful memorials, but of whom we know not !
 The seaman, passing, gazes from the deck.
 The buffalo-driver, in his shaggy cloak,
 Points to the work of magic, and moves on.
 Time was, they stood along the crowded street,
 Temples of gods ! and on their ample steps
 What various habits, various tongues beset
 The brazen gates for prayer and sacrifice !—
 How many centuries did the sun go round
 From Mount Alburnus to the Tyrrhene sea,
 While, by some spell rendered invisible,
 Or, if approached, approached by him alone
 Who saw as though he saw not, they remained
 As in the darkness of a sepulchre,
 Waiting the appointed time ! All, all within
 Proclaims that Nature had resumed her right,
 And taken to herself what man renounced ;
 No cornice triglyph, or worn abacus,
 But with thick ivy hung, or branching fern,
 Their iron-brown o'erspread with brightest verdure !—
 From my youth upward have I longed to tread
 This classic ground.—And am I here at last ?
 Wandering at will through the long porticoes,
 And catching, as through some majestic grove,
 Now the blue ocean, and now, chaos like,
 Mountains and mountain-gulfs, and, half-way up,
 Towns like the living rock from which they grew ?
 A cloudy region, black and desolate,
 Where once a slave withstood a world in arms.—
 The air is sweet with violets, running wild†
 'Mid broken sculptures and fallen capitals ;

the temples of Pæstum are three in number ; and have survived nearly
 centuries, the total destruction of the city. Tradition is silent concern-
 em ; but they must have existed now between two and three thousand

the violets of Pæstum were as proverbial as the roses. Martial men-
 em with the honey of Hybla.

Sweet as when Tully, writing down his thoughts,
 Sailed slowly by two-thousand years ago,
 For Athens, when a ship, if north-east winds
 Blew from the Pæstan garden, slacked her course
 The birds are hushed awhile ; and nothing stirs,
 Save the shrill-voiced cigala fitting round
 On the rough pediment to sit and sing ;
 Or the green lizard rustling through the grass,
 And up the luted shaft with short quick motion,
 To vanish in the chinks that time has made.—
 In such an hour as this, the sun's broad disk
 Seen at his setting, and a flood of light
 Filling the courts of these old sanctuaries,
 (Gigantic shadows, broken and confused,
 Across the innumerable columns flung)
 In such an hour he came, who saw and told,
 Led by the mighty Genius of the Place !
 Walls of some capital city first appeared,
 Half razed, half sunk, or scattered as in scorn ;—
 And that within them ? what but in the midst
 These Three in more than their original grandeur
 And, round about, no stone upon another ?
 As if the spoiler had fallen back in fear,
 AId, turning, left them to the elements

ROBERTS.

 THE SHIELD.

BY THOMAS BRYDSON.

THE old village clock struck six in the afternoon, as the landlord of the principal inn uncorked a bottle of porter and poured out its contents, with words of commendation, to three young men who seemed but newly returned from a rural excursion. "I houp, gentlemen," he continued, "ye have had an agreeable walk. Ye wud fin'oot the castle easily by the road I tell't you o'." "Yes," said the eldest looking of the three, "but what interested us more than any thing we saw there, was the figure of a shield painted on one of the rocks in the wild glen through which we passed. The colours have suffered by time, but the outline is perfectly distinct, and beautifully traced. A shepherd of whom we inquired its history could tell us little else than that its origin was unknown, as it had been only lately discovered in the clearing of the woods—perhaps you are better informed." The landlord took a seat without waiting for invitation, and placing his right hand, half-shut, upon the table, *looked straight forward*, in a manner that presaged either a very *long*, or a very perplexed, or a very important story.—"It's noo

about sixteen year since Sir Davit Winram deet doon by at Whinside hoose there, leavin' behind him only one bairn, a boy of nine years of age, to the inheritance of his title and estate. The burial a' bein' over, and the funeral sermon deliver't, wha should gang suddenly amissin' but young Sir George himsell? I should hae said, that the present man, the auld Baronet's brither, had been appointed to the guardianship of his nephew. He caus't a power of search to be made through the kintra, as I have good reason to remember, havin' been myself employ't to ride athort wi' the laive. Muckle seekin there was, to little purpose. At the lang and the last we war obleeged to come hame wi' oor fingers in oor mooths, scarcely daurin' to face the young laud's bereav't, and, as we thoct, disconsolate relatives. When we had time however, to think ower the case, we lookit upon't in a verra different point o' view, and a' body concludet at last that murder had been committet for the sake of Sir Davit's property. There the maitter stood, and there it staun's till this verra day—but its beleev't a secret wull be oot or lang. It happen't that a wheen lauddies lookin' for nits and such as that, aboot the glen, last harvest, got sicht o' the pentit shield, which was mostly grown ower with fug, as weel as hidden by the brush-wud. Some o' the folk here, that had been at service with Sir Davit, when they heard tell o' the shield, begud to repeat an auld rhyme that had been haundit doon in the faimily.

' When a shield is seen in the Bogle glen,
The heir o' Whinside will come back again.'

And certainly it is a most curious coincidence, as Mr MacTear the schuil-maister observ't, come o't what may. A weel, ye see, the present faimily bein' ony thing but liket i' the place, nothing wud serve the folk but cuttin' awa the brush-wud, and such as that, which hinder't ony body gaun by frae seein' the shield. Ye may be shuir this disna please doon by; but as ony opposition openly, wud be like a confession of guilt, it has been alloo't to remain as it is; though, if ye speer as ye did the day, at the shepherd or ony o' the Whinside servants, they'll gie ye the same kin' a' pit aff answer. Be the truth what it wull, it has caust a great stir amang us here awa, and what adds till't is, that it's reported the present man has no *richts* to show for the holding of the property."

"It is a wonderful fulfilment!" cried one of a group of strangers who occupied another part of the *public room*, in which the landlord had disclosed the particulars we have set down, and who had hitherto preserved a listening silence. "It is a wonderful fulfilment." The landlord *started and looked round*.—"If," said he, "Sir Davit Winram had been to the fore, I wud hae thoct that was his

voice." The stranger rushed forward and exclaimed—"You see before you the long lost heir of Sir David, whom a base and trusted relation doomed to imprisonment in the dungeon of a foreign land, and had not one of my father's confidential friends secured the papers which he feared, from a knowledge of his character, my uncle might illegally appropriate, and, by means of them, transfer the estate into the hands of a purchaser; and had that friend not discovered the circumstances of the treachery, practised upon *me*, in vain would the shield and the rhyme have come together. It was in reference to the words that, when a boy, half-musing, half in sport, I sketched the armorial bearings of my family, on the rock where they have been found.—To you, as one of the very oldest companions of my boyish wanderings, I need make no hesitation in declaring myself. But I am yet weak and bewildered from long imprisonment. Perhaps I should have kept silent, though, under providence, there is now only the barrier of a few days between me and my rightful possessions."

CŒUR DE LION AT THE BIER OF HIS FATHER,

BY MRS HEMANS.

The body of Henry the Second lay in state in the Abbey-church of Fontevraud, where it was visited by Richard Cœur de Lion, who, on beholding it, was struck with horror and remorse, and reproached himself bitterly for that rebellious conduct which had been the means of bringing his father to an untimely grave.

Torches were blazing clear, hymns pealing deep and slow,
Where a king lay stately on his bier, in the church of Fontevraud.
Banners of battle o'er him hung, and warriors slept beneath,
And light, as noon's broad light, was flung on the settled face of death.

On the settled face of death a strong and ruddy glare,
Though dimmed at times by the censor's breath, yet it fell still brighter
there;
As if each deeply-furrowed trace of earthly years to show,—
Alas! that sceptred mortal's race had surely closed in woe!

The marble floor was swept by many a long dark stole,
As the kneeling priests, round him that slept, sang mass for the parted
soul;
And solemn were the strains they poured through the stillness of the night
With the cross above, and the crown and sword, and the silent king in
sight.—

There was heard a heavy clang, as of steel-girt men the tread,
And the tombs and the hollow pavement rang with a sounding thrill of
dread ;

And the holy chant was hushed awhile, as, by the torches' flame,
A gleam of arms, up the sweeping aisle, with a mail-clad leader came.

He came with haughty look, an eagle-glance and clear,
But his proud heart through his breast-plate shook, when he stood beside
the bier !

He stood there still, with a drooping brow, and clasped hands o'er it raised ;
For his father lay before him low—it was Cœur-de-Lion gazed !

And silently he strove with the workings of his breast ;
But there's more in late repentant love than steel may keep suppressed !
And his tears brake forth, at last, like rain,—men held their breath in awe
For his face was seen by his warrior train, and he recked not that they saw

He looked upon the dead, and sorrow seemed to lie,
A weight of sorrow, even like lead, pale on the fast-shut eye.
He stooped—and kissed the frozen cheek, and the heavy hand of clay,
Till bursting words—yet all too weak—gave his soul's passion way.

" Oh, father ! is it vain, this late remorse and deep !
Speak to me, father ! once again !—I weep—behold, I weep !
Alas ! my guilty pride and ire ! were but this work undone,
I would give England's crown, my sire, to hear thee bless thy son !

" Speak to me :—mighty grief ere now the dust hath stirred ;
Hear me, but hear me !—father, chief, my king ! I *must* be heard !—
Hushed, hushed !—how is it that I call, and that thou answerest not ?
When was it thus ?—woe, woe for all the love my soul forgot !

" Thy silver hairs I see—so still, so sadly bright !
And, father, father ! but for me they had not been so white !
I bore thee down, high heart, at last ; no longer couldst thou strive ;—
Oh ! for one moment of the past, to kneel and say ' forgive !'

" Thou wert the noblest king, on a royal throne e'er seen,
And thou didst wear, in knightly ring, of all, the stateliest mien ;
And thou didst prove, where spears are proved, in war the bravest heart—
Oh ! ever the renowned and loved thou wert—and *there* thou art !

" Thou that my boyhood's guide didst take fond joy to be !—
The times I've sported at thy side, and climbed thy parent knee !
And there before the blessed shrine, my sire, I see thee lie,—
How will that sad still face of thine look on me till I die !"

ODE TO A STEAM-BOAT.

BY T. DOUBLEDAY, ESQ.

ON such an eve, perchance, as this,
 When not a zephyr skims the deep,
 And sea-birds rest upon the' abyss,
 Scarce by its heaving rocked to sleep,—
 On such an eve as this, perchance,
 Might Scylla eye the blue expanse.

The languid ocean scarce at all
 Amongst the sparkling pebbles hissing,—
 The lucid wavelets, as they fall,
 The sunny beach in whispers kissing,
 Leave not a furrow,—as they say
 Oft haps, when pleasure ebbs away.

Full many a broad, but delicate tint
 Is spread upon the liquid plain ;
 Hues, rich as aught from fancy's mint,
 Enamelled meads, or golden grain ;—
 Flowers sub-marine, or purple heath,
 Are mirrored from the world beneath.

One tiny star-beam, faintly trembling,
 Gems the still waters' tranquil breast ;
 Mark the dim sparklet, so resembling
 Its parent in the shadowing east ;—
 It seems—so pure, so bright the trace,—
 As sea and sky had changed their place.

Hushed is the loud tongue of the deep :—
 Yon glittering sail, far o'er the tide,
 Amid its course appears to sleep ;—
 We watch, but only know it glide
 Still on, by a bright track afar,
 Like genius, or a falling star !

Oh ! such an eve is sorrow's balm,
 Yon lake the poet's Hippocrene ;
 And who would ruffle such a calm,
 Or cast a cloud o'er such a scene !
 'Tis done ;—and nature weeps thereat,
 Thou boisterous progeny of Watt !

Wast thou a grampus,—nay, a whale,—
 Or ork one sees in Ariosto ;
 Went'st thou by rudder, oar, or sail,
 Still wouldst thou not so outrage gusto !

But when did gusto ever dream
Of seeing ships propelled by steam ?

Now blazing like a dozen comets,
And rushing as if nought could bind thee,
The while thy strange internal vomits
A sooty train of smoke behind thee ;
Tearing along the azure vast,
With a great chimney for a mast !

Satan when scheming to betray us
He left of old his dark dominions,
And winged his murky way through chaos,
And waved o'er Paradise his pinions ;
Whilst Death and Sin came at his back,
Would leave, methinks, just such a track !

Was there no quirk,—one can't tell how,—
No stiff-necked flaw,—no quiddit latent,
Thou worst of all sea-monsters, thou !
That might have undermined thy patent,—
Or kept it in the inventor's desk,—
Fell bane of all that's picturesque ?

Should Neptune, in his turn, invade thee,
And at a pinch old Vulcan fail thee,
The sooty mechanist who made thee
May hold it duty to bewail thee ;—
But I shall bring a garland votive,
Thou execrable locomotive !

He must be long-tongued, with a witness,
Whoe'er shall prove, to my poor notion,
It sorts with universal fitness
To make yon clear, pellucid ocean,
That holds not one polluted drop,
Bear on its breast a blacksmith's shop !

Philosophers may talk of science
And mechanicians of utility,—
In such I have but faint reliance :
To admire thee passeth my ability ;
My taste is left at double distance,
At the first *sea-quake* of thy pistons.

It may be orthodox, and wise,
And catholic, and transcendental,
To the useful still to sacrifice,
Without a sigh, the ornamental ;
But be it granted me, at least,
That I may never be the priest !

THE UTILITARIAN.*

WE were walking together in a broad, unfrequented street of Philadelphia. All at once we heard a strange uproar a great way off, growing louder every moment; and before we could imagine the cause, a boy at the head of the street cried out, "Here they come! here they come!" The people rushed out of their houses, another and another took up the cry, and it flew by us like the signal of a telegraph. And then all was still as death, frightfully still, and the next moment a pair of large powerful horses came plunging round the corner at full speed, with the fragments of a carriage rattling and ringing after them. "The child! the child! oh! my God, the poor child!" shrieked a woman at a window near me; and on looking that way, I saw a child in the street, holding out its arms to a female who was flying toward it, her eyes dilated with horror, her garments flying loose, and her cry such as I never heard issue from mortal lips. I sprang forward to save the child—the little creature was right in the way of the horses—and I should have succeeded, but for a strong hand that arrested me and pulled me back by main force, at the very instant the carriage bounded by in a whirlwind of dust, overthrowing mother and child in its career. "The woman! the woman!" shrieked the people far and wide; "save her, save her!" At this new cry, the man who had held me back with the hand of a giant, flung me away from his grasp, and, pursuing the furious animals round the next corner where they had been partially stopped by a waggon, and stood leaping and plunging in their harness, and trying to disengage themselves from what I now perceived to be a human being, a female who had been caught by her clothes in the whirling mass, leaped upon them with the activity and strength of one who might grapple with Centaurs in such a cause; and, before I could get near enough to help him, plucked one of the hot and furious animals to the earth, first upon his knees, and then upon his side in such a manner as to deprive the other of all power. The next moment I was at his side, leaving the poor child I had snatched up to be taken care of by a stranger, and lifting the mother of the child from the midst of danger so appalling that, but for the example set me by my companion, I never should have had the courage to interfere even to save what now appeared to be one of the loveliest women I had ever seen. The multitude were aghast with fear, but as for the extraordinary man who had thrown himself head foremost upon what was re-

* From the American Token for 1830.

garded, by every body there, as no better than certain death, he got up after I had liberated the woman, brushed off the dust from his clothes, and would have walked away, as if nothing had happened, I do believe, had I not begged him to go with me where he might see after the child, and examine its hurts.

The child was very much hurt, and the mother delirious, though in every other respect unharmed. A wheel had passed over the little creature's body in such a way as to leave me no hope of its recovery, though I instantly bled it myself, and determined to watch by it to the last; and the mother had escaped as by a miracle, with but two or three slight lacerations, though it had appeared, upon fuller inquiry, that she had run directly before the horses with a view to turn them aside, there being no other hope, and that she had been caught by the projecting shaft and lifted along at the risk, every moment, as she clung by the bridle, of being trampled to death. But she escaped and recovered; and the poor child, who was just beginning to speak plain, was now the sole object of solicitude with me.

A word now of the character and behaviour of the stranger, before I proceed further with my little story. I had met him about a month before in a dissecting room, where, in the absence of the lecturer, a question arose about the structure and purpose of a part of the eye. The class were all talking together; and for myself, though I paid great attention to the subject, I confess that I was never so bewildered in my life. In the midst of the uproar, a tall, bony, hard-visaged man, with a stoop in his shoulders, and the largest hand I ever saw, whipped out a small penknife, and taking up the eye of a fish that lay near, proceeded to demonstrate with astonishing clearness and beauty of language. After he had got through his demonstration, we inquired of each other, who he was, and where he had come from. But all we could hear amounted to nothing. He had been at Philadelphia about six months. He had travelled much, read much, and thought more: he was learned in a way peculiarly his own; he was indefatigable, he had given his body by will to be dissected after death, and he was a *Utilitarian*. But what a *Utilitarian* meant nobody knew. Some believed it to be a new religious faith; whose followers bore that name; others that it meant a sort of free-masonry or infidelity. But he, when he was asked, told them it was nothing but Jeremy Benthamism. But who was Jeremy Bentham? Nobody knew, at least nobody knew with any degree of certainty.

"Why did you stop me," said I to him, as we sat together by an open window, looking out upon the Jersey shore; the little boy on a bed near us, breathing, though awake, as children breathe when

they are asleep; and the mother—it made me a better man to look at this woman, so meek, so fair, with such a calm, beautiful propriety in whatever she did; so sincere withal, and so affectionate with her boy. “Why did you stop me,” said I, looking at her as she sat with her large hazel eyes fixed upon the little sufferer. N. B. she was a widow. “Why did you stop me, I say?” addressing myself to Abijah Ware. “Because,” quoth Abijah, in a deep, low, monotonous whine, “because I am a Utilitarian.”—“A what?”—“A U-til-i-ta-ri-an,” repeated Abijah. The woman stared, and I asked what he meant. “I mean,” said Abijah, “a follower of the principle of utility; I look to the greatest good of the greatest number.”—“I am all in the dark,” said I; “please to explain. What had utility, or the greatest good of the greatest number, to do with your stopping me, when but for you, I might have rescued the child.”—“*Perhaps*—and you might have thrown away another life to no purpose.”—“Well, and so might you, when you risked yours.”—“Fiddle-faddle—one case at a time. How old are you?”—“How old am I?”—“Yes—out with it.”—I made no reply. —“About five-and-twenty, I suppose, are you?”—“Well, what if I am? What has that to do with my saving or not saving the child?”—“Much. I am a Utilitarian, I say. You are grown up; your life is worth more to society than forty such lives.”—“How so!”—“It has cost some thousands to raise you.” I looked up. The man was perfectly serious. He had a pencil in his hand, a bit of paper on the table, and was cyphering away at full speed.—“Yes, Sir,” continued he, “the risk was out of all proportion to the probable advantage or profit; and therefore I stopped you.” God forgive the Utilitarians, thought I, if they are capable of such things before they put forth a hand to save a fellow-creature—a babe in the path of wild horses. For my part, I should as soon think of stopping to do the case in double fellowship, as to calculate the proportion of the risk to the hope of profit here. He understood me, I dare say; for he shifted his endless legs one over the other, drew a long breath, and quietly laughed in my face.—“You acted like a boy,” said he. “The chance—I know how to calculate such chances to a single hair—was fifty to one against your saving the child.”—“Well, Sir—” —“And fifty to one, perhaps more, against your saving yourself; and so I concluded to save you, in spite of your teeth.” Here a low, hysterical sobbing was heard from the pillow, where the mother lay with her head resting by that of her child, and her mouth pressed to his cheek. But my imperturbable companion proceeded—“The truth is, my dear Sir, that *you never were made for a hero*; you are not strong enough, nor, *I might say*,” leaning forward to peep either into the widow’s eyes

er into a dressing glass, that stood near, "nor ugly enough. Had you not kept me employed in holding you, I might have saved the child—poor boy, and I should."—"But your life is far more valuable than mine," said I, with a flourish, expecting of course to be contradicted.—"True. But I am unfashionably put together, I am older than you, and my name is Abijah." This was said with invincible gravity, though followed by another glance at the beautiful widow.—"And what is more, the risk would have been little or nothing for me; to you it would have been a matter of life and death. I am what may be called a strong man."—"A hero, therefore," said I, referring to his remark of a moment before.—"I might have been a hero, perhaps, for my brother Ezra and I were twins, and he is decidedly a hero." I could not help saying, "Do you resemble each other?"—"Very much, though Ezra is the handsomer of the two. By-the-bye, I must tell you a little anecdote of brother Ezra. One day, as he turned a corner in Baltimore, a man met him, who made a full stop in the highway, threw up his hands with affected amazement at the ungainly creature before him—brother Ezra, by-the-bye, is not the handsomest man that ever was—and cried out, 'Well, by George! if you ar'n't the ugliest feller ever I clapped eyes on!' At which our Ezra, instead of knocking him head over heels, as anybody but a hero, with such strength, would have done, merely said to him, 'I guess you never saw brother 'Bijah?' " I laughed heartily at the story; and yet more heartily at the look of brother 'Bijah as he told it. And as for the widow, she appeared for a single moment to forget her boy, in her anxiety to avoid laughing with me.—"But you risked your life, Sir," said I, "in a case ten thousand times more dangerous, the very next moment after you had interfered to stop me."—"True, but it was to save the life of a woman."—"Well, but why a woman, if you would not suffer me to save a child?"—"Because I am a Utilitarian."—"Well, what does that prove?"—"You shall see. Suppose the perfection of the species to depend upon a certain union of physical and intellectual properties which may be represented by x ."—"Nonsense; what have we to do with algebra here?"—"By x , I say, or, if you prefer arithmetic, by the number 100. Now youth may go for so much"—making a mark on the paper before him; "health for so much," making another; "beauty for—let me see, widow, I begin to have some hope for your child." The woman started upon her feet, and stood with her eyes lighted up, her cheek flushed, hands locked and lifted, waiting for him to finish; but he only looked at her, and proceeded with the calculation. "*Beauty for so much, maturity for so much; and value, wisdom, courage, virtue—widow you may sit down—for all the rest*

say 85. Now when I see such a being, whether male or female, though sex may be put down for something here, about to lose herself, or himself, about to throw herself, or himself away, I instantly subtract the sum at which I have estimated myself, that is, between sixty-three and sixty-four, as you may see by this paper," handing me his pocket-book, where the calculation stood on the first page, "from the sum of one hundred, or less, according to the value of the object, and if I am satisfied that the risk is a fair one, the probabilities not more than enough to outweigh the certain profit of saving a life so much more valuable than my own, I save it."—"I understand nothing of your theory," said I, "and as little of your calculation. But this I do understand, this I know, that you have encountered a risk for the safety of that woman there, which I never saw, never hope to see, voluntarily encountered by any human being for the safety of another."—"That will depend upon the progress of our faith. If Utilitarians multiply, such things will be common." I was just going to cry, Pho! but I forbore. "And now," said he, getting up and going to the child, which had just waked from a sweet sleep, and feeling its pulse, "I think I may say to you now, widow Roberts—I think, I say—but I would not have you too sure—I think your child is safe." The woman caught his huge hand up to her mouth before he could prevent it, and fell upon her knees, and wept and sobbed as if her heart would break; and the child, putting out both its little fat hands, kept patting her on the head, and saying, "Poor mutter ky; George moss well now, dont ky, mutter." My hero withdrew his hand, I thought with considerable emotion, kissed the child, made a sweep at me, in the form of a bow, and walked straightway out of the room, without opening his mouth. He was no sooner off than the nurse entered, and we examined the child. There was, to be sure, a surprising alteration for the better. He breathed freely, the stupor had passed off, and his eyes were as clear as crystal.

Let me pass over the following four weeks, at the end of which period I thought proper to hold counsel with my friend, the Utilitarian, about the safety and propriety of marrying a widow. "You merely suppose the case, for argument's sake?" said he—"To be sure," said I.—"What if you suppose a child or so into the bargain?" said he.—"Why, as to that," said I, with somewhat of a sheepish look, "I fear, as to that now, I should not care much if ——"—"A boy?" said he, interrupting me.—"I wish the brat was out of the way," said I, with a fling. "No you don't," said he. "It would be a dead loss to you." I pretended to be in a huff. "*Come, come, Joseph, let us cut the matter short. Away with your pros and cons, your theories, and your supposable cases. You*

love the widow, don't you?"—"I do."—"Do you know any thing of her history?"—"Not a syllable."—"Of her situation or character?"—"Nothing—perhaps you do."—"I do, enough to satisfy me. She is young, healthy, virtuous, and beautiful, with one child——"—"Hang the child, Abijah."—"Joseph, you are wrong; that child would be a comfort to you."—"To me!"—"Yes, to you, if you marry the widow. What are you rubbing your hands for?"—"Marry the widow! What on earth do you mean?" cried I, with a flutter of joy, and a thrill at the very idea. "Hear me through, Joseph. You have come to ask me what I would do in your case?"—"You are right, I have." "Well, were I you, I would marry her."—"But why don't you marry her yourself?"—"I! for three reasons."—"What are they?"—"In the first place, I am not you."—"Good—the next."—"In the next place, she would not have me."—"Pho!" said I; though, to tell you the truth, reader, I thought as he did, notwithstanding the beautiful widow was for ever sounding his praises to me, whenever we were alone together. But I could always see a good way into a mill-stone; and whether she romped with her boy before my half smothering him with kisses, or talked of her preserver, that heroic man—that heroic Abijah, I longed to say, but I was afraid, there was no laughing at such a man before such a woman, I could see through the whole. "But in the third place," continued I. "Well, in the third place, I am not worthy of her."—"How so?"—"But you are, my friend"—his rich, bold voice quavered here, and I began to feel rather dismal—"you are; and my advice to you is, to lose no time in securing that woman: you deserve her; you are young and handsome, wealthy and rich. Take her: I would have you go to the beautiful widow, and offer yourself to her; and, if she is the woman I take her to be, you will be able to bring out as much of her history and character as you will have any desire to know. There, there—go, and Heaven speed you."

I went. I offered myself to the widow, and was flatly, though kindly refused. That was about as much as I could well stomach, and I do not know that ever I should have got over it, but for a little gratuitous intelligence, of a nature to make me almost thankful for my disappointment. The widow was no widow. The child was a thing, with all its beauty, for the mother to be ashamed of. I went straightway to my hero. "Abijah Ware," said I, "such and such are the facts," relating the whole. "And how did you learn all this?" asked Abijah. "Out of her own mouth," said I. "And what have you concluded to do, Joseph?"—"To give her up."—"You are a fool, Joseph."—"How so; you would not have me ——"—"Yes, I would," interrupting me, "where will you find

such another woman? a woman of such exalted virtue?"—"Virtue!" said I,—"Was that a sneer!" said Abijah. "It was," I cried, lifting my voice and braving the look with which the inquiry was made, as if what I felt were a thing to brag of — "Then," said Abijah, "then you never loved her. You would weep sooner than sneer at such virtue, if you ever had."—"But I did love her."—"You did? then there is but one other hypothesis for me."—"Well, out with it."—"She has refused you."—I fell back abashed, I dropped my eyes; I could not bear the solemn overpowering reproach of his.—"Very true," said I. "One word more. Did you offer yourself to her after she told you this?"—"Why do you ask?"—"I ask it for your sake; for yours, my dear friend. I long to have you one of us; but I fear you want the courage. It requires prodigious manhood to be a Utilitarian."—"Well, be it so, I did not offer myself after this; but I did before."—"I pity you. How you have rewarded her candour; how gloriously you have repaid her truth! She might have deceived you, but she forbore. She proved herself worthy of you, and you abandoned her accordingly."—His emotion surprised me. He got up, and walked the floor with a tread that shook the whole house.—"You do not understand the matter," said I,—"She refused me before I knew this, and told me her story afterwards, not so much as a reason for it, I do believe as to convince me of what she called her good faith, respect and gratitude."—"Young man," said Abijah Ware, "you are throwing away that which would be of more worth to me, and to you, if you were a Utilitarian instead of a sentimentalist, than the great globe itself, though it were a solid chrysolite. I beseech you, once for all, I pray you, I implore you to reconsider this matter."—"Impossible," said I, "think of the usages of the world?"—"What have you to do with the usages of the world?"—"Aye, but the prejudices of society."—"True, prejudices and usages are all to be weighed. Look to what you gain, as well as what you lose, by running counter to them, and whatever they are, and whether well or ill founded, act accordingly. That is the part of the wise man. But enough; will you think better of this? Will you not try to recover that woman?"—"I dare not; we should be miserable. Hereafter, were we thrown abroad into society, every little neglect, every trifle, which, if her history were untainted, would be laughed at, or pitied, or overlooked, would be to her peace and to mine like the bite of a rattlesnake."—"Very true, but still, still, my friend—"—"Why do you urge me? Even you yourself, were you in my case, would not be able to throw off the prejudices you complain of."—"We shall see. Do you give her up?"—"I do."—"You will not marry her?"—"Never."—"Then,

by Heaven, I will!"—"You!" said I, with what I meant for a most withering sneer, though, to tell the truth, I could not help thinking of her praises, and of that summer afternoon at the bedside of the boy—the little wretch, he is alive now—when she dropped upon her knees, and wept upon his great ugly three-decker of a hand. "At least," cried he, "I will offer myself to her before I sleep; and if she refuse me——" "If!" said I. "I will make her independent for life."—"I congratulate her," said I, "her wealth may hereafter make her a desirable match." He glowed, and I—I cut and run.

P.S. He kept his word. He offered himself, and the great steam-engine of a fellow is now the husband of the fair widow. I often see him lumbering along to church with the beautiful Mary Roberts—I never mean to call her Mary Ware while I breathe—dangling at his elbow, like a—like a—like a rose on a patch of thistle and furze—adrift.

THE AMERICAN INDIAN.

(FROM THE TATLER, No 241.)

He was fresher from the hand
That formed of earth the human face,
And to the elements did stand
In nearer kindred than our race.
In many a flood to madness tost,
In many a storm has been his path,
He hid him not from heat or frost,
But met them, and defied their wrath.

Then were they kind—the forests, there
Rivers and still waters paid
A tribute to the net and spear
Of the red ruler of the shade.
Fruits on the woodland branches lay,
Roots in the shaded mould below;
The stars looked forth to teach his way,
And still earth warned him of the foe.

A noble race; but they are gone
With their forests, wide and deep;
And we have built our homes upon
Fields where their generations sleep.
Their fountains slake our thirst at noon,
Upon their hills our harvest waves,
Our lovers woo beneath their moon,
And all still pay a tribute to their graves.

A STEAM-BOAT ADVENTURE.

I REMEMBER (I have reason to remember) it was a clear day in spring, when I was sailing down the Firth of Forth in an old-fashioned steam-boat. The steam-boat season had not fairly set in, and there were not in the vessel above a dozen passengers altogether. I was of the steerage; and, after my ears had been abundantly ravished by an execrable fiddler, I seated myself on deck, and taking from my pocket a small volume which I had brought with me, (a volume of farces it was—an excellent traveller's guide and companion,) I endeavoured to compose myself for solemn and profitable meditation. Just then, a young lady, dressed in a light gray pelisse, issued from the cabin, and began to pace the empty deck with a grace, of which it would be folly to hope that any one who did not see it, could form an adequate conception. One glance discovered a figure of the most delicious symmetry, and a face of the most attractive expression, beautifully blended with a sweet dignity, that told in a moment she belonged to the ancient and the noble. I felt, all at once, that the dreams of youth were not vanity—that the vision which had haunted my enraptured musings was walking, in flesh and blood, visibly before me! But although struck, as they say, "all of a heap," I suppressed my admiration, and contented myself with stealing a glance now and then, in the discreetest manner possible, all the time affecting to be in a brown study, poring over my book. Once our eyes met, and I perceived a slight smile on her lip. Perhaps (this was an after-thought) I was holding the book upside down, or perhaps turning the leaf backwards; and, in either case, she could not choose but conclude, that I was endeavouring to excite the envy of a wretched blackamoor who lay on the other side of the deck, by pretending that I could decipher the English alphabet.

When she had returned to the cabin, which the chillness of the air soon occasioned her to do, I discovered that I had not read a word of Foote, and even felt inclined to pronounce him stupid. I became fully persuaded, at least, of the folly of carrying a volume in one's pocket, when one might, by taking a cabin passage, have a handsome little library at one's disposal. And then the volume I had brought was so remarkably shabby! Might I not drop it into the Forth, and step down to the cabin, and see what books were to be got there? But the captain, most unfortunately, has already taken the fares, and it would look signally mean (would it not?) *to sneak down now, like a discarded or retired flunkey, playing the gentleman, with no other effect than that of rendering himself*

object of universal derision. Was the young lady alone, or was there no one gallant enough to offer her his arm? Perhaps some shrivelled, antiquated aunt sits by the stove like a melancholy cat, and would not venture to hobble up stairs, even although sweet Juliet kissed her forehead beseechingly! Or perhaps some hideous male monster held out his horrible paw, and begged, in fetid breath, the honour of accompanying her; but ~~she~~, with a look of dignified scorn, worthy of Juno, queen of heaven, paralysed the hateful wretch, and stepping out in her own loveliness, walked the gay galley, like a solitary wild-deer, in maiden meditation, fancy free!!

Ruminating thus, the captain approached, and I resolved to question him. "Few passengers to-day, captain?"—"More to-morrow, I hope."—"True; always improving at this season. How stands your cabin?"—"There—as usual."—"Good; but I mean, many passengers?"—"Never so slack; only *one*, upon my soul."—"What! the young lady who was just now on deck?"—"The same—a daughter of some nabob, I'se warrant, ready to leap into the arms of any handsome fellow who has the heart to say, Jump, my dear! Bless your eyes and buttons, sir, is it not a shame that you, and the likes of you, should take up your howff among fiddlers, and chapmen, and drovers, and gingerbread-jocks, when, for the sake of a shabby sixpence more, you might be decently cracking with some fine lady such as this, making love and your fortune all at the same time, not to speak of making your trip—eh?"—"You are right, captain—you are right; and, as I hope for mercy, never while I live shall I put my head again into such a hovel of abomination as that steerage of yours, the filth and squalor of which have made me sick unto death."—"Hooly, hooly, good sir; our steerage is not so bad as that comes to. It may hold up its head with any on the frith. But, as I was saying, it is strange the likes of you should take a fancy for it, in preference to our cabin. The lady has more gumption."—"Is she really solitary?"—"As solitary as a squirrel in a wood. I caught her endeavouring to leap over a chair."—"How romantic!"—"You may say so, though she has good common-sense too; for she scarcely looked at our beautiful calf Lady of the Lake, or the fine new novel called *Secrets of the Heart*, but asked for the *Edinburgh Almanack*, to see, it is likely, how the tides stood, or perhaps to learn the captains' names of the steam-boats plying on the rivers Forth and Clyde."—"Surely not!"—"Well perhaps to look the army list; some sweetheart of a lieutenant—eh?"—"I tell you, captain, I must go down—I mean, I will take the cabin during the rest of the passage, for I am sick of your steerage."—"That's so far lucky; it will not be deserted

quite, for the lady goes out at the first ferry. That's true—Bill, hoist the tatterdemalion ; we are within half-a-mile of the coble."

At this moment, the subject of our conversation came on deck, to inquire about the ferry ; and, on being informed that she was within a few minutes of it, she prepared for her departure. I, therefore, was nonplussed.

By and by, far away on the Fife shore, the ferry-boat, hailed by the flag which Bill had hoisted, was seen to make for our vessel. As it drew near, it turned out to be a wretched coble, little larger than a washing-tub, manned by a single stiff old fisherman, with the addition of a boy, who seemed fully occupied in scooping out the water that gurgled through its rotten leaks. I had no reason to be satisfied at the appearance of this ferry-boat, so called ; for although not stormy or squally the firth was considerably troubled, and the waves large enough to have overwhelmed a much larger and better-conditioned yawl. I looked at the cause of my solicitude, but not the slightest anxiety shaded her clear brow. Scarcely, however, had the poor girl entered the coble—scarcely had it cleared twenty yards of us—when some clumsy wave, or more clumsy manœuvre, overturned it, and she, with the fisherman and boy, were precipitated into the water. In a moment, I was also over head and ears, and, in a few more seconds, I had succeeded in seizing her by the waist, and was making manfully back to the steam-boat, when something grasped my heel, and down I went—down, with my precious burden, to the bottom. I was an experienced swimmer, and did not lose my recollection all at once. I knew it must be the old fisherman who held me, and, in despairing rage, I endeavoured to kick him on the forehead ; but his grasp was deadly, and even in the roar and suffocation of the waters, I felt it to be so. At the same time, (so deeply conscious was I of all that was passing) I unloosed my hold of the lady, to give her a chance of being saved, but she held by me with agonizing energy. Then the indescribable, but most vivid, feeling of DEATH, shivered through my frame, and, as if coming from eternity, the voice of waters howled in my ears, louder, ten thousand times, than the loudest cataract which I had ever heard. I remember no more. Whether was it, I wonder, while lying at the bottom of the firth, or while surrounded by a crowd busy in restoring animation, that I lived over again, in shadowy dreams, the days of infancy and childhood—that I loitered on solitary knowes under an endless sunshine, gathering gowans and digging little caves—that I knelt at my mother's knee, and, with my head in her lap, repeated my evening prayer—that I lay down and fell asleep with my arms around little brothers and sisters, long ago dead ;—whether were such things, I

wonder, glimpses of futurity, or but the feeble visions of returning vitality?

I opened my eyes in a strange bed, a strange room, and numberless strange faces gazing at me. By degrees I became acquainted with my situation. The sailors of the steam-boat had succeeded in dragging us up, and had put us ashore, where every attention was paid towards restoring us. With the fisherman, who was found clinging to my leg, all efforts had been fruitless, but the lady had recovered a full hour before me. She lay in an adjoining room. An express had been despatched for her father, whose seat lay at several miles distance, and who was expected momentarily. She was an only child, and had not recovered when the messenger went off. This, and much more, was told me by the women with female volubility; for, weak, and sick, and weary of their assiduous rubbings and doctorings, wishing to die in peace if they would but let me alone, they perceived, with the tact of their sex, that their intelligence reconciled me to their attentions, and they accordingly gave me a full and particular account, genealogical and chronological, historical, biographical, and anecdotal, of the lady and all her relations and ancestors, direct and collateral, for five hundred years back.

In the midst of this, the fierce rattle of a carriage was heard, and in stalked a military gentleman. His look was agitated, but he was not flurried. "O, colonel, your dochter is weel—better—recovered—quite weel—in the ither room—wearying to see you!" shouted every voice, with kind eagerness. The intelligence did not unman him, but he sat down on a chair in perfect feebleness, and the room was, for a short period, silent as death. "This, sir, is the gentleman that tried to save her," said, at length, the officious landlady. He rose, took my hand, and said, in a deep whisper, "Sir, I am obliged." I felt it worth a thousand thanks.

In about two hours, the lady was on her feet; and the carriage was drawn up to take her home. I, on the contrary, could not move. On ascertaining this, the colonel said he would send the carriage for me in the morning, when he hoped I would be able to come and stay with him till I was quite recovered. I promised, but I believed at the time I would never get better. On going away, I heard a voice in the passage say, "Jane, you must thank the gentleman who endangered his life for you." She came to the bedside, pale, but beautiful as ever—took my hand, and said (the words and manner the same!) "Sir, I am obliged." I could say nothing—but I pressed my lips on her hand. She did not take it away discomposedly; and sometimes, afterwards, when I was in-

clined to wonder at my presumption, that circumstance assured me that I did just what I should have done.

A long deep sleep recovered me, notwithstanding my gloomy prognostication. In the morning, save a little weakness, I was well; and I felt disinclined to take advantage of the colonel's invitation. The attempt I had made to save his daughter, though but an act of the commonest humanity, placed him in a manner *under the necessity* of treating me with extraordinary civility—and with that impression, I could not reconcile myself to the thought of paying him a visit. In a word, I happened to be more than usually poor at the time, and therefore more than usually proud, so, when the carriage came for me, instead of stepping into it, I sent the colonel a card, expressing my great satisfaction at the intelligence which his servant had brought of the lady's entire recovery—stating my own recovery—and regretting that urgent business prevented me from waiting upon him at this time, but assuring him that, whenever circumstances led me again to this quarter of the country, I should certainly do myself that honour. This card I gave the coachman, and before midday found myself on the other side of the Forth, toiling up Leith Walk.

This happened early in spring, as I said. "In autumn I revisited the spot." A very slight matter of business was sufficient to take me back again; for, during the long summer, I had been full of restless wishes to see, once more, *her* who had come to my bedside, and spoken the few words which I have recorded, in a voice of sweetness which, alas! can never be recorded. The same reason, it is true, which prevented me at first from visiting her father, still subsisted, and indeed was strengthened by time; for the longer I staid away, the more impertinent, of course, would be my intrusion. But there had, by this time, gathered within me feelings of affection and curiosity towards and regarding my former fellow-sufferer, too powerful to be resisted by a delicacy rather fastidious perhaps, after all, than well-grounded; and, relying on my own discretion in fitting my conduct to my reception, I resolved in good earnest, since I was again on the spot, to call on the colonel and his daughter. His house I found to be a fine old mansion—of no distinct order, indeed, or uniform dimensions,—neither cotified nor castelated, but bearing, nevertheless, an appearance of elegant comfort and substantial antiquity; in point of fact, constructed and situated just (very nearly) as I would choose to fancy, were I purchasing a country seat, or writing a fictitious narrative. An avenue of old but thinly-planted trees led to the front, and on one side lay a garden arranged and disposed seemingly after the old English taste, with parterres curiously laid out, and trees still more

ously cropped into what were called the shapes of Adams, Eves, and peacocks. As I drew near the door, a conflicting tide of sensations beat in my breast; but one, I remember, was stronger than all the rest, and that one arose from the *certainly* of being, in a few minutes, in the presence of a creature whom I had long worshipped in silent and unknown adoration, but of whom I could scarcely think otherwise than as ideal, so brief and dreamlike had my former connexion with her been.

An old man, in black livery, opened the door. The colonel was at home. I was shown into a spacious parlour, and in a short time was shaking hands with the good old gentleman. His reception of me was not quite what I had anticipated. I thought I perceived an uneasy formality, bordering on dryness, in his manner; and he made not the slightest allusion to the circumstance by which we had become acquainted. Alas, how little I knew what was labouring in his breast! He conducted me to his library, where (it being midday) he ordered soup. A deep quiet reigned throughout the whole house, and the visage of the waiting-man was to the last degree solemn.

Our talk was of the common occurrences of the day—brief and disjointed. I momentarily expected him to speak of his daughter, who should, in ordinary politeness, have been the first object of my inquiry, if I could, at first, have summoned courage sufficient to mention her name; but he was silent respecting her, and even seemed to avoid any discourse that might tend to make her the subject of conversation. At length, when the serving-man had withdrawn, instigated by a strong feeling of propriety as much as any thing else, I did, in an unlucky moment, venture to hope that she was well:—and however innocent in the matter, never shall I cease to regret the deep sting of affliction which, by doing so, I was the means of inflicting. The forced formality, which had hitherto supported him under the distressing recollections which my presence must have awakened, gave way at once to my unfortunate inquiry; the pride of manhood and station yielded to the cry of a bereaved parent; and, from a voice choking with irrepressible anguish, I learned the fatal truth, that Jane was gone—dead—buried!

She had never entirely recovered from the accident, but was seized before midsummer by a rapid consumption, which carried her off in less than three months. Her broken-hearted father now sleeps by her side. A mourning ring, containing a locket of her hair, is the only memorial I hold of one whose fate was, for a short period, so distressingly linked with mine; and sometimes, looking *at it, and thinking of her sad and early end, I have wished I had never been taken from the deep sea.*

W.

LADY BETTY'S POCKET-BOOK.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE LOVERS' QUARRELS."

Into it, Knight, thou must not look.—SCOTT.

I PASSED my five-and-twentieth birth-day at Oakenshade. Sweet sentimental age! Dear, deeply-regretted place: Oakenshade is the fairest child of Father Thames, from Gloucestershire to Blackwall. She is the very queen of cottages, for she has fourteen best bed rooms, and stabling for a squadron. Her trees are the finest in Europe, and her inhabitants the fairest in the world. Her old mistress is the Lady Bountiful of the country, and her young mistresses are its pride. Lady Barbara is black-eyed and hyacinthine, Lady Betty blue-eyed and Madonna-like.

In situations of this kind it is absolutely necessary for a man to fall in love, and in due compliance with the established custom, I fell in love both with Lady Betty and Lady Barbara. Now Barbara was a soft-hearted, high-minded rogue, and pretended, as I thought, not to care for me, that she might not interfere with the interests of her sister; and Betty was a reckless, giddy-witted baggage, who cared for nobody and nothing upon earth, except the delightful occupation of doing what she pleased. Accordingly, we became the Romeo and Juliet of the place, excepting that I never could sigh, and she never could apostrophize. Nevertheless, we loved terribly. Oh, what a time was that! I will just give a sample of a day.—We rose at seven (it was July), and wandered amongst moss roses, velvet lawns, and sequestered summer-houses, till the lady-mother summoned us to the breakfast-table. I know not how it was, but the footman on these occasions always found dear Barbara absent on a butterfly chase, gathering flowers, or feeding her pet robin, and Betty and myself on a sweet honeysuckle seat, just large enough to hold two, and hidden round a happy corner as snug as a bird's nest. The moment the villain came within hearing, I used to begin, in an audible voice, to discourse upon the beauties of nature, and Betty allowed me to be the best moral philosopher of the age. After breakfast we used to retire to the young ladies' study, in which blest retreat I filled some hundred pages of their albums, whilst Betty looked over my shoulder, and Barbara hammered with all her might upon the grand piano, that we might not be afraid to talk. I was acknowledged to be the prince of poets and riddle-mongers, and in the graphic art I was a prodigy perfectly unrivalled. Sans doute, I was a little overrated. *My riddles* were so plain, and my metaphors so puzzling—and

then my trees were like mountains, and my men were like monkeys. But love had such penetrating optics! Lady Betty could perceive beauties to which the rest of the world were perfectly blind. Then followed our "equestrian exercises." Now Barbara was a good horsewoman, and Betty was a bad one; consequently, Barbara rode a pony, and Betty rode a donkey; consequently, Barbara rode a mile before, and Betty rode a mile behind; and consequently, it was absolutely necessary for me to keep fast hold of Betty's hand, for fear she should tumble off. Thus did we journey through wood and through valley, by flood and by field, through the loveliest and most love-making scenes that ever figured in rhyme or on canvass. The trees never looked so green, the flowers never smelt so sweetly, and the exercise and the fears of her high-mettled palfrey gave my companion a blush which is quite beyond the reach of simile. Of course, we always lost ourselves, and trusted to Barbara to guide us home, which she generally did by the most circuitous routes she could find. At dinner the lady-mother would inquire what had become of us, but none of us could tell where we had been excepting Barbara. "Why Betty, my dear, you understood our geography well enough when you were guide to our good old friend, the General!" Ah, but Betty found it was quite a different thing to be guide to her good young friend, the captain; and her explanation was generally a zigzag sort of performance, which outdid the best riddle of her album. It was the custom of the lady-mother to take a nap after dinner, and having a due regard for her, we always left her to this enjoyment as soon as possible. Sometimes we floated in a little skiff down the broad and tranquil river, which, kindled by the setting sun, moved onward like a stream of fire, tuning our voices to glees and duets, till the nightingales themselves were astonished. Oh, the witchery of bright eyes at sunset and music on the water! Sometimes we stole through the cavernous recesses of the old oak wood, conjuring up fawns and satyrs at every step, and sending Barbara to detect the deceptions, and play at hide and seek with us. At last our mistress the moon would open her eye and warn us home, where, on the little study sofa, we watched her progress, and repeated sweet poesy. Many a time did I long to break the footman's head when he brought the lights, and announced the tea. The lady-mother never slept after this, and the business of the day was ended.

Things went on in this way for a week or ten days, and Lady Betty appeared to have less spirits, and a more serious and languid air than heretofore. There was now nothing hoydenish in her behaviour, and instead of the upper lip curling with scorn, the under one was dropping with sentiment. Her voice was not so

loud, and fell in a gentler cadence, and the Madonna braid w festooned with a more exquisite grace. When I besought her let me hear the subject of her thoughts, the little budget was alwa of so mournful a description, that I could not choose but use a tenderest mode of comforting her. She had, she knew not wh become more serious. She supposed it was because she was grow ing older, she hoped it was because she was growing better. In fir she had determined to mend her life, and appointed me master the ceremonies to her conscience, which, sooth to say, had been a woful state of anarchy.

I could not, of course, have any doubt that my sweet society h been the cause of this metamorphosis, and I congratulated mys with fervency. She was becoming the very pattern for a wife, as I contemplated in her the partner of my declining years, the sooth of my cares, the mother of my children. It was cruel to postpo my declaration, but though I have no Scotch blood in my veins, was always a little given to caution. Lady Betty had been a s madcap, and might not this be a mere freak of the moment? B sides there was a charm about the very uncertainty which a d clared lover has no idea of, so I determined to observe, and a with deliberation.

Our pastimes continued the same as before, and our interchang of kindness increased. Amongst other things, Lady Betty, st nalized me by a purse and pencil case, and in return was troubl with an extreme longing for a lilac and gold pocket-book, in whic I was sometimes rash enough to note down my fugitive thought It had been given me by—no matter whom—there was nothing e earth that I would not have sacrificed to Lady Betty. She recei ed it in both her hands, pressed it to her bosom, and promis faithfully that she would pursue the plan I had adopted in it; cas ing up her delinquencies at the end of the year to see what mig be amended.

Alas! the pinnacle of happiness is but a sorry resting place, fro which the chief occupation of mankind is to push one another hea long! Of my own case, I have particular reason to complain, f I was precipitated from the midst of my burning, palpitating exi tence, by the veriest blockhead in life. He came upon us like tl Simoom, devastating every green spot in his progress, and leavir our hearts a blank. In short, he was a spark of quality, who drov four bloods, and cut his own coats. His visage was dangerous dissipated and cadaverous, his figure as taper as a fishing-rod, an his manner had a *je ne sais quoi* of languid impertinence which wa a great deal too overwhelming. Altogether, he was a gallant who

Incursion would have caused me very considerable uneasiness, had I not felt secure that my mistress was already won.

I shall never forget the bustle which was occasioned by the arrival of this worthy. He was some sort of connection of the lady-mother, thought himself privileged to come without invitation, and declared his intention of remaining till he was tired. He ordered the servants about, and gave directions for his accommodation precisely as if he had been at home, and scarcely deigned to tender his forefinger to the ladies, till he had made himself perfectly comfortable. When I was introduced from the back-ground, from which I had been scowling with indignation and amazement, he regarded my common-place appearance with careless contempt; made me a bow as cold as if it had come from Lapland, and, in return, received one from the North Pole. I considered that he was usurping all my rights in the establishment; perfect freedom with Betty and Barbara were a violation of my private property, and I even grudged him his jokes with the lady-mother. We were foes from first sight.

Lady Betty saw how the spirit was working within me, and hastened to prevent its effervescence. She gave me one of her overpowering looks, and besought me to assist her in being civil to him; for, in truth, the attentions of common politeness had already completely exhausted her. I was quite charmed with the vexation she felt at his intrusion, and loved her a thousand times better because she detested him. His visit, indeed, had such an effect upon her, that, before the day was over, she complained to me, in confidence, of being seriously unwell.

From this time, the whole tenor of our amusements was revolutionized. Lady Betty's illness was not fancied; she was too weak to ride her donkey, too qualmish to go inside the barouche, which was turned out every day to keep the bloods in wind, and nothing agreed with her delicate health but being mounted on the box beside Lord S—. The evenings passed off as heavily as the mornings. Lady Barbara used to ask me to take the usual stroll with her, and Lady Betty, being afraid to venture upon the damp grass, was again left to the mercy of Lord S—, to whom walking was a low-lived amusement, for which he had no taste. The lady-mother, as usual, had her sleeping-fits; and when we returned, we invariably found things in disorder. The candles had not been lighted, the tea-things had not been brought in, and Lord S— had turned sulky with his bottle, and was sitting quietly with Lady Betty. I felt for her more than I can express, and could not, for the life of me, conceive where she picked up patience to be civil to him. She

even affected to be delighted with his conversation, and her good breeding was beyond all praise.

With such an example of endurance before me, and the pacific promises which I had made, I could not avoid wearing a benevolent aspect. Indeed, though the enemy had effectually cut off the direct communication of sentiment between us, I was not altogether without my triumphs and secret satisfactions. The general outline which I have given, was occasionally intersected with little episodes which were quite charming. For instance, Lady Betty used constantly to employ me upon errands to her mother, who was usually absent in her private room, manufacturing caudle and flannel petticoats for the work-house. When I returned, she would despatch me to her sister, who was requiring my advice upon her drawing, in the study; and thus Lord S—— could not fail to observe the familiar terms we were upon, and that we perfectly understood each other. What gave me more pleasure than all was, that he must see I had no fears of leaving my liege lady alone with him, which must have galled him to the quick. When she had no other means of showing her devotion to me, she would produce the lilac pocket-book, and pursue the work of amendment which I had suggested to her; indeed, this was done with a regularity which, when I considered her former hair-brained character, I knew could only be sustained by the most ardent attachment.—My pride and my passion increased daily.

At last, by a happy reverse of fortune, I was led to look for the termination of my trials. Lord S—— was a personage of too great importance to the nation to be permitted to enjoy his own peace and quiet, and his bilious visage was required to countenance mighty concerns in other parts. His dressing case was packed up, and the barouche was ordered to the door, but poor Lady Betty was still doomed to be a sufferer; she was, somehow or other, hampered with an engagement to ride with him as far as the village, in order to pay a visit for her mother to the charity-school, and I saw her borne off, the most bewitching example of patience and resignation. I did not offer to accompany them, for I thought it would have looked like jealousy, but engaged, in answer to a sweetly whispered invitation, to meet her in her walk back.

When I returned to the drawing-room, Barbara and the lady-mother were absent on their usual occupations, and I sat down for a moment of happy reflection on the delights which awaited me; my heart was tingling with anticipation, and every thought was *poetry*. A scrap of paper lay upon the table, and was presently *enriched with a sonnet on each side*, which I had the vanity to think *were quite good enough to be transferred to Lady Betty's most beloved and lilac pocket-book*. I raised my eyes, and, lo! in the

bustle of parting with Lord S——, she had forgotten to deposit it in her desk. What an agreeable surprise it would be for her to find how I had been employed! How fondly would she thank me for such a delicate mode of showing my attention! The sonnets were written in my best hand, and I was about to close the book, when I was struck with the extreme beauty of Lady Betty's caligraphy. Might I venture to peruse a page or so, and enjoy the luxury of knowing her private thoughts of me? Nay, was it not evidently a sweet little finesse to teach me the secrets of her heart, and should I not mortify her exceedingly if I neglected to take advantage of it? This reflection was quite sufficient, and I commenced the chronicle of her innocent cogitations forthwith. It began with noting the day of the month on which I had presented the gift, and stated, prettily, the plan of improvement which I had suggested. The very first memorandum contained her reasons for loving her dear M—— I pressed the book to my lips, and proceeded to

“REASON THE FIRST.

“A good temper is better in a companion than a great wit. If dear M—— is deficient in the latter, it is not his fault, and his excellence in the former, makes ample amends.”

How! As much as to say I am a good-natured fool. Was there no other construction? No error of the press? None. The context assured me that I was not mistaken.

“REASON THE SECOND.

“Personal beauty is not requisite in a husband, and if he is a little mistaken in his estimate of himself in this respect, it will make him happy, and save me the trouble of labouring for that end.”

Conceded and ill-favoured! My head began to swim.

“REASON THE THIRD.

“I have been told that very passionate attachments between married people are productive of much disquietude and jealousy. The temperate regard, therefore, which I feel for dear M—— argues well for the serenity of our lives—Heigh-ho!”

Furies!

“REASON THE FOURTH.

“I have sometimes doubted whether this temperate regard be *really love*, but, as *pity* is next a-kin to love, and I pity him on so many points, I think I cannot be mistaken.”

Pity!

"REASON THE FIFTH.

"I pity him because it is necessary that I should place him the shelf during Lord S—'s visit, for fear S— should be disappointed by appearances, and not make the declaration which I have been so long expecting."

Place me on the shelf!!

"REASON THE SIXTH.

"I pity him, because if S— really comes forward, I shall be obliged to submit poor dear M— to the mortification of a dismissal!!!

"REASON THE SEVENTH.

"I pity him, because he is so extremely kind and obliging, quitting the room whenever his presence becomes troublesome.'!!!!

"REASON THE EIGHTH.

"I pity him, because his great confidence in my affection makes him appear so ridiculous, and because S— laughs at him."!!!!!!

"REASON THE NINTH.

"I pity him, because, if I do ultimately marry him, S— tell every body that it is only because I could not obtain the baronet and four—Heigh—heigh ho!"!!!!!!

"REASON THE TENTH.

"I pity him, because he has so kindly consented to meet me on my return from the charity-school, without once suspecting that he goes to give S— a last opportunity. He is really a very good young man—Ah, well-a-day!"—

And ah, well-a-day !!!!! &c. &c.—Let no man henceforth endeavour to enjoy the luxury of his mistress's secret thoughts.

I closed the book, and walked to the window. The river flowed temptingly beneath. Would it be best to drown myself or save myself? Or would it be best to take horse after the barouche, shoot Lord S—? I was puzzled with the alternatives. It was absolutely necessary that *somebody* should be put to death, but my confusion was too great to decide upon the victim.

At this critical juncture of my fate; when I was wavering between the gallows and "a grave where four roads meet,"

Barbara came dancing in, to request my assistance upon her drawing. She was petrified at my suicidal appearance, and, indeed, seemed in doubt whether the act of immolation had not been already effected. Her fears rushed in crimson to her cheeks, as she inquired the cause of my disorder; and her beauty and the interesting concern she expressed, cast an entire new light upon me. I would be revenged on Lady Betty in a manner far more cutting than either drowning or shooting. Barbara was the prettiest by far—Barbara was the best by infinity. Sweet, simple gentle Barbara! How generously had she sacrificed her feelings, and given me up to her sister! How happy was I to have it in my power to reward her for it! *She* now should be the partner of my declining years, the soother of my cares, the mother of my children; and as for Lady Betty, I renounced her. I found that my heart had all along been Barbara's, and I congratulated myself upon being brought to my senses.

The business was soon opened, and we were all eloquence and blushes. I expressed my warm admiration of her self-denial and affection for her sister; hinted at my knowledge of her sentiments for myself; explained every particular of my passion, prospects, and genealogy, fixed upon our place of residence, and allotted her pin-money. It was now Barbara's turn. "She was confused—she was distressed—she feared—she hoped—she knew not what to say." She paused for composure, and I waited in an ecstasy—"Why," I exclaimed, "why will you hesitate, my own, my gentle Barbara? Let me not lose one delicious word of this heavenly confession." Barbara regained her courage. "Indeed, then—indeed, and indeed—I have been engaged to my cousin for more than three years!"

This was a stroke upon which I had never once calculated, and my astonishment was awful. Barbara then was not in love with me after all, and the concern which I had felt for her blighted affections was altogether erroneous! I had made the proposal to be revenged on Lady Betty, and my disappointment had completely turned the tables upon me. Instead of bringing her to shame, I was ashamed of myself, and my mortification made me feel as though she had heaped a new injury upon me. What I said upon the occasion, I cannot precisely remember, and if I could, I doubt whether my reader would be able to make head or tail of it. I concluded, however, with my compliments to the lady-mother, and an urgent necessity to decamp. Barbara knew not whether she ought to laugh or to cry. I gave her no time to recover herself, for Betty would be home presently, and it was material to be off before they had an opportunity of comparing notes. In three minutes I was

mounted on my horse, and again ruminating on the various advantages of hanging, drowning, and shooting.

I thought I had got clear off; but at the end of the lawn I was fated to encounter the bewitching smile of Lady Betty, on her return from the village. Her words were brimming with tenderness, and her delight to be rid of that odious Lord S— was beyond measure. It had quite restored her health, she was able to recommence her rides, and would order the donkey to be got ready immediately.

So then, it appeared that the drive to the charity school had not answered the purpose after all, and I was to be the *locum tenens* of Lady Betty's affections till the arrival of a new acquaintance. I know not whether my constitution is different from that of other people. A pretty face is certainly a terrible criterion of a man's resolution; but for the honour of manhood, I contrived for once to be superior to its fascinations. To adhere strictly to truth, I must confess, however humiliating the confession may be, that this dignified behaviour was very materially sustained by the transactions with Lady Barbara, for the consequence of whose communications there was no answering. I declined the donkey ride, looked a most explanatory look of reproach, and declared my necessity of returning to town. Lady Betty was amazed—remonstrated—entreated—looked like an angel—and finally put her handkerchief to her eyes. There was no standing this—"I go," said I, "I go, because it is proper to quit whenever my *presence becomes troublesome*—I will not oblige you to *put me on the shelf*—I will not be too encroaching upon your *temperate regard*—*Heigh—heigh—ho!*" With that I plunged my spurs into my steed, and vanished at full gallop.

It was long before I heard anything more of Oakenshade or its inhabitants. In the middle of the following December I received a piece of wedding-cake from the gentle Barbara, and in the same packet a letter from Lady Betty.

She had written instead of mamma, who was troubled with a gouty affection in the hand. She spoke much (and I have no doubt sincerely) of the cruel separation from her sister. Touched feelingly upon the happiness of the time I had spent at Oakenshade, and trusted she might venture to claim a week of me at Christmas. She was truly sorry that she had no inducement to hold out beyond the satisfaction of communicating happiness, which she knew was always a paramount feeling with me. She was all alone, and wretched in the long evenings when mamma went to sleep; and reverted plaintively and prettily to the little study and the ghost stories. As for the lilac pocket-book, she had cast up her follies and misdemeanours, and found the total, even before the end of th

year, so full of shame and repentance, that she had incontinently thrown it into the fire, trusting to my kindness to give her another with fresh advice. Dear Lady Betty! my resentment was long gone by—I had long felt a conviction that her little follies were blameless and not at all uncommon; and I vow, that had her happiness depended upon me, I would have done anything to insure it. I was obliged, however, to send an excuse for the present, for I had only been married a week.

CANADIAN BOAT-SONG.

(FROM THE GAELIC.)

Listen to me, as when ye heard our father
Sing long ago the song of other shores—
Listen to me, and then in chorus gather
All your deep voices, as ye pull your oars :

CHORUS.

*Fair these broad meads—these hoary woods are grand ;
But we are exiles from our fathers' land.*

From the lone shieling of the misty island
Mountains divide us, and the waste of seas—
Yet still the blood is strong, the heart is Highland,
And we in dreams behold the Hebrides :
*Fair these broad meads—these hoary woods are grand ;
But we are exiles from our fathers' land.*

We ne'er shall tread the fancy-haunted valley,
Where 'tween the dark hills creeps the small clear stream,
In arms around the patriarch banner rally,
Nor see the moon on royal tombstones gleam :
*Fair these broad meads—these hoary woods are grand ;
But we are exiles from our fathers' land.*

When the bold kindred, in the time long-vanish'd,
Conquer'd the soil and fortified the keep,—
No seer foretold the children would be banish'd,
That a degenerate Lord might boast his sheep :
*Fair these broad meads—these hoary woods are grand ;
But we are exiles from our fathers' land.*

Come foreign rage—let Discord burst in slaughter !
O then for clansman true, and stern claymore—
The hearts that would have given their blood like water,
Beat heavily beyond the Atlantic roar :
*Fair these broad meads—these hoary woods are grand ;
But we are exiles from our fathers' land.*

THE YELLOW DOMINO.

IN the latter part of the reign of Louis XV. of France, the masquerade was an entertainment in high estimation, and was often given, at an immense cost, on court days, and such occasions of rejoicing. As persons of all ranks might gain admission to these spectacles, provided they could afford the purchase of the ticket, very strange *rencontres* frequently took place at them, and exhibitions almost as curious, in the way of disguise or assumption of character. But perhaps the most whimsical among the genuine surprises recorded at any of these spectacles, was that which occurred in Paris the 15th of October, on the day when the Dauphin (son of Louis XV.) attained the age of one-and-twenty.

At this fete, which was of a peculiarly glittering character—so much so, that the details of it are given at great length by the historians of the day—the strange demeanour of a man in a yellow domino, early in the evening, excited attention. This mask, who showed nothing remarkable as to figure—though tall rather, and of robust proportion—seemed to be gifted with an *appetite*, not merely past human conception, but passing the fancies even of romance.

The dragon of old, who churches ate
(He used to come on a Sunday)
Whole congregations were to him
But a dish of Salmagundi,—

he was but a nibbler—a mere fool—to this stranger of the yellow domino. He passed from chamber to chamber—from table to table of refreshments—not tasting but devouring—devastating—all before him. At one board, he despatched a fowl, two-thirds of a ham, and half a dozen bottles of champagne; and, the very next moment, he was found seated in another apartment, performing the same feat, with a stomach better than at first. This strange course went on until the company (who at first had been amused by it) became alarmed and tumultuous.

“Is it the same mask—or are there several dressed alike?” demanded an officer of guards, as the yellow domino rose from a seat opposite to him and quitted the apartment.

“I have seen but one—and, by Heaven, here he is again,” exclaimed the party to whom the query was addressed.

The yellow domino spoke not a word, but proceeded straight to the vacant seat which he had just left, and again commenced supping, as though he had fasted for the half of a campaign.

At length the confusion which this proceeding created, became *universal*; and the cause reached the ear of the Dauphin.

"He is a very devil, your highness!" exclaimed an old nobleman—(saving your Highness's presence)—"or wants but a tail to be so!"

"Say, rather he should be some famished poet, by his appetite," replied the Prince laughing. "But there must be some juggling; he spills all his wine, and hides the provisions under his robe."

Even while they were speaking, the yellow domino entered the room in which they were talking; and, as usual, proceeded to the table of refreshments.

"See here, my lord!" cried one—"I have seen him do this thrice!"

"I, twice!"—"I, five times!"—"and I fifteen."

This was too much. The master of the ceremonies was questioned. He knew nothing—and the yellow domino was interrupted as he was carrying a bumper of claret to his lips.

"The Prince's desire is, that Monsieur who wears the yellow domino should unmask."—The stranger hesitated.

"The command with which his Highness honours Monsieur is perfectly absolute."

Against that which is absolute there is no contending.—The yellow man threw off his mask and domino; and proved to be a private trooper of the Irish dragoons!

"And in the name of gluttony, my good friend, (not to ask how you gained admission,) how have you contrived," said the Prince, "to sup to-night so many times?"

"Sire, I was but beginning to sup, with reverence be it said, when your royal message interrupted me."

"Beginning!" exclaimed the Dauphin in amazement, "then what is it I have heard and seen? Where are the herds of oxen that have disappeared, and the hampers of Burgundy? I insist upon knowing how this is!"

"It is, Sire," returned the soldier, "may it please your Grace, that the troop to which I belong is to-day on guard. We have purchased one ticket among us, and provided this yellow domino, which fits us all. By which means the whole of the front rank, being myself the last man, have supped, if the truth must be told, at discretion; and the leader of the rear rank, saving your Highness's commands, is now waiting outside the door to take his turn."

THE CROOKED STICK.

BY MRS S. C. HALL.*

" And took the crooked stick at last ?"

" Even so."

I HAVE rarely known any one, of either sex, who deliberated upon the matrimonial question until their hair silvered, and their eye dimmed, and then became numbered among the "newly wed," who did not, according to the old story, "take the crooked stick at last." All, doubtless, will remember the tale, how the maiden was sent into a green and beautiful lane, garnished on either side by tall and well-formed trees, and directed to choose, cut, and carry off, the most straight and seemly branch she could find. She might, if she pleased, wander on to the end, but her choice must be made *there*, if not made *before*—the power of retracing her steps, *without* the stick, being forbidden. Straight and fair to look upon were the charming boughs of the lofty trees—fit scions of such noble ancestry! and each would have felt honoured by her preference; but the silly maid went on, and on, and on, and thought within herself, that at the termination of her journey she could find as perfect a stick as any of those which then courted her acceptance. By and by, the aspect of things changed; and the branches she now encountered were cramped and scragged—disfigured with blurs and unseemly warts. And when she arrived at the termination of her journey, behold! one miserable, blighted wand, the most deformed she had ever beheld, was all that remained within her reach. Bitter was the punishment of her *indecision* and caprice. She was obliged to take the crooked stick, and return with her hateful choice, amid the taunts and the sneers of the straight tall trees, who, according to the fashion of the good old fairy times, were endowed not only with feeling and reason, but with speech!

Many, I fear me, are the crooked sticks which "the ancient of days," by a strange infatuation, compel themselves to adopt. And much might be gravely and properly said upon this subject, for the edification of young and old; but the following will be better than grave discussion, and more to the tastes of those who value scenes from real life:

"Lady Frances Hazlitt, Charles! Surely the most fastidious might pronounce her handsome?"

"My dear fellow, you must permit me to correct your taste.

* From the 'Edinburgh Literary Journal.'

Observe, I pray you, the short chin, and that unfortunate nose ; it is absolutely *retrousse*."

"It may be a little opposed to the line of beauty—calculated to overset it, perhaps ; but did you ever see such a glorious brow ?"

"Mountainous !"

"Such expressive eyes ?"

"Volcanoes !"

"Psha !—Such grace ?"

"Harry," replied the young nobleman, smiling according to the most approved Chesterfield principle, removing his eyeglass, and looking at his friend with much composure, "you had better, I think, marry Lady Frances yourself."

"You are a strange being, my good lord," replied his friend, after a pause. "I would wager a good round sum, that, notwithstanding your rank, fortune, and personal advantages, you will die, or, at all events, not marry until you are—a veritable old bachelor. I pray thee, tell me, what do you require ?—A Venus ?—A Diana ?—A Juno ?—A—a—"

"Simply, a woman, my dear fellow ; not indeed one of those beings arrayed in drapery, whom you see moving along our streets, with *Chir se* feathers, smoke-dried skins, and limbs that might rival those of a Hercules ; nor yet one of your be-scented, spider-waisted priminies, who lisp and amble—assume a delicacy which they never felt, and grace which they never possessed. My ideas of woman's perfections—of the perfections, in fact, which I desire, and—I may say"—(Lord Charles Villiers was certainly a very handsome and a very fashionable man, and yet his modesty, I suppose, made him hesitate in pronouncing the latter word)—"I may—I—think—say—*deserve*," gaining courage as he proceeded, "are not as extravagant as those required by your favourite Henri Quatre. He insisted on *seven* perfections. I should feel blessed, if the lady of my love were possessed of *six*."

"Moderate and modest," observed his friend, laughing. "I pray you, tell me what they are ?"

"Noble birth, beauty, prudence, wit, gentleness, and fidelity." Sir Harry Beauclerc drew forth his tablets, and on the corner of the curiously-wrought memorials, engraved the qualities Lord Charles had enumerated, not with fragile lead, but with the sharp point of his pen-knife. "Shall I add," he inquired, "that these requisites are indispensable ?"

"Most undoubtedly," replied his lordship.

"Adieu, then, Charles—Lady Frances's carriage is returning, and as you declare fairly off, I truly tell you that I will try to make an impression on her gentle heart ; you certainly were first in the

field, but as you are insensible to such merit, I cannot think you either deserve to win or wear it. Adieu! *au revoir!*" And with a deeper and more prolonged salute than the present courtesies of life are supposed to require, the two young fashionables separated—one lounging listlessly towards the then narrow and old-fashioned gate which led from Hyde Park into Piccadilly, trolling snatches of the last *cavatina*, which the singing of a Mara or a Billington had rendered fashionable; the other proceeding, with the firm and animated step that tells plainly of a fixed purpose, to meet the respectable family carriage, graced by the really charming Frances, only daughter of the Earl of Heaptown.

* * * * *

To look forward for a period of five-and-twenty years blanches many a fair cheek, and excites the glow of hope and enthusiasm in those of vigorous and determined character; while the beauty trembles for her empire—the statesman for his place—the monarch even for his throne—those who have nothing to lose, and every thing to gain, regard the future as an undefinable *something* pregnant with light and life; to such, diamond-like are the sands that sparkle in the hour-glass of Time, while the withered hand which holds the mystic vessel, is unheeded or unseen. So be it—so, doubtless, it is best. One of the choicest blessings bestowed by the Creator on the creature, is a hopeful spirit!

* * * * *

Five-and-twenty summers had passed over the brow of Lord Charles Villiers since Sir Harry Beauclerc noted on his tablet the six *indispensable* qualities the young nobleman would require in his wife. The lord still remained an unmarried, and an admired man, seeking to find some lady worthy his affections. It is too true that some of the young creatures, just come out, on whose cheek the blush of innocence and modesty still glowed, and whose untutored eyes prated most earnestly of what passed in the sacred citadel, called heart—such creatures, I say, did discover, to the sad annoyance of their speculating mothers, and sensible—(Heaven bless the word!)—*sensible* chaperons, that Lord Charles's *once* beautiful hair was now indebted to "the Tyrian dye" for its gloss and hue; and that, moreover, a most ingenious scalp mixed its artificial ringlets with his *once* exquisite curls, that the belles (whom a few years had rendered staid mammas, and even grand—I cannot finish the horrid word) used to call, in playful poetry, "Cupid's bowstrings!" Then his figure had grown rotund; he sat long *after dinner*, prided himself upon securing a cook fully equal to *Udo*—(I write it with all possible respect)—equal to Eustache Udo

in his best days ; descanted upon the superiority of pheasant dressed *en galantine*, to that served in aspic jelly ; and gained immortal honour at a committee of taste, by adding a most *piquant* and delightful ingredient to Mr Dolby's "*Sauce a l'Aurore*." These gastronomical propensities are sure symptoms of increasing years and changing constitution ; but there were other characteristics of "old boyishness" about Lord Charles, which noted him as a delightful gentleman "*of a certain age*." A rich silk handkerchief was always carefully folded, and placed within the bosom of his exquisitely made Stultz, ready to wrap round his throat when he quitted the delightful crush-room of the delightful Opera, to ascend his carriage ; then an occasional twinge reminded him of the existence of gout—a most unpleasant reminiscence in the galopade, which he was hardy—I had almost said *fool-hardy*—enough to attempt. Had he not been so perfectly well bred, he would have been considered touchy and testy ; the excellent discipline of the old school fortunately preserved him from those bachelor-like crimes, at all events in ladies' society ; and whatever spleen he had, he wisely only vented on those who could not return it ; namely, his poor relations, his servants, and occasionally, but not often, (for he was a member of the society for preventing cruelty to animals,) on his dogs and horses. However, his figure was as erect, if not as graceful, as ever ; and many a fair lady sighed at the bare idea of his enduring to the end in single misery.

Sir Harry Beauclerc never visited London except during the sitting of Parliament ; and it was universally allowed that he discharged his duties as M. P. for his native county with zeal and independence. Wonderful to say, he neither ratted nor sneaked ; and yet Whigs, Tories, and Radicals, treated him with deference and respect. He had long been the husband of her, who, when our sketch was commenced, was known as Lady Frances Hazlitt ; and it would be rare to behold a more charming assembly of handsome and happy faces than their fire-side circle presented at the celebration of merry Christmas. The younger portion of this family were noisily and busily occupied at a game of forfeits, while those who considered themselves the elders of the juvenile set, sate gravely discussing matters of domestic or public interest with their parents, when a thundering peal at the portal announced the arrival of some benighted visitor. I am not about to introduce a hero of romance at such an unseemly hour,—only our old acquaintance Lord Charles, who claimed the hospitality of his friend as protection against an impending snow-storm. When the family had retired for the night, a bottle of royal Burgundy was placed on the table as the sleeping-cup of the host and his guest ;

old times were reverted to ; and Sir Harry fancied that there was more design than accident in the visit with which he had been honoured. This feeling was confirmed by Lord Charles drawing his chair, in a confidential manner, towards his friend, and observing that "he was a lucky and a happy fellow to be blessed with so lovely a family, and so amiable and domestic a companion." Sir Harry smiled, and only replied that he was happy ; and he hoped his friend would not quietly sink into the grave without selecting some partner, whose smiles would gild the evening of his days, &c. &c. A fine sentimental speech it was, but ill-timed ; for the gallant bachelor suffered it to proceed little farther than "evening," when he exclaimed,—“Faith, Sir Harry, you must have strange ideas. Evening ! I consider myself in the prime and vigour of existence ; and I have serious ideas of changing my condition—it is pleasant to settle before one falls into the sere and withered leaf. And although, as I said before, I feel myself in the very vigour of life, yet it is time to determine. You are considerably my senior——.”

“Only a few months, my dear friend ;—my birthday in May, yours in the January of the next year.”

“Indeed ! Well, to tell you the truth, (it is however a profound secret, and I rely on your friendship,) I am really a married man ! —There—I knew I should surprise you. I shall surprise every body.”

“Most sincerely do I wish you joy, my dear lord, and doubt not your choice is fixed upon one who will secure your happiness. I am sure Lady Frances will be delighted at an introduction.—Your pardon one moment, while I relate a most extraordinary coincidence. Do you remember my noting down the six perfections which you required the lady of your choice to possess ?—perhaps you recollect it was some five-and—But no matter—well, the tablets upon which I wrote, this morning—only this *very* morning, I was looking over a box of papers, and, behold ! there they were,—and do you know, (how very odd, was it not ?) I put them in my waistcoat pocket,” continued the worthy baronet, at the same moment drawing them forth, “intending to show them to my eldest son,—for there’s a great deal—I assure you I speak in perfect sincerity—a great deal—My dear lord, what is the matter ? you look ill !” To confess the truth, Lord Charles appeared marvellously annoyed—he fidgetted on his chair—the colour heightened on his cheek, and he finally thrust the poker into the fire with terrific violence. “Never mind the tablets, my good friend,” said *he at last* ; “men change their tastes and opinions, as they *advance in life*—I was a mere boy then, you know, full of romance.”

"Your pardon, my lord, *less* of romance than most young men," replied the persevering and tactless baronet, who was, moreover, gifted with a provokingly good memory, "decidedly *less* of romance than most young men—and not such a boy either. Here are the precious mementos. First on the list stands 'NOBLE BIRTH;' right, right, my dear lord, nothing like it—that (*entre nous*) is Lady Frances's weak point, I confess; she really carries it too far, for she will have it—that not even a royal alliance could purify a citizen." Lord Charles Villiers looked particularly dignified as he interrupted his zealous friend. "It is rather unfortunate," he observed gravely, "that I should have chosen you as my confidant on this occasion; the fact is, that, knowing how devilish proud all my connexions are, and my Mary—what a sweet name Mary is!—you remember Byron's beautiful lines,

'I have a passion for the name of Mary!'

—my Mary's father was only a merchant—a citizen—a very worthy—a most excellent man—not exactly *one of us*—but a highly respectable person, I assure you; his name is Scroggins."

"Powers of fashion!" mentally ejaculated the baronet, "will it—can it be believed—the courted, the exquisite Lord Charles Villiers—the glass of fashion, and the mould of form—the star, the idol of ton and taste—married—positively married to Molly Scroggins of Bunhillrow!"

"I am anxious, I do confess, that Lady Frances should receive Lady Charles Villiers *here*," persevered his lordship, after a very long pause; "and I can answer for it, that the native and untutored manners of my unsophisticated bride would gain hourly upon her affections."

"Of course—of course, we shall be most happy to receive her ladyship," stammered forth the baronet; "and doubtless her BEAUTY"—glancing at the tablets—

"Pardon me, Sir Harry," interrupted the nobleman; "you must not expect what in our world is denominated *Beauty*;—she is all animation—

'Happy nature, wild and simple'—

rosy and laughing, but not a beauty, believe me."

Again the astounded baronet pondered. "What a subject for Almack's!—the rosy, (doubtless signifying red-faced,) laughing (meaning romping) daughter of some city buttermilk, thrust into the peerage by the folly of a man who might have plucked the fairest, noblest flower in the land!"

"At all events," he said, when his powers of articulation re-

turned, "your lady is endowed with both *PRUDENCE* and *WIT*, and nothing so likely to create a sensation in the *beau monde* as such a combination."

"Oh, yes—*prudence* I daresay she *will* have, *much* cannot be expected from a girl of seventeen; and as to *wit*, between you and me, it is a deuced dangerous and troublesome weapon, when wielded by a woman."

"A flirt and a fool, I suspect," again fancied Sir Harry, "in addition to her other qualifications."

"*GENTLENESS* and *FIDELITY*," he ejaculated, fixing his eyes on the unfortunate tablets, while Lord Charles, evidently determined no longer to endure the baronet's untimely reference to the detestable memorials, snatched them (it is perfectly astonishing what rude acts *polite* persons will sometimes perform) from the hand of his friend, and flung them into the fire.

"Heavens! and earth, sir! what do you mean by such conduct?" said Sir Harry, at the same time snatching them from the flames. "These ivory slates are dear to me as existence. I must say, that I consider such conduct very ungenerous, ungentelemanly," &c. &c. One angry word produced another; and much was said which it would ill befit me to repeat. The next morning, even before the dawn of day, Lord Charles Villiers had quitted Beauclerc Hall, without bidding a single farewell either to its lady or its master.—

"There!" exclaimed the baronet, placing the fashionable "Post" in Lady Frances's hand at the breakfast-table one morning, about three months after the above scene had taken place; "I knew how it would be; a pretty fool that noble friend of mine, Lord Charles Villiers, has made of himself. I never knew one of these absurdly particular men who did not take the crooked stick at last. By Jove, sir," (to his son,) "you shall marry before you are five-and-twenty, or you shall be disinherited! The youthful mind is ever pliable; and the early wed grow into each other's habits, feelings, and affections. An old bachelor is sure either to make a fool of himself, or be made a fool of. You see his lordship's wife has publicly shown that she certainly did not possess the last of his requisites—*FIDELITY*—by eloping with her footman. I will journey up to town on purpose to invite Lord Charles here, and make up matters; he will be glad to escape from the *desagremens* of exposure just now, as he is doubtless made a *Lion* of, for the benefit—as Sir Peter Teazle has it—of all Old Bachelors."

THE SEER.

THE future once was fair to me—
A golden dream, by fancy brought,
To set the harass'd spirit free,
When care had clouded every thought.

'Twas sweet, ev'n though delusive all,
To mould at will each coming scene,
And fill the shadowy interval,—
Not with what *must*, but *might* have been.

Now my prophetic eye surveys
The dread realities to come—
Oft as I speak, the woe-fraught days
Glare on me, and my lips are dumb.

I've sat unknown, 'mid festal throng,
And seen the gayest reveller there,
While chaunting forth some merry song,
The grave's oblivious mantle wear.

I've seen the youthful warrior leave
His native home, when hand grasp'd hand—
And those who joy'd were soon to grieve—
Lo! in his breast the spectral brand!

I've seen the bark put out to sea,
And heard, commingling with the cheer
Which made *farewell* a sound of glee,
Faint shriekings from a watery bier.

Oh horror! art thou passing too—
Thou who alone of all I know
Shunn'st not my presence?—yes, the hue
Of death is on thy cheek like snow!

Peace!—I forget—my brother seer
Has link'd my parting hour with thine—
A throb of pain—a start of fear—
Then, dearest, thou art ever mine.

B.

THE DILEMMA.

A TALE.—BY H. G. BELL.

By St Agatha! I believe there is something in the shape of a tear in those dark eyes of mine, about which the women rave so unmercifully," said the young Fitzclarence, as, after an absence of two years, he came once more in sight of his native village of Malhamdale. He stood upon the neighbouring heights, and watched the curling smoke coming up from the cottage chimneys in the clear blue sky of evening, and saw the last beams of the setting sun, playing upon the western walls of his father's old baronial mansion, and, a little farther off, he could distinguish the trees and pleasure-grounds of Sir Meredith Appleby's less ancient seat. Then he thought of Julia Appleby, the baronet's only child, his youthful playmate, his first friend, and his first love; and as he thought of her, he sighed. I wonder why he sighed! When they parted two years before, sanctioned and encouraged by their respective parents, (for there was nothing the old people wished more than a union between the families,) they had sworn eternal fidelity, and plighted their hearts irrevocably to each other. Fitzclarence thought of all this, and again he sighed. Different people are differently affected by the same things. After so long an absence, many a man would, in the exuberance of his feelings, have thrown himself down upon the first bed of wild-flowers he came to, and spouted long speeches to himself out of all known plays. Our hero preferred indulging in the following little soliloquy:—"My father will be amazingly glad to see me," said he to himself; "and so will my mother, and so will my old friend the antediluvian butler Morgan ap-Morgan, and so will the pointer-bitch Juno, and so will my pony Troilus;—a pretty figure, by-the-bye, I should cut now upon Troilus, in this gay military garb of mine, with my sword rattling between his legs, and my white plumes streaming in the air like a rainbow over him! And Sir Meredith Appleby, too, with his great gouty leg, will hobble through the room in ecstasy as soon as I present myself before him;—and Julia—*poor Julia*, will blush, and smile, and come flying into my arms like a shuttlecock. Heigho!—I am a very miserable young officer. The silly girl loves me; her imagination is all crammed with hearts and darts; she will bore me to death with her sighs, and her tender glances, and her allusions to time past, and her hopes of time to come, and all the artillery of a love-sick child's brain. What, in the name of the Pleiades, am I to do? *I believe I had a sort of penchant for her once, when I was a mere boy in my nurse's leading-strings; I believe I did give her some*

slight hopes at one time or other; but now—O! Rosalind! dear—delightful”——

Here his feelings overpowered him, and pulling a miniature from his bosom, he covered it with kisses. Sorry am I to be obliged to confess that it was *not* the miniature of Julia.

“But what is to be done?” he at length resumed.—“The poor girl will go mad; she will hang herself in her garters; or drown herself, like Ophelia, in a brook under a willow. And I shall be her murderer! I, who have never yet knocked on the head a single man in the field of battle, will commence my warlike operations by breaking the heart of a woman. By St Agatha! it must not be; I must be true to my engagement. Yes! though I become myself a martyr, I must obey the dictates of honour. Forgive me, Rosalind, heavenliest object of my adoration! Let not thy Fitzclarence”——

Here his voice became again inarticulate; and, as he winded down the hill, nothing was heard but the echoes of the multitudinous kisses he continued to lavish on the little brilliantly-set portrait he held in his hands.

Next morning, Sir Meredith Appleby was just in the midst of a very sumptuous breakfast, (for notwithstanding his gout, the Baronet contrived to preserve his appetite,) and the pretty Julia was presiding over the tea and coffee at the other end of the table, immediately opposite her papa, with the large long-eared spaniel sitting beside her, and ever and anon lookingly wistfully into her face, when a servant brought in, on a little silver tray, a letter for Sir Meredith. The old gentleman read it aloud; it was from the elder Fitzclarence: “My dear friend, Alfred arrived last night. He and I will dine with you to-day. Yours, Fitzclarence.”—Julia’s cheeks grew first as white as her brow, and then as red as her lips. As soon as breakfast was over, she retired to her own apartment, whither we must, for once, take the liberty of following her.

She sat herself down before her mirror, and deliberately took from her hair a very tasteful little knot of fictitious flowers, which she had fastened in it when she rose. One naturally expected that she was about to replace this ornament with something more splendid—a few jewels, perhaps; but she was not going to do any such thing. She rung the bell; her confidential attendant, Alice, answered the summons. “La! Ma’am,” said she, “what is the matter? You look as ill as my aunt Bridget.”—“You have heard me talk of Alfred Fitzclarence, Alice, have you not?” said the lady, languidly, and at the same time slightly blushing. “O yes, Ma’am, I think I have. He was to be married to you before

he went to the wars.”—“He has returned, Alice, and he will break his heart if he finds I no longer love him. But he has been so long away; and Harry Dalton has been so constantly with me; and his tastes and mine are so congenial;—I’m sure you know, Alice, I am not fickle, but how could I avoid it? Harry Dalton is so handsome and so amiable!”—“To be sure, ma’am, you had the best right to choose for yourself; and so Mr Fitzclarence must just break his heart if he pleases, or else fight a desperate duel with Mr Dalton, with his swords and guns.”—“O! Alice, you frighten me to death. There shall be no duels fought for me. Though my bridal bed should be my grave, I shall be true to my word. The bare suspicion of my inconstancy would turn poor Alfred mad. I know how he doats upon me. I must go to the altar, Alice, like a lamb to the slaughter. Were I to refuse him, you may depend upon it he would put an end to his existence with five loaded pistols. Only think of that, Alice; what could I say for myself, were his remains found in his bed some morning?” History does not report what Alice said her mistress might, under such circumstances, say for herself; but it is certain that they remained talking together till the third dinner-bell rang.

The Fitzclarences were both true to their engagements, but not withstanding every exertion on the part of the two old gentlemen they could not exactly bring about that “flow of soul” which they had hoped to see animating the young people. At length, after the cloth was removed, and a few bumpers of claret had warmed Sir Meredith’s heart, he said boldly,—“Julia, my love, as Alfred does not seem to be much of a wine-bibber, suppose you show him the improvements in the gardens and hot-houses, whilst we sexagenarians remain where we are, to drink to the health of both, and talk over a few family matters.” Alfred, thus called upon, could not avoid rising from his seat, and offering Julia his arm. She took it with a blush, and they walked off together in silence. “How devotedly he loves me!” thought Julia, with a sigh. “No, no, cannot break his heart.”—“Poor girl!” thought Alfred, bringing one of the curls of his whiskers more killingly over his cheek; “his affections are irrevocably fixed upon me; the slightest attention calls to her face all the roses of Sharon.”

They proceeded down a long gravel walk, bordered on both sides with fragrant and flowery shrubs; but, except that the pebbles rubbed against each other as they passed over them, there was not a sound to be heard. Julia, however, was observed to hem twice and we have been told that Fitzclarence coughed more than once. *At length* the lady stopped, and plucked a rose. Fitzclarence stopped *also*, and plucked a lily. Julia smiled; so did Alfred. Julia

smile was chased away by a sigh ; Alfred immediately sighed also. Checking himself, however, he saw the absolute necessity of commencing a conversation. "Miss Appleby !" said he at last. "Sir?"—"It is two years, I think, since we parted."—"Yes ; two years on the fifteenth of this month." Alfred was silent. "How she adores me !" thought he ; "she can tell to a moment how long it is since we last met."—There was a pause.—"You have seen, no doubt, a great deal since you left Malhamdale?" said Julia. "O ! a very great deal," replied her lover. Miss Appleby hemmed once more, and then drew in a vast mouthful of courage. "I understand the ladies of England and Ireland are much more attractive than those of Wales."—"Generally speaking, I believe they are."—"Sir !"—"That is—I mean, I beg your pardon—the truth is—I should have said—that—that—you have dropped your rose." Fitzclarence stooped to pick it up ; but in so doing, the little miniature which he wore round his neck escaped from under his waistcoat, and, though he did not observe it, it was hanging conspicuous on his breast, like an order, when he presented the flower to Julia.

"Good heavens ! Fitzclarence, that is my cousin Rosalind."

"Your cousin Rosalind ! where ? how ?—the miniature ! It is all over with me ! The murder is out ! Lord bless me ! Julia, how pale you have grown ; yet hear me ! be comforted. I am a very wretch ; but I shall be faithful ; do not turn away, love ; do not weep ; Julia ! Julia ! what is the matter with you ?—By Jove ! she is in hysterics ; she will go distracted ! Julia ! I will marry you, I swear to you by"—

"Do not swear by any thing at all," cried Julia, unable any longer to conceal her rapture, "lest you be transported for perjury. You are my own—my very best Alfred !"

"Mad, quite mad," thought Alfred.

"I wear a miniature too," proceeded the lady ; and she pulled from the loveliest bosom in the world the likeness, set in brilliants, of a youth provokingly handsome, but not Fitzclarence.

"Julia !"

"Alfred !"

"We have *both* been faithless !"

"And now we are both happy."

"By St Agatha ! I am sure of it. Only I cannot help wondering at your taste, Julia ; that stripling has actually no whiskers !"

"Neither has my cousin Rosalind ; yet you found her resistless."

"Well, I believe you are right ; and, besides, *de gustibus*—I beg your pardon, I was going to quote Latin."

TWO SONNETS.

ON THE DEATH OF MR JAMES WATT, GLASGOW,

(Editor of his father's posthumous work, the 'Bibliotheca Britannica'.)

I.

THUS spoke I to a Vision of the Night :—
 " O joy ! A dream ? Thank heaven that it is fled !
 For know you not, I dreamt that you were dead,
 And with the dream my soul was sicken'd quite.
 But since you're here, and since my heart is light,
 Come, as of old, and let us wandering seek
 Yon high and lonely hill, upon whose height,
 Which looks on all we value, we may speak,
 As we were wont, amid its bracing air,
 And pluck the while its crowned jewels there :
 For—how I know not—but 'tis long ago
 Since last we met——Ha ! wherefore look you so ?
 And why this dimness ?"—Horror ! 'twas the ghost
 Alone I saw, of him I loved and lost !

II.

Nor stone nor epitaph records the spot
 Where he so soundly slumbers. Who could tell,
 With a slow chisel, his sore-blighted lot,
 Or register his virtues ? Myriads swell
 The rotten churchyard, and the funeral bell,
 Or elegiac verse, is heeded not.—
 For me it matters nothing. While I stray
 Within the environs of this teeming town,
 In every winding and in every way,
 The spirits that will be rising are crush'd down,
 By glimpses of the hoary spire and tower
 Of that Cathedral under which he lies ;
 And these time-telling temples, every hour,
 Stand as HIS MONUMENT before my eyes.

W.

AN ESCAPE FROM VERDUN.

I was among the English who were detained in France at the breaking out of the war in 1803. My rank, as an army physician, enabled me to be of much service to many of my countrymen at Verdun; whilst the fees I obtained from the wealthier individuals supplied all my necessities. My medical character, likewise, introduced me extensively into French society, and I must confess that I was always treated with kindness and delicacy. Though many of the military, the *employes*, and even the rich householders and landholders had risen, as the English phrase is, from "the dregs of the people" by the conflicts of the revolution, I almost always found them polite, liberal, and sincere. Good manners are really of very easy acquirement by people of intellect; witness the stage, and revolutions which always give the ascendancy to talents. It was long before our splendid victory of Trafalgar and the supplementary victory of Sir Richard Strachan, were known by the English prisoners at Verdun. At length a *Morning Chronicle* got amongst us, heaven knows how, and the joy of our countrymen was extreme, nor was it expressed in terms very flattering to the French. This I rather regretted, for the better classes of that nation were, I thought, peculiarly delicate in communicating to us the victories of Napoleon. They always softened them to our feelings, by considering the Emperor at war with the English government, and not with the English nation.

Whilst our exultation was at its zenith, I went to dine with the Count de ——. I had determined to avoid the mention of Trafalgar, and of all belligerous or national topics. This was my invariable habit. However, on entering the room, which was excessively crowded, particularly with ladies and military men of rank, I found a strong re-action created against us. The countess, forgetting, I thought, her usual urbanity, said to me, "Ah, Doctor —, so Providence has given you English a great victory at sea." I knew the whole value of her emphasis upon Providence. If the English gained a battle, it was the work of Providence, distinct from their merits; if the French obtained a splendid triumph, it was attributed to the genius of the Emperor and to the native bravery of French soldiers. Resolved that the lady should not make me the dupe of such egregious national vanity, and in the presence of so many who were enjoying the triumph, I coolly replied—that I was far from a sceptic as to the interference of Providence, but I could never mix up a Providence in the destruction, carnage, cruelties, and ferocious passions of a battle. "Madam!

I added mildly, "I must confess I never could form any idea of a fighting Providence, and least of all can I appreciate a Providence so inconsistent, not to say treacherous, as to fight on both sides, for whilst she gives us the victory at sea, she as invariably gives the triumph to Napoleon on shore. 'Trafalgar comes between Ulm and Austerlitz.'" My triumph over my hostess was evident in the faces of the company, and the conversation was changed with the grace and facility peculiar to the French.

It was two years after this, that I had a singular opportunity of escaping from Verdun. I had ceased to be on parole, and a combination of circumstances advantageous to my escape was offered to me by my friends. My plan was to go to Paris, and from thence to travel to Bourdeaux as an American merchant, returning to Baltimore.

In the Diligence to Bourdeaux was a vivacious and loquacious little French woman—very pretty, and of most insinuating manners. Another *compagnon de voyage* was a Captain of the Cuirassiers of the Imperial Guard. He was the beau ideal of a military hero—young, tall, of a powerful frame, with an open noble countenance, and a profusion of jet black whiskers and mustachios.

We became almost confidential even at the outset of the journey, and what did not a little surprise me was, that he spoke to me by my assumed name as if we had been old friends, though I felt convinced I had never set eyes on him before. So superb a Murat-like figure of a military officer was not easily forgotten.

Arrived at the little town of —, about twenty English miles from Bourdeaux, he took me into the recess of the window of the house where we changed horses, and informed me that he was on a visit to his uncle, who had a small estate and chateau just off the high road, and he first invited, then pressed, and at last insisted, that I should accompany him and stay two or three days with "the good old man." In vain I urged the necessity of my mercantile affairs, and my anxiety to get back to my counting-house at Baltimore. The officer repeated mysteriously, "I am a gentleman and a soldier, accept my invitation, or you'll repent it."

I was at last reluctantly overcome, and the officer sent a boy off to his uncle with the news, loudly delivered, that he and his *old* friend had at length arrived at the inn, and would be with him in an hour.

I was very hospitably received by a venerable old lady and gentleman, in a house of some grandeur. One fortnight elapsed, nor could I get away from my kind hosts, in spite of my palpable and *uncontrollable* anxiety to depart, and my incessant fear of being *detected*. At last, at night, after the old lady and gentleman had

retired to rest, my friend, pouring out the last glass of a bottle of fine old claret, said, without any preface or apology, "You must go to Bordeaux to-morrow—I have ordered my uncle's carriage and horses for you precisely at six—" "Shall I not take leave of the family?" "Decidedly not. My uncle and aunt are invalids and cannot be disturbed so early, and they will dispense with the ceremony, so good night." I was bowed out of the room, and lighted to my chamber in a very summary way, and I was much perplexed and not a little annoyed at so much kindness, mixed with a singularity which became almost insulting.

The next morning at six, I found an open carriage at the door, with my friend's horses and liveries, and my friend himself awaited me in the hall.

Taking me into a little boudoir, he briefly and abruptly said, in the style of his master, Napoleon:—"You have been perplexed at the singularity of my manners—at my taciturnity—and vexed at your detention from your *Counting-house* at Baltimore. My friend, you are not an American returning to your country; in plain terms, you are an English prisoner escaping from Verdun.—Do not start nor colour—I presume you are Dr ——. You were not on your parole when you escaped, but two of your countrymen who had their parole, have shamefully violated it, and they escaped from Verdun eight-and-forty hours after you left it.

The Emperor was vexed at this dishonour, and the police on the coast were using their utmost vigilance. That pretty woman in the Diligence, with whom you seemed so much inclined to become intimate, is the wife of a police agent at Bourdeaux. The only way to save you was, to treat you as my old familiar friend, travelling with me to my uncle's chateau,—now all is explained. Entering Bourdeaux in this equipage, and with a passport from this house, you will excite no suspicion. I need not say the injury I shall suffer, if you betray the service I have rendered to you. But, no—you cannot—you are a man of honour—and now, my friend, do not imbibe the vulgar prejudices instilled into your countrymen by your Press, that the French officers are ferocious *canaille*.—We fight for military glory, whilst the personal malignity of your officers against us strips war of all its pride and magnanimity. Farewell, and let us exchange these snuff-boxes as a memorial of this scene—but—I have one favour to ask of you: Do you know an English town called Reading?

"Intimately, it lies on the high road between the metropolis and my little paternal property. I pass through it five or six times every year.

"Then do me this sacred office of friendship. I have a young

brother, a lieutenant de Vaisseau, who was badly wounded and captured by one of your ships of war. He is a prisoner at Reading; I have never relieved his necessities, partly from the want of means, and partly from my absence with the Emperor at Austerlitz, Wagram, and Jena. Take these seventy Napoleons, deliver them to my brother, and console him by saying what you know of me and of his kind old uncle and aunt."

We parted: I was but eight-and-forty hours at Bourdeaux, when I obtained a passage on board a ship, bound to Charleston, South Carolina. In the night, when out of sight of land, the captain put the helm up and steered due north. On my expressing my astonishment, he frankly told me, that his American papers were all forged, and that he was bound to the Port of London, adding, "You need pay me nothing for your passage, since I was obliged to deceive you, and from London you may get a passage to Baltimore any day in the week." I became equally confidential and to his equal astonishment.

In three days we had passed through the English Rochefort Squadron and Channel Fleet, and I went on board the *Ville de Paris*, where I had a long interview with the Admiral in Chief, the Earl St Vincent.

I had been but a few days in London, when I went to Reading on my friend's mission. I found his brother had died about six months before, partly of his numerous wounds, and partly of the melancholy of his sensitive temper, at his neglected, impoverished state. He had died in great distress.

I had an opportunity of sending the seventy Napoleons to their owner, by a gentleman going to Paris. However, to my great grief, in about three months I received from this traveller a bill of exchange for the same amount, with a letter saying, that my friend had been killed in a charge upon the Russian Cuirassiers at Friedland.

Travelling for amusement in the South of France in 1815, I repaired to Bourdeaux, and visited the chateau of my friend's uncle, who was dead, but the widow, though extremely old, recognized me, and was bitterly afflicted with the recollections I occasioned of her nephew. Into her hands I put the seventy Napoleons; and I remained two days under her roof, consoling her with merited eulogies of my generous friend—the Captain of Cuirassiers.

Court Journal.

THE COUSINS.

A COUNTRY TALE.—BY MISS MITFORD.

TOWARDS the middle of the principal street in my native town of Cranley, stands, or did stand, for I speak of things that happened many years back, a very long-fronted, very regular, very ugly brick house, whose large gravelled court, flanked on each side by offices reaching to the street, was divided from the pavement by iron gates and palisades, and a row of Lombardy poplars, rearing their slender columns so as to veil, without shading, a mansion which evidently considered itself, and was considered by its neighbours, as holding the first rank in the place. That mansion, indisputably the best in the town, belonged, of course, to the lawyer; and that lawyer was, as may not unfrequently be found in small places, one of the most eminent solicitors in the county.

Richard Molesworth, the individual in question, was a person obscurely born and slenderly educated, who, by dint of prudence, industry, integrity, tact, and luck, had risen through the various gradations of writing clerk, managing clerk, and junior partner, to be himself the head of a great office, and a man of no small property or slight importance. Half of Cranley belonged to him, for he had the passion for brick and mortar, often observed amongst those who have accumulated large fortunes in totally different pursuits, and liked nothing better than running up rows and terraces, repairing villas, and rebuilding farm houses. The better half of Cranley called him master, to say nothing of six or seven snug farms in the neighbourhood, of the goodly estate and manor of Hinton, famous for its preserves and fisheries, or of a command of floating capital which borrowers, who came to him with good securities in their hands, found almost inexhaustible. In short, he was one of those men with whom every thing had prospered through life; and, in spite of a profession too often obnoxious to an unjust, because sweeping, prejudice, there was a pretty universal feeling amongst all who knew him that his prosperity was deserved. A kind temper, a moderate use of power and influence, a splendid hospitality, and that judicious liberality which shows itself in small things as well as in great ones (for it is by twopenny savings that men get an ill name,) served to ensure his popularity with high and low. Perhaps, even his tall, erect, portly figure, his good-humoured countenance, cheerful voice, and frank address, contributed something to his reputation; his remarkable want of pretension or assumption of any sort certainly did, and as certainly the absence of

every thing striking, clever, or original, in his conversation. If he must be a man of personal as well as of professional ability, one tracing his progress through life could for a moment doubt, reversing the witty epigram on our wittiest monarch, he served his wisdom for his actions, and whilst all that he did showed the most admirable sense and judgment, he never said a word rose above the level of the merest common-place, vapid, inoffensive, dull, and safe.

So accomplished, both in what he was and in what he was our lawyer, at the time of which we write, had been for many years the oracle of the country gentlemen, held all public offices not consistent with each other, which their patronage could bestow, in the shape of stewardships, trusts, and agencies, managed the landed estates in the county. He was even admitted into voting intercourse, on a footing of equality very uncommon in the aristocratic circles of country society—a society which is, for the most part, quite as exclusive as that of London, though in a different way. For this he was well suited, not merely by his own unaffected manners, high animal spirits, and nicety of tact, but by the circumstances of his domestic arrangements. After having been twice married, Mr Molesworth found himself, at nearly sixty, a second time a widower.

His first wife had been a homely, frugal, managing woman whose few hundred pounds and her saving habits had, at that period of his life, for they were early united, conduced in their several ways to enrich and benefit her equally thrifty but far more aspiring husband. She never had a child; and, after doing him all possible good in her lifetime, was so kind as to die just as his interest in his ambition required more liberal housekeeping and higher connexion, each of which, as he well knew, would repay its cost. Accordingly he married, choosing the elegant though positionless sister of a poor baronet, by whom he had two daughters at intervals of seven years; the eldest being just of sufficient age to succeed her mother as mistress of the family, when she had the reparable misfortune to lose the earliest, the tenderest, and the most inestimable friend that a young woman can have. Very precious was the memory of her dear mother to Agnes Molesworth! Though six years had passed between her death and the period which our little story begins, the affectionate daughter had not ceased to lament her loss.

It was to his charming daughters that Mr Molesworth's pleasure in his house owed its chief attraction. Conscious of his own deficiencies in education, no pains or money had been spared in accomplishing them to the utmost height of fashion.

The least accomplished was, however, as not unfrequently happens, by far the most striking; and many a high-born and wealthy client, disposed to put himself thoroughly at ease at his solicitor's table, and not at all shaken in his purpose by the sight of the pretty Jessy,—a short, light, airy girl, with a bright sparkling countenance, all lilies and roses, and dimples and smiles, sitting, exquisitely dressed, in an elegant morning room, with her guitar in her lap, her harp at her side, and her drawing table before her,—has suddenly felt himself awed into his best and most respectful breeding, when introduced to her retiring but self-possessed elder sister, dressed with an almost matronly simplicity, and evidently full not of her own airs and graces, but of the modest and serious courtesy which becometh her station as the youthful mistress of the house.

Dignity, a mild and gentle, but still a most striking dignity, was the prime characteristic of Agnes Molesworth in look and in mind. Her beauty was the beauty of sculpture, as contradistinguished from that of painting; depending mainly on form and expression, and little on colour. There could hardly be a stronger contrast than existed between the marble purity of her finely-grained complexion, the softness of her deep grey eye, the calm composure of her exquisitely moulded features, and the rosy cheeks, the brilliant glances, and the playful animation, of Jessy. In a word, Jessy was a pretty girl, and Agnes was a beautiful woman. Of these several facts both sisters were of course perfectly aware; Jessy, because every body told her so, and she must have been deaf to have escaped the knowledge; Agnes, from some process equally certain, but less direct; for few would have ventured to take the liberty of addressing a personal compliment to one evidently too proud to find pleasure in any thing so nearly resembling flattery as praise.

Few, excepting her looking-glass and her father, had ever told Agnes that she was handsome, and yet she was as conscious of her surpassing beauty as Jessy of her sparkling prettiness; and, perhaps, as a mere question of appearance and becomingness, there might have been as much coquetry in the severe simplicity of attire and of manner which distinguished one sister, as in the elaborate adornment and innocent showing-off of the other. There was, however, between them exactly such a real and internal difference of taste and of character as the outward show served to indicate. Both were true, gentle, good, and kind; but the elder was as much loftier in mind as in stature, was full of high pursuit and noble purpose; had abandoned drawing, from feeling herself dissatisfied with her own performances, as compared with the works of real artists; reserved her musical talent entirely for her domestic circle, because she put too much of soul into that delicious art to

make it a mere amusement ; and was only saved from becoming a poetess, by her almost exclusive devotion to the very great in poetry—to Wordsworth, to Milton, and to Shakspeare. These tastes she very wisely kept to herself ; but they gave a higher and firmer tone to her character and manners ; and more than one peer, when seated at Mr Molesworth's hospitable table, has thought with himself how well his beautiful daughter would become a coronet.

Marriage, however, seemed little in her thoughts. Once or twice, indeed, her kind father had pressed on her the brilliant establishments that had offered,—but her sweet questions, “ Are you tired of me ? Do you wish me away ? ” had always gone straight to his heart, and had put aside for the moment the ambition of his nature even for this his favourite child.

Of Jessy, with all her youthful attraction, he had always been less proud, perhaps less fond. Besides, her destiny he had long in his own mind considered as decided. Charles Woodford, a poor relation, brought up by his kindness, and recently returned into his family from a great office in London, was the person on whom he had long ago fixed for the husband of his youngest daughter, and for the immediate partner and eventual successor to his great and flourishing business :—a choice that seemed fully justified by the excellent conduct and remarkable talents of his orphan cousin, and by the apparently good understanding and mutual affection that subsisted between the young people.

This arrangement was the more agreeable to him, as, providing munificently for Jessy, it allowed him the privilege of making, as in lawyer-phrase he used to boast, “ an elder son ” of Agnes, who would, by this marriage of her younger sister, become one of the richest heiresses of the county. He had even, in his own mind, elected her future spouse, in the person of a young baronet who had lately been much at the house, and in favour of whose expected addresses (for the proposal had not yet been made—the gentleman had gone no farther than attentions) he had determined to exert the paternal authority which had so long lain dormant.

But in the affairs of love, as of all others, man is born to disappointment. “ *L'homme propose, et Dieu dispose,* ” is never truer than in the great matter of matrimony. So found poor Mr Molesworth, who—Jessy having arrived at the age of eighteen, and Charles at that of two-and-twenty,—offered his pretty daughter and the lucrative partnership to his penniless relation, and was petrified with astonishment and indignation to find the connexion very respectfully but very firmly declined. The young man was very much distressed and agitated ; “ he had the highest respect for Miss Jessy ; but he could not marry her—he loved another ! ” And then

he poured forth a confidence as unexpected as it was undesired by his incensed patron, who left him in undiminished wrath and increased perplexity.

This interview had taken place immediately after breakfast; and when the conference was ended, the provoked father sought his daughters, who, happily unconscious of all that had occurred, were amusing themselves in their splendid conservatory—a scene always as becoming as it is agreeable to youth and beauty. Jessy was sitting about like a butterfly amongst the fragrant orange trees and the bright geraniums; Agnes standing under a superb fuschia that hung over a large marble basin, her form and attitude, her white dress, and the classical arrangement of her dark hair, giving her the look of some nymph or naiad, a rare relic of Grecian art. Jessy was prattling gaily, as she wandered about, of a concert which they had attended the evening before at the county town:

"I hate concerts!" said the pretty little flirt. "To sit bolt upright on a hard bench for four hours, between the same four people, without the possibility of moving, or of speaking to any body, or of any body's getting to us! Oh! how tiresome it is!"

"I saw Sir Edmund trying to slide through the crowd to reach you," said Agnes, a little archly: "his presence would, perhaps, have mitigated the evil. But the barricade was too complete; he was forced to retreat, without accomplishing his object."

"Yes, I assure you, he thought it very tiresome; he told me so when we were coming out. And then the music!" pursued Jessy; "the noise that they call music! Sir Edmund says that he likes no music except my guitar, or a flute on the water; and I like none except your playing on the organ, and singing Handel on a Sunday evening, or Charles Woodford's reading Milton and bits of Hamlet."

"Do you call that music?" asked Agnes, laughing. "And yet," continued she, "it is most truly so, with his rich Pasta-like voice, and his fine sense of sound; and to you, who do not greatly love poetry for its own sake, it is doubtless a pleasure much resembling in kind that of hearing the most thrilling of melodies on the noblest of instruments. I myself have felt such a gratification in hearing that voice recite the verses of Homer or of Sophocles in the original Greek. Charles Woodford's reading *is* music."

"It is a music which you are neither of you likely to hear again," interrupted Mr Molesworth, advancing suddenly towards them; "for he has been ungrateful, and I have discarded him."

Agnes stood as if petrified: "Ungrateful! oh, father!"

"You can't have discarded him, to be sure, papa," said Jessy, *always good-natured*; "poor Charles! what can he have done?"

"Refused your hand, child," said the angry parent; "refused to be my partner and son-in-law, and fallen in love with another lady! What have you to say for him now?"

"Why really, papa," replied Jessy, "I'm much more obliged to him for refusing my hand than to you for offering it. I love Charles very well for a cousin, but I should not like such a husband at all; so that if this refusal be the worst that has happened, there is no great harm done." And off the gipsy ran; declaring that she must put on her habit, for she had promised to ride with Sir Edmund and his sister, and expected them every minute."

The father and his favourite daughter remained in the conservatory.

"That heart is untouched, however," said Mr Molesworth, looking after her with a smile.

"Untouched by Charles Woodford, undoubtedly," replied Anne, "but has he really refused my sister?"

"Absolutely."

"And does he love another?"

"He says so, and I believe him."

"Is he loved again?"

"That he did not say."

"Did he tell you the name of the lady?"

"Yes."

"Do you know her?"

"Yes."

"Is she worthy of him?"

"Most worthy."

"Has he any hope of gaining her affections? Oh! he must! What woman could refuse him?"

"He is determined not to try. The lady whom he loves is dear to him in every way; and much as he has counteracted my wish, it is an honourable part of Charles Woodford's conduct, that it tends to leave his affection unsuspected by its object."

Here ensued a short pause in the dialogue, during which Anne appeared trying to occupy herself with collecting the blossoms of the Cape jessamine and watering a favourite geranium; but it did not do: the subject was at her heart, and she could not force her mind to indifferent occupations. She returned to her father, who had been anxiously watching her motions and the varying expression of her countenance, and resumed the conversation.

"Father! perhaps it is hardly maidenly to avow so much, although you have never in set words told me your intentions; *have yet seen and known*, I can hardly tell how, all that your *kind partiality* towards me has designed for your children.

have mistaken me, dearest father, doubly mistaken me; first, in thinking me fit to fill a splendid place in society; next, in imagining that I desired such splendour. You meant to give Jessy and the lucrative partnership to Charles Woodford, and designed me and your large possessions to our wealthy and titled neighbour. And with some little change of persons these arrangements may still for the most part hold good. Sir Edmund may still be your son-in-law and your heir, for he loves Jessy, and Jessy loves him. Charles Woodford may still be your partner and your adopted son, for nothing has chanced that need diminish your affection or his merit. Marry him to the woman he loves. She must be ambitious indeed, if she be not content with such a destiny. And let me live on with you, dear father, single and unwedded, with no thought but to contribute to your comfort, to cheer and brighten your declining years. Do not let your too great fondness for me stand in the way of their happiness! Make me not so odious to them and to myself, dear father! Let me live always with you, and for you—always your own poor Agnes!" And, blushing at the earnestness with which she had spoken, she bent her head over the marble basin, whose waters reflected the fair image, as if she had really been the Grecian statue to which, whilst he listened, her fond father's fancy had compared her: "Let me live single with you, and marry Charles to the woman whom he loves."

"Have you heard the name of the lady in question? Have you formed any guess who she may be?"

"Not the slightest. I imagined from what you said that she was a stranger to me. Have I ever seen her?"

"You may see her—at least you may see her reflection in the water, at this very moment; for he has had the infinite presumption, the admirable good taste, to fall in love with his cousin Agnes!"

"Father!"

"And now, mine own sweetest! do you still wish to live single with me?"

"Oh, father! father!"

"Or do you desire that I should marry Charles to the woman of his heart?"

"Father! dear father!"

"Choose, my Agnes! It shall be as you command. Speak freely. Do not cling so around me, but speak!"

"Oh, my dear father! Cannot we all live together? I cannot leave you. But poor Charles—surely, father, we may all live together!"

And so it was settled; and a very few months proved that love had contrived better for Mr Molesworth than he had done for him-

self. Jessy, with her prettiness, and her title, and her fopperies, was the very thing to be vain of—the very thing to visit for a day;—but Agnes, and the cousin whose noble character and splendid talents so well deserved her, made the pride and the happiness of his home.

MY MOTHER'S GRAVE.

O rise and sit in soft attire—
Wait but to know my soul's desire !
I'd call thee back to days of strife,
To wrap my soul around thy life !
Ask thou this heart for monument,
And mine shall be a large content.

A crown of brightest stars to thee !
How did thy spirit wait for me,
And nurse thy waning light, in faith
That I would stand 'twixt thee and death .
Then tarry on thy bowing shore,
Till I have ask'd thy sorrows o'er.

I came not—and I cry to save
Thy life from out th' oblivious grave,
One day ;—that I may well declare,
How I have thought of all thy care :
And love thee more than I have done ;
And make thy day with gladness run.

I'd tell thee where my youth hath been ;
Of perils past—of glories seen :
I'd speak of all my youth hath done—
And ask of things, to choose and shun ;
And smile at all thy needless fears,
But bow before thy solemn tears.

Come, walk with me, and see fair earth,
The ways of men, and join their mirth !—
Sleep on—for mirth is now a jest ;—
Nor dare I call thee from thy rest :—
Well hast thou done thy worldly task,
Thy mouth hath nought of me to ask !

Men wonder till I pass away—
They think not but of useless clay :
Alas ! for age, this memory !
But I have other thoughts of thee ;
And I would wade thy dusty grave,
To kiss the head I cannot save.

O life, and power ! that I might see
 Thy visage swelling to be free !
 Come near, O burst that earthy cloud,
 And meet my visage lowly bow'd.
 Alas !—in corded stiffness pent,
 Darkly I guess thy lineament.

I might have lived, and thou on earth,
 And been to thee like stranger's birth,—
 Thou feeble thing of eld ! but gone,
 I feel as in the world alone.
 The wind that lifts the streaming tree—
 The skies seem cold, and new to me.

I feel a hand untwist the chain,
 Of mother's love, with strange cold pain
 From round my heart : This bosom's bare,
 And less than wonted life is there.—
 O, well may flow these tears of strife,
 O'er broken fountains of my life ;—

Because my life of thee was part,
 And deck'd with blood-drops of thy heart :—
 I was the channel of thy love,
 Where more than half thy soul did move :—
 How strange, yet just o'er me thy claim,
 Thou aged head ! my life and name.—

Because I know, there is not one
 To think of me, as thou hast done
 From morn, till star-light, year by year :—
 For me thy smile repaid thy tear :
 And fears for me,—and no reproof,
 When once I dared to stand aloof.

My punishment—that I was far
 When God unloosed thy weary star :
 My name was in thy faintest breath,
 And I was in thy dream of death :
 And well I know what raised thy head,
 When came the mourner's muffled tread.

Alas ! I cannot tell thee now,
 I could not come to bind thy brow :
 And wealth is late, nor aught I've won,
 Were worth to hear thee call thy son,
 In that dark hour when bands remove,
 And none are named but names of love.

*Alas, for me ! that hour is old,
 My hands, for this, shall miss their hold :*

For thee—no spring, nor silver rain
 Unbutton thy dark grave again.
 No sparrow on the sunny thatch
 Shall chirp for thee her lonely watch.—

Yet, sweet thy rest from mortal strife,
 And cruel cares that spann'd thy life !—
 Turn to thy God—and blame thy son—
 To give thee more than I have done.
 Thou God, with joy beyond all years,
 Fill high the channels of her tears.—

Thou carest not now for soft attire,
 Yet wilt thou hear my last desire ;—
 For earth I dare not call thee more ;
 But speak from off thy awful shore,—
 O ask this heart for monument,
 And mine shall be a large content.

THOMAS AIRD.*

TO ENGLAND.

BY J. KEATS.

HAPPY is England ! I could be content,
 To see no other verdure than its own ;
 To feel no other breezes than are blown
 Through its tall woods with high romances blent ;
 Yet do I sometimes feel a languishment,
 For skies Italian, and an inward groan,
 To get upon an Alp as on a throne,
 And half forget what world or worldling meant.
 Happy is England ! sweet her artless daughters ;
 Enough their simple loveliness for me,
 Enough their whitest arms in silence clinging ;
 Yet do I often warmly burn to see
 Beauties of deeper glance, and hear their singing,
 And float with them about the summer waters !

* "Murtzouffe ; a Tragedy : with other Poems. By Thomas Aird.
 Edin. 1826," 8vo.

THE LOTTERY TICKET.*

THAT once fruitful source of pleasing although delusive hopes, the Lottery, is now no more. A despotic act of parliament has given the death-blow to thousands of happy pictures of the imagination, that were hitherto wont to amuse, for a time at least, those earnest suitors of Fortune, who, if they did not actually enjoy her smiles, flattered themselves that they were on the high road to her favours. A stern moralist, indeed, may expatiate on the baneful influence of Lotteries, not only as a species of gambling, but as tending to cherish expectations, which, in a fearful majority of cases, must terminate in disappointment. Yet the very same persons scruple not to hold out as incentives to good conduct examples of success, that must create hopes equally deceptive. The apprentice is taught to cherish the idea, that however humble his fortune, he may one day become Lord Mayor; the midshipman is excited to emulation by the example of Nelson, and told that he ought not to despair of rising to the highest honours in his profession; and whatever be the career in which the youthful adventurer starts for fortune or for fame, it is considered not merely pardonable, but meritorious in him, to propose to himself the attainment of the greatest prize it has to bestow. There is a Russian proverb which says, 'He is a bad soldier that does not expect to become a general;' yet were a whole army to consist of individuals combining the talents of an Alexander, a Cæsar, and a Napoleon, it would be as impossible that all should be commanders, as that in a Lottery every speculator should gain the grand prize.

But, the "Lucky Corner" is gone; or, rather, though the identical house stands there yet, it no longer conjures up in the passers-by, dreams of sudden affluence, and of hoards of gold. There, at the forked triple way, Fortune seemed with open arms to invite all who approached the spot, pointing with one hand to the Bank, and with the other to the wealthy Lombard land. The Lottery, too, whatever be alleged against it in other respects, must be admitted to have frequently furnished an expedient to the novelist and dramatist, and enabled them to extricate a hero from poverty and raise him at once to affluence, without killing a distant relative, or bringing an old uncle from India. A Lottery ticket has, also, without doubt, given rise to many a strange incident, and it is hoped that the one I am now about to relate will not be found wholly unamusing.

* From 'The Literary Souvenir,' for 1831.

Mr Richard Fogrum, or, as his old acquaintance would more familiarly than respectfully designate him, Dick Fogrum, or, as he was sometimes styled on the superscription of a letter from a tradesman or poor relation, Richard Fogrum, Esq., had for some years retired from business, although he had not yet passed what is called the middle age; and, turning his back on his shop, where he had made, if not a considerable fortune, at least handsome competency, rented a small house at Hackney, or, as he was pleased to term it, in the country. His establishment united a due attention to comfort, with economy and prudence. Beside a kitchen maid and an occasional charwoman or errand boy, Mr Fogrum possessed, in the person of the trusty Sally Sadlins, an excellent superintendent of his little *menage*. Sally was not exactly *gouvernante*, or housekeeper, at least she assumed none of the dignity attached to such a post; she seemed indeed hardly to have a will or opinion of her own, but had so insensibly accommodated herself to her employer's ways and humours, that by degrees the apparent distance between master and servant diminished, and as Sally, though far from talkative herself, was a good listener, Mr Fogrum began to find a pleasure in relating to her all the little news and anecdotes he usually picked up in his daily walk.

Let it not, however, be supposed that there was anything equivocal in the kind of unconscious courtesy which existed between these two personages; a single glance at Sally would have convinced the most ingenious fabricator of scandal, and dealer in inuendoes, that here there was no foundation on which to build even the slightest surmise of the kind, for both Sally's person and face were to her a shield that would have rebutted any notion of the sort. Alas! that Nature, so extolled by every poet for her impartiality, should be at times so capricious in her favours, and bestow her gifts so grudgingly, even on those whose very sex entitles them to be considered fair! "Kind goddess," as Will of Avon styles thee, surely thou didst in this instance, behave most unfairly, bestowing on Sally Sadlins an elevation of figure that, had she been of the other sex, might have raised her to the rank of a corporal of grenadiers. Yet, if thou gavest her an aspiring stature, thou gavest her no aspiring thoughts; and if thou didst deny to her softness of person, fortunately for her peace, thou didst not gift her with the least susceptibility of heart. If Sally was not *loveable*, there was no woman on earth who could possibly have regretted it less. Indeed, I may safely aver, the idea of love never for an instant entered her head, much less had a single twinge of it ever touched *her heart*. She had heard people talk of love; and she supposed—*if indeed she ever bestowed a thought on the subject—that there*

must be something in the world so called, otherwise people would not have invented a name for it: but she could no more pretend to say what it was, than to describe the ingredients of the air she breathed:—In short, Sally was the most guileless, simple, and disinterested of mortals that ever entered beneath the roof of a single gentleman, to be the first servant where there was no mistress.

Well, therefore, might Mrs Thoms, who was aware that elderly gentlemen in her "dear" uncle's situation, are not always gifted with that discretion that befits their years, but sometimes commit themselves to wedlock, in an unwary moment, to the no small prejudice of their affectionate relatives;—well, I say, might the prudent Mrs Thoms congratulate herself on having found such a treasure, so invaluable a jewel, as Sally Sadlins.—She was certain that from this quarter, at least, there was nothing to be apprehended—nothing to intercept her "dear" uncle's three per cents. from what she considered the legitimate object of their destination. Some alarm, indeed, had been excited in her mind, by hearing that Mr Fogrum had been seen rather frequently of late knocking at the door of Mrs Simpson; but then again she thought that he could not possibly be led thither by any other motive than that of chatting away an hour with the widow of an old friend; beside, this lady was not likely either to lead, or to be led, into matrimony. In her younger days Mrs Simpson might have been pretty, but none of her acquaintance could recollect *when*. She still patched; yet the patch was applied not where coquetry would have placed it, but where necessity dictated, namely, over the left eye. Mrs Thoms therefore consoled herself with the reflection, that it was better her uncle should knock at Mrs Simpson's door than at that of a more attractive fair one.—No! her uncle, she was perfectly satisfied, would never marry.

"What have you got there, Sally?" said Mr Fogrum to his housekeeper, one day, as she drew something from her pocket, while standing before the side-board opposite to him. "An't please you, Sir," replied Sally, in a meek, but no very gentle voice, "it's a bit o' summat I was going to show you. You know, Sir, my uncle Tim took leave of me yesterday, before he goes to sea again, and so he gave me this paper, which he says may chance turn up trumps, and make me comfortable for life."

"Well, let me see what it is, Sally—is it the old fellow's will?—Hum!—why, Sally, this is a Lottery ticket!—a whole Lottery ticket; yet I will venture to say not worth more than the rag of paper 'tis printed on. I have myself tried the Lottery, times and often, *ere now, and never* got anything but—disappointment.—'*A blank, Sir, a blank*'—that was the only answer I ever obtained

from them. What could possibly induce your uncle to lay out cash in so foolish a manner? 'Tis never worth either keeping thinking about. No. 123, confound it! I know it well, I once purchased a share of it myself—the very first I ever bought, when I was quite a lad; and well do I recollect that I chose it out of a whole heap, and thought myself very fortunate in obtaining it with such a sequence of figures—one, two, three."

Most composedly did Sally take the ticket again, not at all disconcerted at this denunciation of ill luck, but on the contrary, with a calmness worthy of a stoic. 'Tis true, she did not, like Patience, smile on a monument, absolutely smile at grief; but then, Sally never smiled, nor would a smile perhaps, if the rigidity of her face would have permitted such a relaxation of its muscles, have tended greatly to heighten the attractions of her countenance.

Her master in the meanwhile continued eating and wondering and wondering and eating, until he could neither eat nor wonder more; but dismissing Sally with the dinner things, turned himself quietly to the fire, and took his pipe.

Mrs Thoms was sitting one morning cogitating on some mischief that she again began to apprehend from the Widow Simpson, in consequence of certain intelligence she had the day before received respecting that lady's designs upon the person of her uncle, when she was suddenly startled from her reverie by a loud rapping at the door, and instantly afterwards who should enter the parlor but the very subject of her meditations—Mrs Simpson herself.

The appearance of so unusual a visitor would alone have sufficed to surprise her; but there was something in the good lady's manner and countenance, that denoted she came upon a very important errand.

"Why, Mrs Thoms," exclaimed she, almost breathless, as so soon as she entered, "have you heard?—your uncle"—

"Good heavens!" cried Mrs Thoms, "what do you mean? what has happened?—my poor dear uncle—ill—dying!"

"Compose yourself, Mrs Thoms—not dying—but I thought you might have heard"—

"Heard what?—some accident, I suppose?—poor dear man!"

"No; no accident," returned the widow, who by this time had somewhat recovered her breath; "but something very strange and most unaccountable. What you may think of it, I know not, but for my part I think that Mr Fogrum has acted—I shall not say how."

"And pray, Ma'am," said Mrs Thoms, who now began to think that it was some quarrel between them, of which the widow came to inform her, "what has Mr Fogrum done, that you should

come in this strange manner, and make so great a fuss about it? It is some nonsense, after all, I dare say."

"Nonsense, forsooth!—well, I declare!—however, it certainly is no business of mine, Ma'am," returned Mrs Simpson, quite nettled at her reception; "and as I suppose you know what has taken place, and approve of it, I have nothing further to say."

Mrs Thoms now became unaffectedly alarmed, and apprehending she knew not what, requested to be informed what had happened, without further delay.

"Why, Ma'am, then, Mr Fogrum is—married, that's all."

To describe the effect these words had upon Mrs Thoms, would be impossible, and to paint the expression of her countenance, equally unavailing.

"Married!" screamed she out, at length, as soon as she could draw her breath, "Married!—impossible—to whom?"

"To whom?—to Sally Sadlins, Ma'am."

"To Sally Sadlins!—impossible—you must be joking."

"Not I, I assure you. I'm not a person, Mrs Thoms, to make such jokes. I myself saw them, less than an hour ago, pass by my window in a post-chaise together, and then learnt the whole story from those who saw them step into it, at the church door."

"Oh! Mrs Simpson, how have I been deceived in that insinuating hussy, Sally Sadlins! She who seemed so staid, so discreet—so very unlikely a person.—What an old fool he must be, to marry so vulgar a frump!"

"Nay, do not agitate yourself, my dear Ma'am," said Mrs Simpson, who, now having disburthened herself of her secret, and her own mortification being perhaps carried off by that of Mrs Thoms's, which acted as a conductor to it, had quite regained her composure—"for my part, I hope he may not repent of his match."

"Oh! Thoms," exclaimed the other lady, as her husband entered the room, "here is news for us!—my silly old uncle has actually, this very morning, married his maid-servant!"

"That is most confoundedly unlucky," cried Thoms, "though I much doubted whether all your management and manœuvring, for which you gave yourself so much credit, would be to any purpose."

"But who could dream of such a thing!—I have no patience with him for having married as he has done."

"Well, my dear," there's no helping it; and perhaps after all, since he is married, it is quite as well for us that he has chosen as he has."

While Mrs Thoms was ejaculating and bemoaning—now abusing poor Sally as an artful seducing woman, who, under the mask of

the greatest simplicity, had contrived to work upon her uncle's weakness—and anon venting her reproaches against the latter, for suffering himself to be thus duped,—a post-chaise was seen rolling along on the road to —, with the identical pair seated in it, who were the subject of this invective and clamour. The intelligence of which Mrs Simpson had been the unwelcome messenger, was, in fact, correct in every particular; for Richard Fogrum, single man, and Sally Sadlins, spinster, had that very morning been lawfully united in wedlock, although, but a few days before, had any one prognosticated such an event, they would no more have believed it possible than Mrs Thoms herself.

“ Now, my dear Sally,” said the somewhat stale Benedick, laying his hand, rather gently than amorously, on that of the bride, for which, by the bye, it was really no match in size—“ I doubt not but my niece will be in a towering passion when she hears of this: however, no matter; let her, and the rest of the world say what they please. I do not see why a man may not just as well follow his own fancies as those of other persons’. Besides, Sally, though folks may think that I might have made a more advantageous match, in point of fortune at least, they may perhaps be in error. I have a piece of intelligence to communicate, of which, perhaps, you little dream. You recollect that Lottery ticket?—well! passing the ‘ Lucky Corner,’ by the Mansion-House, two days ago, I beheld, pasted up at the window, ‘ No. 123, 20,000*l.* !!’ Ha! ha! Sally; well did I recollect those figures again—one, two, three! they follow each other as naturally as A, B, C. So home I came, but determined to say nothing of the matter till now.”

The reader has already been informed that Sally was the most phlegmatic of her sex; still it may be supposed that such an interesting disclosure would have elicited some ejaculation of exultation, even from the lips of a stoic. Yet Sally, with wonderful composure, merely replied, “ La! now that is curious.”

“ Curious! yes, but I assure you it is quite true: I am not joking.”

“ Well; what an odd turn things do sometimes take!”

“ Odd, indeed! for who would have thought that my identical unlucky number, 123, should bring you—I may say us, Sally,—twenty thousand pounds!”

“ But, Sir, Mr Fogrum, you are mistaken, I mean to say”——

“ No mistake at all, my dear—quite certain of it—took down the number in my pocket book—see here—123, 20,000*l.*! Is not that the number of your ticket?”

“ Yes, but ”——

“ But, what?”

"Why, you won't hear me, Mr Fogrum," said Sally, mildly. "I was only going to say, that two months ago—I sold the ticket."

"How!—what!—sold!" groaned out poor Fogrum, and sunk gasping against the side of the chaise.

"Now pray don't distress yourself, Mr Fogrum," said Sally, without the least visible emotion, or any change in her tone; "did you not, yourself, tell me it was not worth keeping; so I thought—'well, Master must know better about these matters than I, therefore I may as well make something of it while I can;' so I changed it away for this nice white shawl, which the man said was quite a bargain—only do feel how fine it is."

"Sally!—woman!—a bargain!—twenty thousand pounds!"

Here let me drop the curtain, for none but a master-hand could do justice to the bridegroom's feelings, and I will not impair the effect by attempting to heighten it. I have only to add, that Mr Fogrum eventually regained his usual composure, and was once known even to relate the story himself over a glass of his best whisky, as a droll anecdote in his life.

Matrimony made no visible alteration in his *menage*, nor in his bride, for the only difference it caused with respect to the latter, was, that she sat at table instead of standing by the side-board,—that she was now called Mrs Fogrum, instead of Sally Sadlins.

DEVOTION.

On the breath of the evening comes the hymn,
The hymn of the vesper hour,
Floating tranquilly thro' the twilight dim
With the fragrance of the flower;
And many thoughts, with the wild notes fleet,
Of many a parted year,
And recollections sad and sweet,
Arise and disappear.

There is magic great in the high arch'd pile,
In the long aisles dark and chill,
When the full tones hang on the vaults awhile,
Like light on a sunny hill;
And the organ's swell, with a thrilly sound,
Makes the cluster'd columns shake,
And the pavement graven with names renown'd,
And the buried seem to wake.

Then the deep bell tolling over head
 A note from a loftier clime,
 Seems to come as a voice from the mighty dead
 That would mingle with present time ;
 And the full soul borne from the earth away
 Hath forgotten its crime and ill,
 And expatiates as though no house of clay
 Prison'd its boundless will.

And the full-robed choir, in their garb of white,
 The fancy may wildly dream,
 Are spirits that bask in immortal light
 From heaven's own quenchless beam ;
 While their lips in their adoration's tone
 Chant the holy song and prayer—
 Oh, who would think that the lip alone
 Tenders heaven its worship there !

Religion's pomp is the grace of art—
 She dwells not in walls of stone,
 But flies afar from the hollow heart
 That worships in form alone :
 Let the notes be grand and the forms profound,
 Even kings may consecrate ;
 She scorns the purple pomp and the ground
 Where no heart offerings wait.

Then give me the temple of air and sky,
 With man's purple pomp forgot,
 Where the soul springs upward exultingly,
 And the trick of art is not ;
 By the craggy rock on the sea-beat shore,
 To the music of the wave ;
 Or nigh by the rapid torrent's roar,
 Where tall pines darkly wave.

Where Niagara pours his watery world
 In his black unplumed abyss,
 More loud than a thousand thunders huri'd
 Where God's great image is ;
 Or where the untrodden Andes rise,—
 Where raging Hecla burns ;
 Or the Obi under Siberian skies
 Thaws from his frozen urns.

Or at home by the smiling greenwood side,
 My music the dashing stream,
 The wild winds that hollow by me ride
 Whispering the holy name ;
 And creation all worshipping around
 In harmony of praise,
 With cheerful heart and with sight and sound,
 Hims of eternal days—

THE PLANTER.

A WEST INDIAN STORY.*

Fifty—sixty—seventy (any given number of) years ago, the West Indies were not as they are now, in these days of purity. Then, Lord Dunderhead was Secretary of State for the Colonies, and Mr Bribely was *his* secretary. The pains which the former took with his department were prodigious. It was his estate. He had the same care for it, was as jealous of it, and farmed it out precisely in the same manner as a landlord does his acres. John Pitchfork was not, indeed, landlord of Thistledown Farm: but General Gubbius, grown grey in the service (by walking daily from the Horse Guards to Bond Street,) was appointed Governor of Demerara or Berbice;—or Sergeant Kitely was appointed Judge:—and each duly rendered to the “noble Secretary,” in the shape of rent, two-thirds of the supposed profits of his appointment. And as Lord Dunderhead mulcted the Governors and Judges, so did Mr Bribely fleece the underlings;—and as the Governors and Judges paid for their dignities, so did they make the most of them. Imprisonment, flogging, fining, favouring, delaying,—these were the methods of collecting the revenue; these, too, were the weapons with which their ‘Arrogances’ in black and scarlet, tamed down the spirit of their subjects, and widened the space between the colony and Great Britain.

The colonists, themselves, were not what they are at present; that is to say, they were not then meek, modest, humane, temperate, independent people and lovers of liberty:—on the contrary, they were boastful, and loved Scheidam and pine-apple rum, worshipped their superiors in station, and despised every body below themselves. Thus the newly imported Englishers held the regular colonists in utter contempt: the colonists (a white race) requited themselves, by contemning the mustees and quadroons: these last, on their parts, heartily despised the half-caste; who, in turn, transmitted the scorn on to the heads of the downright blacks. Whom the blacks despised, I never could learn; but probably all the rest: and, in fact, they seem to have had ample cause for so doing, unless the base, beggarly, and cruel vanity imputed to their “superiors,” be at once a libel and a fable.

Such was the state of things in the colony of Demerara, in the year 17—, when a young *Englishman* went there, in order to in-

* From ‘*Friendship’s Offering*’ for 1831.

spect his newly-acquired property. His name was John Vivian. He came of a tolerably good family in —shire; possessed (without being at all handsome) a dark, keen, intelligent countenance; and derived, from his maternal uncle, large estates in Demerara, and from his father, a small farm in his own county, a strong constitution, and a resolute, invincible spirit. Perhaps he had too much obstinacy of character—perhaps, also, an intrepidity of manner, and carelessness of established forms, which would have been unsuitable to society as now constituted. All this we will not presume to determine. We do not wish to extenuate his faults, of which he had as handsome a share as usually falls to the lot of young gentlemen who are under no control, though not altogether of precisely the same character. In requital for these defects, however, he was a man of firm mind, of a generous spirit, and would face danger, and stand up against oppression, as readily on behalf of others as of himself; and, at the bottom of all, though it had lain hid from his birth, (like some of those antediluvian fossils which perplex our geologists and antiquaries) he had a tenderness and delicacy of feeling, which must not be passed by without, at least, *our* humble commendation.

Exactly eight weeks from the day of his stepping on board the good ship, “Wager,” at Bristol, Vivian found himself standing on the shore of the river Demerara, and in front of its capital, Stabroek. In that interval, he had been tossed on the wild waters of the Atlantic—had passed from woollens to nankeens—from English cold to tropic heat—and now stood eyeing the curious groups which distinguish our colonies, where creatures of every shade, from absolute sable to pallid white, may be seen—for the trouble only of a journey.

But we have a letter of our hero’s on this subject, written to a friend in England, on his landing, which we will unfold for the reader’s benefit. Considering that the writer had the range of foolscap before him, and was transmitting news from the torrid to the temperate zone, it may, at least, lay claim to the virtue of brevity. Thus it runs:—

“To Richard Clinton, Esq. &c. &c. Middle Temple, London, England.

“Well, Dick,—Here am I, thy friend, John Vivian, safely arrived at the country of cotton and tobacco. Six months ago, I would have ventured a grosschen that nothing on this base earth could have tempted me to leave foggy England: but the unkenning a knave was a temptation not to be resisted; and accordingly *I am here*, as you see.

“*Since I shook your hand at Bristol, I have seen somewhat of*

world. The Cove of Cork—the Madeiras—the Peak of
 the flying fish—the nautilus—the golden-finned dorado
 the deep blue seas—and the tropic skies—are matters which some
 explain to you in a chapter. But I have not the pen of a
 writer; so you must be content with a simple enumeration.
 My voyage was, like all voyages, detestable. I began with sea-
 and piercing winds—I ended with head-ache and languor,
 rather to which your English dog-days are a jest. The
 blazing heat was so terrific, that I had well nigh oozed
 to a sea-god. Nothing but the valiant army of bottles which
 were provided could have saved me. My mouth was wide
 to the seams of our vessel; but, unlike them, it would not
 fill with water. I poured in draught after draught of the
 rum. I drank deep healths to you and other friends; till,
 the devil, who broils Europeans in these parts, took to his
 heels and fled. Thus it was, Clinton, that I arrived finally at
 Surinam.

Now comes your question of ‘What sort of a place is this
 Demerara?’ I faith, Dick, ’tis flat enough. The run up the
 river is indeed, pretty; and there are trees enough to satisfy even
 the most brageous-loving taste. It is, in truth, a land of woods—at
 least on one side; and you may roam among orange and lemon
 and guavas and mangoes, amidst aloes and cocoa-nut, and
 red mahogany trees, till you would wish yourself once more
 on a moor. Stabroek, our capital, is a place where the
 houses are built of wood; where melons, and oranges, and pine-
 apples grow as wild as thyself, Dick; and where black, brown,
 and whitey-brown people, sangaree and cigars, abound. Of
 the marvels I shall know more shortly. I lodge here at the
 house of a Dutch planter, where you must address me under my
 cognomen. John Vivian is extinct for a season; but
 you will find me, if it be addressed to ‘Mr John Vernon, to
 the care of Mynheer Schlachenbruch, merchant, in Demerara.’
 A respectable individual would die the death of shame, did he
 say that he held the great ‘proprietor,’ Vivian, in his garret.
 In short, I am nothing more than a poor protegee of Messrs
 Vernon, who come out to the hot latitudes for the sake of health and
 amusement.

I shall hear from me again speedily: in the mean time
 I am at length. This letter is a preface merely to the in-
 finite number of good things which I design to scribble for
 your social instruction and amusement. It bears for you only a
 promise of my safe arrival, and the assurance that I am, as ever,
 your friend,

“VIVIAN.”

Vivian was, in truth, tolerably pleased with the banks of the river, fringed as it was with trees, and spotted with cottages; but when he actually trod upon the ground of the New World, and found himself amidst a crowd of black and tawny faces—amidst hats like umbrellas, paroquets, and birds of every colour of the rainbow, and children, almost as various, plunging in and out of the river like water-dogs or mud-larks—he could not conceal his admiration, but laughed outright.

He was not left long to his contemplations, however; for the seaport of a West Indian colony has as many volunteers of all sorts as Dublin itself. A score of blacks were ready to assist him with his luggage, and at least a dozen of free negresses and mulattoes had baskets of the best fruit in the world. He might have had a wheelbarrowful for sixpence, and the aid of a dozen Sambos for an insignificant compliment in copper. Neglecting these advantages, Vivian made the best of his way to the house of the Mynheer Schlachenbruchen, the Fleming, which was well known to all the clamorous rogues on the quay. The merchant was not at home; having retired, as usual, to sleep at his plantation house, a few miles from town. Our hero, however, was received, with slow and formal respect, by his principal clerk, Hans Wassel, a strange figure, somewhat in the shape of a cone, that had originally sprung up (and almost struck root) somewhere near Ghent or Bruges. Holding Vivian's credentials at arm's length, this "shape" proceeded to decypher the address of the letter through an enormous pair of iron spectacles. In due time he appeared to detect the hand-writing of the London correspondent; for he breathed out, "Aw! Mynheer Franz Greffulhe!" and proceeded to open a seal as big as a saucer, and investigate the contents. These were evidently satisfactory; for he put on a look of benevolence, and welcomed the new-comer (who was announced as Mr Vernon) to Stabroek. "You will take a schnap?" inquired he, with a look which anticipated an affirmation. "As soon as you please," replied Vivian; to which the other retorted with another "Aw!" and left the room with something approaching to alertness, in order to give the necessary orders.

The ordinary domestics of the Fleming were much more rapid in their movements; for Vivian had scarcely time to look round and admire the neatness of the room, when a clatter at the door compelled him to turn his eyes to that quarter. He saw a lively-looking black come in, with a large pipe of curious construction and a leaden box containing tobacco, followed close by his co-mate *Sambo*, (another "nigritude,") who bore, in both hands, a huge glass, almost as big as a punch-bowl, filled to the brim with u

Nantz, tempered, but not injured, by a small portion of water. Sambo appeared justly proud of his burden, which he placed on the table in its original state of integrity; for, after looking for a moment lovingly at the liquid, he turned round to Vivian, and said, exultingly, "Dear massa!"

But we will not detain the reader with any detail of our hero's movements on his arrival in the colony, excepting one or two, which have direct reference to our present narrative. He was introduced to Mynheer Schlachenbruchen and his wife, each of whom, were our limits larger, might fairly lay claim to commemoration. As it is, we must pass them by, and content ourselves with stating the fact of their (the merchant, at all events) treating Vivian with more consideration than his ostensible rank demanded, and introducing him to their acquaintance. The person, however, into whose society Vivian was more especially thrown, was a young girl, who performed the offices of governess, &c. &c. in the house of the Mynheer Schlachenbruchen. The visitors of the family avoided her, as though she had the plague, (even the Mynheer himself preserved a distance); and the consequence was, that Vivian—himself rather looked down upon by the colonial aristocracy—felt himself drawn nearer to the friendless girl, and assiduously cultivated her good opinion.

This, however, was not a thing to be easily attained. Sophie Halstein (for that was her name) had few of the qualities commonly ascribed to thriving governesses: she was, indeed, an acute-minded and even accomplished girl; but she was as little supple, demure, or humble, as Vivian himself. In fact, she received our hero's advances with indifferent cordiality at first; but the magic of sincerity will win its way; and they accordingly, at last, became excellent friends. The thing which surprised our hero the most was—how it was possible for the dull, gross, unenlightened block-heads of the colony to feel, or even affect, a disdain for one who was evidently so much their superior. At last, the truth came upon him; She was the child of—a *quadroon*! She was lovely, graceful, virtuous, intellectual, accomplished, modest,—a model for women; but she had a particle—(scarcely apparent, indeed, but still there was a particle or two)—a few drops of blood of a warmer tinge than what loiters through the pallid cheeks of a European: and hence she was visited by universal contempt.

"Ten thousand curses light on their narrow souls!" was Vivian's first exclamation. "She shall be my friend, my—my—sister. The senseless brutal wretches!—they little think that, under the mask of *Vernon*, the wealthiest of their tribe is amongst them, and that he respects the little *Pariah* beyond the whole of their swollen and

beggarly race." A very short time was sufficient for him to form a determination to rescue the object of his admiration from her painful state of servitude. Not being accustomed, however, to deal with the delicacy of ladies, he plunged at once into the matter, with headlong rashness.

"You are badly off, Miss Halstein?" said Vivian to her, one morning, in his very bluntest tone.

"I do not complain, sir," replied she, coldly.

"I am sorry for you," said he, hesitatingly, "and would help you."

"Spare your pity," returned the lady; "we have neither of us much to thank Fortune for. Yet you are content, or seem so; and so also can I be. We will talk on another subject."

"S'death!" exclaimed the other, recollecting his incognito: "I had forgot. Pardon me—I was a fool. You will think me mad, with my offers of help, and my show of pity; but it is not so: I am sane enough, and some of these days you shall confess it. Come, will you not go with us up the river? We are to run up almost as far as the Sandhills to-morrow, to visit the Reynestein estate and the Palm-Groves, which belong to the rich Englishman, Vivian. Perhaps you were never there?"

"I was born there," was the reply; and it was somewhat tremulously uttered.

"Ha! then you will be delighted to visit the spot, no doubt. Did you know the late proprietor?"

"Too well," said she; "he was—a villain."

"How, madam—?" Vivian was forgetting himself again, at this attack on his uncle's memory: but he hastened to recover. "I mean the *last* owner," he resumed, "whose name was, I think, —Morson."

"I knew him, sir; and, as I have said, too well. Do you know by what luck it was that he obtained the Palm-Groves?" "No?" "Then I will tell you, sir. His predecessor was a careless, easy, and very old man. By a series of unforeseen reverses, by the failure of correspondents, and the roguery of friends, he became involved at last. All that he wanted, however, was a little money for present exigencies; with that, and a course of economy for a few years, he might have retrieved his broken fortunes. His most intimate friend and neighbour was this Morson. Who, then, was more likely than he to help him with a loan of money? He was rich and childless; but the old planter, whom I have spoken of, *had one single child—a girl*. Pity, therefore, as well as friendship, *might move* Morson to aid him in his extremity. And he did aid

him—at least, he lent him money, at the instigation of his manager—”

“Seyton?” asked Vivian, interrupting her.

“Yes, Seyton,” replied she, “who coveted the old planter’s daughter for a wife, and who thought that, if the parent were ruined, his child would be glad of any refuge. He dreamed that she, who had interfered often between him and his victims, would forget all her old abhorrence, and unite her fate with that of the most barbarous tyrant that ever disgraced even a West Indian colony. Well, sir,—to end this tedious story—”

“It is most interesting to me,” said Vivian—“deeply, deeply interesting;” and his glowing eyes and earnest attention were sufficient proofs that he spoke truly.

“Well, sir,—the end was, that Morson advanced the money; that Seyton intrigued with the slaves, and caused many of them to revolt and run away into the woods; and that the poor old man fell from trouble into want, and from want into absolute despair. His plantations were useless; his crops perished on the ground, for want of slaves; his mills and buildings were burnt by unknown hands; and finally, his hard and avaricious creditor, the relentless Morson, came upon him, and took possession of all his estates, for a debt amounting to one-sixth of their value. The old man”—Miss Halstein’s voice shook at this part, and betrayed great agitation,—“The old man soon afterwards died, and his only child was cast upon the world to earn her bitter bread.—This is all, sir. I have given you the history of one-half of Mr Vivian’s property: perhaps the other” (she spoke this with some acrimony) “is held upon a similar tenure.”

“God forbid!” said Vivian. “But Seyton?—Did he urge his suit?”

“He did, and was refused. And therefore it is (for he is a bad and revengeful man) that I am fearful of coming upon an estate of which he is, essentially, the master. In the absence of Mr Vivian, his power is uncontrolled; and there is no knowing what claim he might urge against me. He once hinted that I was born a slave on the Palm-Grove estate, and, as such, belonged to his master—I, who am the only daughter of Wilhelm Halstein, to whom all, but a few years ago, belonged.”

“You!” exclaimed our hero, “Are *you* the person whom Vivian intercepts? He shall do it no more. Rest content, Miss Halstein. Vivian is not the man to injure any one, and least of all yourself. Go with us to-morrow—I beg, I pray, that you will. I pledge my honour—*my soul*, that you shall not be a sufferer.”

The lady still refused, however, and it was not till the old merchant (Schlachenbruchen, to whom Vivian had spoken in the meantime) had also given his solemn promise to protect her, that she consented to go. She was a little surprised, indeed, at Vivian urging the matter so vehemently; but as the merchant seconded his requests, she could not continue to refuse.

A row up the river Demerara,—past Diamond Point, to the Sandhills, need not call for any particular description. We will suppose that the party had arrived at the Palm-Grove estate, which the merchant (authorized by a power transmitted by Vivian from England) had come to overlook.

The party were introduced to Seyton, a ferocious looking man of middle age, who, with a mixture of self-consequence and ambiguous civility, welcomed the merchant and his companions. He took no notice of Vivian, indeed, but when he saw Miss Halstein (who leant on our hero's arm) his eyes sparkled and his lip curled and turning to the merchant, he said hastily, "Before you leave the estate, there is a point of some consequence that I must take leave to mention, respecting this young person:" and he touched her as he spoke, with the point of the cane that he carried in his hand.

"Stand off, fellow!" said Vivian, angrily, "another touch, or another insolent word, and I will lay you at my feet."

The other started, and examined our hero's appearance, cautiously and sullenly. He saw nothing, however, except an athletic figure and a resolute countenance, and retreated from collision with so formidable an opponent. He did not, however, retreat from his demand.

"Observe, Mynheer," said he, addressing the merchant once more—"I speak as the agent only of Mr Vivian. This gentleman will scarcely blame me for insisting on the rights of my principal."

"By no means—by no means," replied the merchant. "All is good time. We will talk of that, presently. In the meantime, we will look at the balances. After that, we will ask what your larder contains; and then—for the rights you speak of. Eh, Mr Vernon—is not that the way?"

"Certainly, certainly," said Vivian. "Miss Halstein will leave all to you: I am quite sure that she may do so safely."

Two or three hours were sufficient to overlook the accounts, and to dispose of the refreshments, which were offered with some degree of parade to the visitors, at the expense of the estate. Vivian ate heartily, and without scruple, of the produce of his own property; and every thing unpleasant seemed forgotten, except by Miss Halstein, when the party (which had been augmented, and

agreed upon, by the arrival of the Syndic, from Stabroek) prepared to go.

"Now," said Seyton, "I must once more draw your attention to my demand. I claim this—lady, if you will,—as a slave. She was born on the estate, has never been made free, and belongs of right to my principal, Vivian."

"Bah! man," exclaimed the merchant; "I thought all that was past. Surely, good wine and excellent Nantz must have washed all such bad thoughts out of your head. Come, let us go. Sophie, girl, take hold of Mr Vernon's arm, and——"

"By your leave, it must not be so," said Seyton, imperatively. He rung a bell, and eight or ten black slaves appeared. "You are at liberty to go, gentlemen; but the lady remains with me. Have I not the law with me?" added he, addressing the Syndic.

That officer assented, adding, however, that all depended on the will of Vivian. The lady might, indeed, be entitled to her liberty; but until she proved her freedom, she must remain the property of the planter.

"That is sufficient," said Seyton, "I am Vivian's representative."

"Then I am lost," exclaimed Sophie.

"Pardon me," replied the Syndic, "Mr Seyton is superseded. Mynheer, here, has the power of appointing a manager over this property. Besides which, Mr Vivian himself has arrived at Stabroek——"

"Ha!"—said Seyton, "then no time is to be lost. Superseded or not, Mr Vivian shall not lose his property. Do your duty, fellows," added he, addressing the slaves. "Seize upon that woman, in the name of your master, Vivian."

"Back, I say," said our hero, pulling out a brace of pistols, and pointing them towards the advancing negroes. "Back, men, and be wise. And you, Mr Manager, or whatever you are,—take heed how you overstep your duty. Know, Sirrah, that your master does not think your false accounts the worst part of your bad history. Your cruelty to these poor slaves beneath you, has come to his ears; and for that he dismisses you his service. For your impudent and unfounded claim upon this lady, whom your master *loves*——

"What!" exclaimed Sophie: but the merchant restrained her surprise.

"Whom your master loves, woos, and whom—if heaven is propitious (he says this doubtingly and humbly) he will win—For *this* atrocious insult there is no punishment great enough. Yet if any attempt be made upon *her*, you shall at least be chastised to your *heart's content*. Be satisfied that I do not jest, and remain quiet."

"We are all armed, Mr Seyton," said the merchant; "you had better let us depart quietly."

"She shall not go," replied Seyton, foaming with rage. "Once more seize upon her, men: seize upon her for your master, Vivian. Till he comes, I will be obeyed at least."

"*He is here!*" said Vivian, rushing between Sophie and her adversaries—"He is here: he overlooks you, and will punish you. Look, slaves, I *AM* Vivian,—*your master!* Obey me, as you value the liberty which every man on my estate shall have if he deserve it."

"What he says is true. This is, indeed, Mr Vivian," said the merchant;—and the Syndic corroborated his tale. All was quiet in an instant. Yet Sophie Halstein still looked overcome. "Who is this?" inquired the merchant: "You ought to be rejoiced."

"I am," she replied. "But,—Mr Vivian, you have something to forget. Can you forgive me?"

"I cannot," answered Vivian; "unless with the Palm-Grove (which from this moment is all your own,) you take an incumbrance with it."

"And that is—?" said Miss Halstein, inquiringly.

"It is *myself*, Sophie," replied Vivian, tenderly. "Prithee, be generous; and think what a way I have wandered from home. Take pity on me, and give me shelter with you at the Palm Groves."

"We will talk of this hereafter," said Miss Halstein gently, and dropping her eyes upon the ground.

"What a strange lover he is!" whispered the Syndic to the merchant.

"That is true enough;" answered the other. "Yet would I wager a grosschen that he succeeds. He is a fine, intrepid, persevering young fellow; and such men seldom fail in any thing that they set their hearts upon."

—The old merchant was a true prophet. For before three months had elapsed, the pretty Sophie became lawful mistress of the heart and household of Vivian. The Reynestein flourished but the Palm-Groves became their home. In the course of time the blacks on their estates were enabled, in pursuance of a system equally wise and generous, to emerge from the condition of bondsmen; but they still remained as cultivators, attracted equally by kind treatment, and an equitable share of the profits of their labour.

"After all,—the greatest pleasure in the world," said Vivian one day to his wife, "is *conferring* pleasure; and the greatest pleasure which one can confer, is to give *Freedom* to one's fellow men."

THE SEWERS.

From these calm faces beameth out
That trusting sweetness, which we see
In gentle beings, when they are
Where they would wish to be.

So link'd in one mild harmony
Of kindred sentiment they seem—
Yet each is living in the light
Of her own lovely dream.

And lives—no less when silence falls
The quiet-breathing chamber o'er,
Than when the courteous dame repeats
Some tender tale of yore.

Then might I deem, that memory brings
To each meek careful list'ner there
Her treasured thoughts of far away,
Which she may not declare.

Smile in your self-created worlds!—
Let prying eyes be banish'd thence:—
The secrets must be pure, which cause
Such looks of innocence.

Ah, dear ones! time will mar, methinks,
Ere long, the scene I gaze on now,
And rude reality deface
The beauty of each brow.

Where only mimic cares have form'd
The traces of the future grief.—
But why should I in fancy, view
Your fates' unopen'd leaf?—

No! let me rather feel the joy
That o'er the blessed present steals,
And in its own delightful hues
All coming time reveals.

Oft at the pensive even-tide,
When nought of earth's annoy is near,
Be mine this pictured groupe to scan,
And find a solace here.

ONE NIGHT IN ROME.*

DURING those extraordinary times when Nero wanted in every species of atrocity, a young man, by name Agenor, was brought in one of the provinces of Italy. He lost both his parents, and finding himself his own master, set out to visit Rome.

It was at dusk, after a fatiguing journey, when he first made approach to that immense labyrinth of wonders and of crimes. Lights were seen scattered all over the city. The sound of chariot wheels, vociferations, and musical instruments, reached him before his entry, and soon after stunned him, in passing along the streets where senators and women of rank, flamens, gladiators, knights, thieves, matrons, orators, and debauchees, were strolling together in companies, and conversing in a thousand different tones, of drunkenness, derision, kindness, resentment, vulgarity, and high breeding. In short it was the festival of Cybele, the mother of the gods, and all Rome was in an uproar.

Our youth feels abashed in the metropolis. The number of countenances that wear a look of intelligence and penetration, without any stamp of moral goodness, dismays and confounds him. He falls into reveries upon the subject, and tries to conceive what style of manners would best protect him from ridicule in dealing with such men; or how he could endeavour to match their shrewdness when it was accompanied by no respect for justice or truth.

In the meantime, a scuffle took place among some slaves. One of them was wounded, and retired among the pillars of a temple where he lay down, without receiving the least notice or comfort from any passenger. Agenor went up to the spot and spoke to him. After inquiring into the nature of his hurt, he learned the name and abode of his master, who was a prætor, and whom he next went to seek, for the purpose of procuring assistance.

It was a magnificent house to which the slave had directed him. The master was out at supper, but his lady was giving an entertainment in his absence, and ere long came in person to learn what intelligence our youth had to communicate. She was a noble figure, had some beauty, with a gay look, and an eye full of a thousand meanings. While Agenor was telling his story, she regarded him attentively. Indeed his cheek had a fine bloom, and his locks were as rich and exuberant as what we now behold on the forehead of the charming Antinous. As for his manner, it implied the most unbroken simplicity, so that after giving orders for bringing home the

* From "Fragments and Fictions."

wounded slave, she begged in a matronly tone, that he would come up stairs, and partake of a repast along with some of her friends, "because," added she with a smile, "it is the festival of Cybele." Agenor complied.

There was a good deal of company in her saloon. Among others, a centurion, who did not appear so devout as Cornelius; an old senator, toothless and half-blind; a Greek belonging to the theatre; several married women of the city; and a beautiful young girl, with dark eyes and modest lips, whose name was Phrosine, a niece of their absent host.

It was upon this young person that our hero's thoughts were principally fixed during supper: although the lady of the house never allowed much time to pass without asking him some question, or sending a smile to meet his eye as it wandered over the table; and although she presented him with a sweatmeat where there was a sprig of myrtle floating in the juice. Phrosine spoke little, but Agenor could observe she never missed any thing he said. This made him talk with animation, and gave his voice that sort of mellowness which quiets the female bosom into a delicious languor, while it penetrates to its very core. An easy gaiety prevailed throughout the company. The perfumes which were burned in the chamber, together with the occasional strains of music performed by attendants, operated in producing that luxurious indolence which is averse to any sort of contention. Every disagreeable thought was turned aside by some dexterous pleasantry. No altercation had time to occur before it was solved by a jest. The choicest wines of the prætor were circulated with a liberal hand: and the old senator, from time to time, poured forth unmeaning gallantries without knowing exactly to whom they were addressed. Agenor began to perceive the beauty of nonsense, which is almost the only thing that can relax the vigilance of our self-love, and enable us to live harmoniously together.

In the meantime, a great deal of gossip took place among the married women. Nero's conduct was examined with freedom; but more as an object of ridicule than of detestation. The Greek enlarged upon some fine panthers then at the circus. The centurion drank assiduously, and lay in watch for any ambiguities of language that might happen to drop from the company. These he regularly followed up with such remarks as implied his adoption of their worst meaning; and he showed an expertness in this exercise, which long practice only could have taught him. Indeed not one sentence escaped from the senator which he did not mould into some equivocal declaration or proposal. The reverend father himself had no suspicion of this, although shouts of laughter were constantly

breaking forth among the male part of the company ; and therefore he continued slowly bungling forward from one subject to another, while the long chasms between his ideas were filled up and garnished by the centurion at his own discretion. In those days an old senator was considered as the finest butt in the world.

When the party broke up, Agenor came near Phrosine, and said, for the pleasure of speaking to her, " How long does the festival of Cybele continue ?" Any question will serve to accompany the looks of a lover. Phrosine replied, " Only two days more ; but in that time you will see much of the nature of Rome ;" and then added with a girlish ignorance of her own feelings, " What a pleasant companion that old senator is ; I never spent a night so happily." " Nor I," said Agenor, who knew the reason better.

A servant was waiting at the door of the saloon. Agenor followed him ; but instead of being shown down to the street as he expected, he was left in a solitary chamber, enriched with furniture and paintings of exquisite beauty. Here was an ivory couch, lined with purple ; two Etruscan vases full of roses ; and a Cupid of Parian marble, by one of the first sculptors in Greece. The paintings were all of an amorous description. Satyrs gambolled along the walls, and thoughtless nymphs were seen very much exposed among the dark recesses of an ancient forest. Agenor endeavoured to find out the meaning of his situation, but could not. Presently the prætor's wife entered. She took his hand with much cordiality, and said, " My dear Agenor, pardon me for this detention. I cannot let you depart, without some advice concerning the perils of this bad city ; for I perceive you are a stranger. Young men sometimes endeavour to get near the Emperor in public places, in order to see his person. Beware of doing so. It is impossible to say what might happen if you should attract his notice ; for his power is absolute, and mischief is always in his thoughts. Do not associate with gladiators and charioteers, who seldom leave an obolus in the pockets of their companions ; nor with Greeks, who are sad impostors. Again, your handsome person may chance to captivate some of our matrons, who love gallantry ; but although they should smile on you from their windows, and beckon with a look of insinuation, do not stop to talk with them ; otherwise you will get entangled in a thousand scrapes. You will be left in the lurch, while they go to intrigue with some other person. Avoid all this, and come often back to visit me," said the prætor's wife, laying her hand upon his shoulder : " Be assured I will prove as good a friend as can be met with in Rome."

Agenor was a good deal astonished. Perhaps he would have been at a loss what to say ; but the prætor himself was that mo-

ment heard lumbering up stairs, and hemming at intervals, in a state of intoxication. His wife started up, and bade Agenor good night. She then opened a private passage down to the street, and gently pushed him out, saying, with a smile, "Farewell at present; come back to-morrow, and I shall introduce you to the prætor, who is a very worthy man."

When Agenor came away, the streets were still as crowded as ever; but afforded more examples of the debaucheries and vices of Rome. The town which Cato loved was now sadly altered. Every god and every virtue had left the place; and although their temples remained as beautiful as in better times, they were filled with scoffing instead of prayer. Agenor had lived as yet uncontaminated; and the conduct of the prætor's wife that night had not seduced him, because he thought of Phrosine. Phrosine's image engrossed his attention so much that he could scarcely find the house where he meant to sleep; and when he lay down, the fantastic dreams of youth continued hovering about his pillow.

Next morning he took a walk through the town. He viewed the public buildings, the places noted in history, the books of the Sybils, which he could not understand, and the charming productions of the fine arts, worth all the rest put together. Many a beauteous head, and many a voluptuous form of alabaster, awoke in him the softest feelings of delight; many a groupe of Bacchantes taught him a jovial indifference; and many a picture bore a motto from the songs of Horace, which told him that life is short, and that we should gather its roses while fate leaves them in our power. Xeno's philosophy had once been his pride; but a softness of heart now crept in upon him, and the feelings of the Stoics died away before other feelings, which rendered him a fitter inhabitant for modern Rome. In the morning he had scrupled about returning to the prætor's house, but now he said, "I must go back to see Phrosine."

In the meantime, as it was yet early in the forenoon, he repaired to the circus, where he found the citizens already placed in thousands along its far-spreading benches, and some of them distinguished by very magnificent attire. The games began. Racers and combatants appeared on the vast arena. Trumpets were sounded. A number of tigers, newly brought from confinement, scattered the dust in their terrific gambols. Blood began to be shed, and acclamations to rise from the populace. The wild animals increased the noise in receiving their mortal stabs, and the gladiators fought and died with enthusiasm; for the sweet music of applause rung in their ears until they could not hear it any longer.

Agenor grew much interested in these fatal sports. Nevertheless, he fell sometimes into reveries about Phrosine; and in glancing his eye over the long rows of the circus, observed the prætor's wife, attended not only by her husband, who was a corpulent figure with a red nose, and a countenance full of good-natured sensuality, but also by some of the handsomest men in Rome.

Agenor thought there was no need of increasing the number. He therefore left the circus, and went to see if Phrosine had been left at home. Fortunately this was the case. He found her watering some plants in an open gallery, and removing such of their leaves as had withered by too powerful a sun. She recognized him with blushes of gladness; and after a short time, Agenor engaged in dressing the flowers along with her. These young people found this occupation a very pleasing one. Their smiles met every moment over hyacinths and myrtles; and their words were breathed in a low voice among exhalations of perfume. When Phrosine thought the jars were ill arranged, Agenor transposed them so as to produce a finer grouping of the blossoms; and when their pitcher of water was exhausted, this languishing boy and girl, who had already forgotten all conventional forms of behaviour, went, arm in arm, to the fountain down in the garden to get more. There, at a basin of marble, which foamed to the brim, they replenished their vessel. Some drops of the spray came dashing on Phrosine's white shoulders; and Agenor used the freedom to wipe them off with a corner of her garment. Phrosine submitted with a slight struggle; but all this took place in silence, for the feelings of the parties were by far too serious to suit with jests and compliments. Afterwards they leant for a long time, side by side, against the trunk of a chestnut. Their souls were lost in musing, and their eyes were fixed on the shadows of branches that played over the sunny ground before them. "Ah! how pleasing is a country life," said Phrosine; "I sometimes wish that I could get leave to spend my time in Calabria, or Apulia, or some of those delightful provinces, where the ground is covered with yellow sheaves, and where the days are so beautiful, that if a person merely walks about in the open air, it is enough to make him regardless of all other pleasures. I do not like the town, or its inhabitants. Our visitors are so cold-hearted, that I am treated as a child if I behave kindly to them. They laugh at any person who is simple enough to feel attachment even for themselves. Again, there is no peace or security in Rome; for every one is afraid of *being cruelly insulted* by the Emperor, or some of his favourites; *and their brutality renders so many precautions necessary, that I am inclined more and more to envy the inhabitants of those dis-*

tant provinces, who are out of its reach. Pray, from what province do you come?" "From no other than Calabria," replied Agenor. "I have a small farm there; but a country life is sometimes insipid, and I came to Rome from curiosity and desire of change. Ah, Phrosine! if I had not come to Rome, I should never have enjoyed the happiness of being near you; and now, if I go back to Calabria, I shall not know what to do with my heart."

"Keep your heart with sufficient care," said Phrosine, blushing, "and it will give you no trouble. Those deep and lasting attachments which have been described by the poets, are no longer to be found in Rome. It is now the fashion to change rapidly from one object of admiration to another, and indeed, never to allow the feelings to be seriously engaged at all. The example of Nero, and his detestable court, has annihilated every thing amiable, and left us nothing but selfishness, profligacy, and indifference."

"Then you must seek elsewhere," said Agenor, "for a heart which is worthy of you. Rome, as you describe it, can never be the theatre of your happiness."

"Oh! I could endure it well enough," said Phrosine, "provided I were agreeably situated at home. But the prætor's wife is jealous of the attention I receive from her visitors, and sometimes treats me with a degree of harshness which it is difficult to support. She is still fond of admiration, as you may observe, and imagines that I wish to encroach upon her share."

"There can be no doubt of it," replied Agenor. "It is evident she wishes you out of her family."

"But what is worse," said Phrosine, with tears in her eyes, and at the same time laying her hand upon his shoulder, "Would you believe it Agenor? I can hardly be sure that my own uncle, if circumstances should entice him, will not deliver me up to this monster who calls himself the Emperor. It seems he had observed me with particular attention somewhere in public, and has repeatedly inquired about me since. The prætor is at present in favour; but if he were to evade any of Nero's orders, there would at once be an end to his farther good fortune, and perhaps to his life."

"Then why, my beautiful Phrosine," said our youth, gently encircling her waist, "why do you remain here to endanger your uncle's life? Would it not be much wiser, and more consistent with your duty, to marry a poor husbandman who adores you, and set out for Calabria, where you will enjoy all the pleasures of a charming climate, and never hear of this wicked Emperor any more? Surely this proposal need only be stated, to make you at once perceive its propriety."

"Oh! but my aunt," said Phrosine, sobbing, in great agitation,—"she would not approve of my conduct."

"Nor would you approve of hers, if you knew all the particulars of it," replied Agenor. "Wrap your veil about your head, and we shall get out by the garden door, which opens into some of the back lanes. A couple of mules can soon be purchased; and in a short time we will be far from Rome."

"Oh, no! it is impossible," said Phrosine, "I cannot go just now."

"Just now is the very best time," replied Agenor. "Every person is at present in the circus, where Nero performs as a charioteer; and neither the prætor nor his wife can return till the games are finished. Come along," said our youth, employing a little gentle violence.

"Oh, no! it is impossible," said Phrosine, weeping and struggling, and gradually allowing herself to be dragged away.

MORAL.

The moral is, that a great deal may be done with young ladies, if they are taken by surprise.

DREAM.

METHOUGHT I died, and to the silent grave
My friends did bear me. Still and motionless
I lay, yet not without the power to have
Full knowledge of my utter helplessness,
In that my fearful, grim hour of distress:
My thought remained, and feeling, actively
As they were wont, nor was sensation less
Acute; but my pulse beat not, and mine eye
Seemed death-like fixed and glazed, to those then standing by.

They wrapt me in my white funereal shroud,
And closed my useless eyes, then gently drew
The death robe o'er them, like a fleecy cloud;
My mother kissed me, and my sisters, too,
Then my thoughts like the wind-swept ocean grew;
And horror shook my soul. A fire flashed red,
And gleamed, as through my scorched brain it flew,
And wildly o'er mine eyes its lightning sped—
When my dream changed, and darkness came instead.

I heard them talk, and heard my mother wail,
 I heard the sobbings of my father's breast,
 And struggled, but in vain ; and nail by nail
 Was driven ; then my tortured heart was prest
 As with a crushing weight, which straightway passed,
 And I did feel them carry me away
 From all my kindred weeping and distress :
 Oh ! how I inly shuddered at decay,
 And prayed in anguish for the blessed light of day.

I heard the measured march and sullen tread,
 And now and then a murmur pass along,
 Hollow and deep, as best befits the dead
 To be spoke of, although men say no wrong ;
 They went the sepulchres and graves among,
 And all in still and solemn silence stood
 To let the coffin down ; the earth they flung
 Upon me, and I heard them beat the sod :
 I raved, and in my madness did blaspheme my God.

That also passed away, and I could think,
 And feel, and know my dismal helpless state ;
 My body knew corruption, I did shrink
 To feel the icy worm, my only mate,
 For thousands crawled upon me, all elate
 At their new prey, and o'er my rotting face
 They blindly crept and revelled ; after that
 They did their noisome, vile, dark, passage trace,
 To make my burning brain their loathsome resting place.

And eager to renew their feast, would press,
 My skull and eyeless sockets passing through,
 And intertwining, till they grew a mass
 Within my mouth, when my soul froze anew,
 And shuddered,—'twas in vain ; alas ! I knew
 I was a victim to corruption's power.
 —My horrid dream was o'er, but the cold dew
 Was on my forehead, like the glistening shower
 That falls from churchyard cypress at the midnight hour.

ARNOT. *

"The Witches of Kell's Glen, a Dramatic Fragment, with other Poems.
 David Arnot. Cupar, 1825," 12mo.

THE BLACK POCKET-BOOK.

THE kingdom of Fife has been peculiarly the kingdom of the Scottish gipsies, where they have flourished most, where they have lingered longest. It has been their haunting place, their city of refuge, their Sherwood forest, their Norwood retreat. Here has one hereditary band, in former times prosperous and proud, but now dejected and decayed, risen, flourished, and declined, till "small by degrees and beautifully less," its numbers have dwindled away, leaving only a broken and a scattered remnant to preserve its manners, its characteristics, and its usages, undimmed and undegenerated among themselves, the only specimens and representatives of their race. The annals of such a people must form a curious history; their chronicles, like their adventures, being peculiar to themselves, are of a strange, and wild, and wonderful description. Like all human narratives, their history is chequered with joy and sorrow, triumph and tribulation, fraud, oppression, and guilt; but to their lot has fallen a double share of all, and doubly interesting, and doubly exciting must therefore be their story. A few of their unrecorded traditions, as well of a painful as of a pleasing nature, have fallen into my possession. The following is one of a humorous character, the recital of which I prefer to one of an opposite description, and I hope my readers will approve the preference.

Thomas Edmonstone, a substantial Fife yeoman of the last century, having been very successful in his transactions one market-day at Dunfermline, was enabled to stuff his little black pocket-book with bank notes, till its bulk exceeded so much its former dimensions, that the snap of the buckle was with difficulty prevailed upon to meet, on their usual friendly terms, its twin brother and natural companion, the clasp. They seemed to have taken a mutual dislike to each other; but Thomas at length succeeded in reconciling them. Thomas was in great good humour, as may naturally be imagined, and after having enjoyed a hearty guffaw or two, with some of the other farmers, his acquaintances, he was preparing to retire from the market, when he was thus accosted by a tall, swarthy-complexioned man, in the dress of a drover of the better sort.

"How's a' wi' ye the day, Maister E'monstone? Odd, man, I'm glad to see ye, I've been seeking for ye ower the haill market!"

"Weel, friend!" said Thomas, "What dae ye want wi' me, noo that ye've fund me?"

"Is your cattle a' sold?" asked the stranger?

"Every hoof o' them—a' gane—stump and rump. I ha'e made a gude market the day."

"I think sae," was the reply; "and I maun look to be ser'ed some gate else."

So saying, the tall, swarthy-complexioned man, in the dress of a drover of the better sort, walked quickly away.

"I dinna like the looks o' that chield," said Thomas to himself, as he slowly left the market-place. "I never saw him atween the een before, and he doesna seem to be a drover either—Guid forgi'e me! I hope a's right!" he ejaculated, as his thoughts and his hand instinctively and simultaneously reverted to his black pocket-book—but the nest was empty, the bird had flown, the black pocket-book had disappeared, and Thomas Edmonstone stood like one suddenly transmuted into stone. At length he gave utterance to these broken exclamations.

"I'm lost—I'm ruined—clean done—pocket-book and a'! I maun see the country—Hoo can I look my wife or my weans in the face, without my black pocket-book? Oh! black, black has it been to me! The de'il catch the lang ugly villain by the neck! Gif I had him here but! odd, I'd mak' him steal honest folk's pocket-books. As gude's a hunder and fifty pounds sterling, forbye seventeen and saxpence in silver! he's welcome to that, howsomever, if he gi'es me back the pocket-book an' the notes—but what am I to dae noo?"

This was a question much easier asked than answered; and Thomas Edmonstone was not the man, in his present circumstances, to answer it either speedily or satisfactorily. He could do nothing therefore but ejaculate to himself—

"What am I to dae? my pocket-book gane and my wife no here! Was there ever sic a misfortunate deevil as Tam Edmonstone is this day. I'll gang back to the market—I'll send through the bellman! Fule! that I didna think o' that suner! I'll hae oot the Constables and the Militia, and the fire drum and the water engines—a' the toon shall hear o't!" And with this magnanimous intention, Thomas Edmonstone returned to the market.

In the meantime, his wife, having some little purchases to make, and not having been ready to accompany her husband when he left home in the morning, was on her road to Dunfermline. She had arrived within half a mile of the town, when she heard a sweet plaintive voice, singing, as it were, to a child, and on approaching nearer she could distinguish the words:

Sleep, baby, sleep!
 Though thy fond mother's breast,
 Where thy young head reclines,
 Is a stranger to rest.
 But, oh! may soft slumber
 Descend on thine e'e,
 That the sorrow she feels,
 May be shared not by thee.
 Sleep, baby, sleep!

Thy father has gone
 On his perilous track,
 And thy mother will weep,
 Till he safely comes back;
 But rest thee in peace,
 With soft sleep in thine e'e:
 Though the tear is in her's
 That is shared not by thee.
 Sleep, baby, sleep!

Almost at the same moment she observed a young woman, in a red cloak, sitting alone in a lonely part of the road, nursing a child. As Mrs Edmonstone came near her, she perceived that the young woman's eyes were red with weeping. In the country every person speaks to another; but were it not so, the disconsolate state in which the young woman appeared to be, awakened all the sympathy and kindness of feeling of Mrs Edmonstone's nature. She therefore stopped, and addressed to her the homely but kind inquiry of,

"What's the matter wi' ye, lass?"

"Oh! my husband! my husband!" exclaimed the young woman, in a tone of bitter but repressed anguish: "He has gone into the market, and I trust and pray that he'll not have occasion to repent his bargain."

"Is that a'?" said Mrs Edmonstone, "Why lassie! my husband has gane to the market tae, and let him alane for makin siccar bargains. Ise warrant his wife'll no ha'e to greet her eam oot for the bargains he maks."

"Oh! but," replied the young woman, "you do not know whom you speak to, or what you speak about. Would that I were like you, goodwoman, or that he was like your husband! but oh how widely different are our situations and destinies!"

She burst into tears, and the kind-hearted and sympathetic Mrs Edmonstone blubbered too, to keep her company. Suddenly the young woman started, wiped her eyes, and looked in the direction of the town.

"Did you not hear it?" she said, partly rising and grasping Mrs Edmonstone by the gown. "There, there again! shouts of uproar and exultation! Oh, my God! they will murder him—no—no—it is over—it is nothing. If you knew what I have endured to-day, you would pity me, indeed you would! From morn until now I have sat on this cold, cold stone, with no one to smile on me, no one to comfort me, but my baby—and oh! the agony of my thoughts, the torture of my feelings! I have sat and watched the little birds as they flew about, chirping merrily, when my heart was bursting—breaking; and I have wished that I had wings like one of them, that I might fly away and for ever be at rest. But where, where could I fly to, but to *him*, to nestle in *his* bosom, which, however cold to others now, still continues warm to me, and to his baby! and could his wife forsake him, when all—even his ain tribe—have gone against him?—no! even in the hands of his enemies, with the chains around his limbs, and the rope around his neck, even *then* would I cling, would I cleave to him; and in that bitter moment of horror and despair, I would testify to him and to the world, the depth, the intensity of my affection, and the strength and constancy of its endurance."

She paused; and Mrs Edmonstone, who began to think she was deranged, took the baby into her arms, and began to fondle it, as people do with children. The young woman continued.

"I can endure this suspense—this torture no longer. For the last two hours every nerve has been strained, and stretched, and strung to the very uttermost. Every noise I hear fills me with alarm. If he does not come to me, I shall go to him!"

She paused again, and then somewhat suddenly addressed Mrs Edmonstone.

"My good woman, might I request you to do me a favour?"

"Oh, ay!" was the answer, "ony thing in my power—ony thing in reason!"

"Just to take charge of my baby," said the young woman, "till my return. I am going down to the market to seek my husband. I'll be back very soon!"

"Oh, willingly!" said Mrs Edmonstone, "if you'll promise no to bide lang. I've business to dae in the toon mysel'; besides, I've to seek my ain husband, and it'll no be very easy to find him. He'll be in some public likely wi' his cronies beside him, and the gill-stoup before him: Tam likes his bead, especially on a market-day,—and what for no?"

The young woman hastily but fondly kissed her infant. Mrs Edmonstone inquired if it was like its father? ❧

"Heaven forbid it ever should!" said the mother with a shudder.

"Eh! but it's a bonny baby—a sweet wee lamb—I'll just sit doon here, on the same stane ye war sittin' on, till ye come back, sae that ye canna miss me!"

"Thankye! Thankye!" said the young woman; "and here take my cloak about ye till I return: you will perhaps feel cold, and I will not require it!"

She threw the cloak on Mrs Edmonstone's shoulders and departed.

The child finding itself in strange hands, soon became noisy and troublesome, and Mrs Edmonstone therefore set herself most assiduously to sing it asleep. Just as she had succeeded, and was making a comfortable bed for it on her knee, a tall, swarthy-complexioned man, walked quickly past her, threw a black pocket-book into her lap, and as quickly disappeared.

"Eh! what's this?" said Mrs Edmonstone, too much astonished to observe in what direction the stranger had gone; "Whaur can this ha'e come frae? It's our Tam's pocket-book I declare! and what is better, fu' o' notes! Either it or me's bewitched, I think. But odd! there's something no right in that wind! I wish that limmer was back for her brat. I hope she doesna mean to leave the bairn wi' me a' thegither. Gude forgie me! I wonder how Tam wad look if I brought hame to him a wean that's no my ain. That wad be waur than losing his pocket-book! Ay, I thought there was something wrang about the wench, an' I think yet that she is demented. I'se wager that she's yane o' the Showfolk, ta'en to bad habits—greeting in yon gate, and makin' me greet tae; but I wonder what Tam will say to this kind o' wark—it's clean pas my comprehension. There's ae thing clear, however, that he's los his pocket-book, and I've fund it."

Whatever might have been Mrs Edmonstone's suspicions of the young woman, they were dissipated by her return, and as soon as she saw her, she asked her if she had seen her husband.

"Alas! no," replied the young woman; "I sought for him ever where, but I could hear nothing of him."

"Weel a weel," said Mrs Edmonstone, "there's your bairn, an there's your cloak, and now I've but ae advice to gi'e ye, and that is, mak' yourself scarce oot this place as soon as ye can, for we'r a' honest folk here, and harbour neither robbers nor gipsey folk."

Mrs Edmonstone hastened to the market, where she found her husband nearly in a state of distraction. He had made inquiry at every body if they had seen aught of his pocket-book, but no one could give him any information on the subject. As soon as

perceived his wife, he poured into her sympathetic ear the full extent of his misfortune.

"I canna haud up my head after this!" he exclaimed; "I may as weel die at ance at the back o' some auld dyke—I'm clean ruined—pocket-book and a'!"

"It's no sae bad's that, Tam!" replied his wife; "come awa frae the market, and I'll tell ye something that'll maybe astonish ye: oots, come awa!" she continued, dragging him by the coat.

"Get awa, woman!" said Thomas, "is this a time for your jikes an' your astonishing stories. What ye ha'e to say, can ye no say't here. Odd, woman, ye'll pit me mad."

"Ou, ay, Tam, but it'll be wi' joy, lad. Come awa and hear my secret."

"D—n yer secret!" said Thomas in a fury; "I tell ye, I've lost my pocket-book!"

"And I tell ye, I've fund it!" said his dearie, producing it, "and here it is!"

"So it is—the indential pocket-book!" cried Thomas. "Whaur did ye get it—but ye'll tell me a' that again. Let's see, though, if a's safe! ten—twenty—thretty—forty—and threewenties is a hundred—and five tens is fifty—ou, ay! a's here—a's safe—and I think, wife, ye deserve a new gown for yer luck. Come up to Herkes the Haberdasher, and I'll treat ye to a braw ane!"

So saying, he clasped his black pocket-book with an air of triumph, and with no less satisfaction gave his wife a smack that was heard over the whole market. Ever afterwards, the story of the black pocket-book formed one of his most amusing stories, when he was disposed to treat his fireside circle with a hearty laugh—at his own expense.

A.

TO A FRIEND.

O Gioventu!
O Primavera! gioventu dell' anno,
O Gioventu! primavera della vita!

Yrs! years have pass'd, and many more may be,
Before 'tis ours again to meet, if ever;
Yet, oh! beloved friend, the thought of thee
Still lives, and leaves my faithful spirit never.

My soul—none reads ; thy name—I breathe it not ;
 Apart from mine thy changeful lot is cast ;—
 Perchance even thou may’st deem thou art forgot,
 We met in smiles, and smiling parted last.

But thou wert with me in that vernal time
 When childhood’s dreams made summer in the heart,
 And who that shares with us life’s early prime,
 But claims remembrance never to depart !

We ne’er may meet again !—yet is it nought
 That we ~~have~~ met in that bright fleeting spring
 Of purest joy, whose bloom but once is caught,
 And leaves behind but woe and withering ?

Oh ! is it nought to think that we have trod
 The same green haunts, in summer’s radiant weather ?
 And roaming thus with Nature and her God,
 Have smiled, and wept, and hoped, and *prayed* together

For ever, and for ever in my mind,
 With all youth’s brightest and most glorious things,
 Thy name is linked, thy memory is enshrined,
 Nor time nor change can loose the golden strings !

Whene’er I look upon the sunset skies,
 Whene’er I catch the breath of mountain flower,
 Whene’er I gaze on childhood’s laughing eyes—
 Thou comest to me with many a faded hour !

The summer morning, full of dews and light,
 The simplest tones of music sad and wild,
 The calm of ocean in the starry night,
 Whate’er brings back the feelings of the child—

All speak of thee ! and oft unconscious tears,
 Not sorrowful, but sweet, will gently start,
 To think the friend of earlier, happier years,
 Is great and noble, as I *feel* thou art !

We ne’er may meet again ! yet do I love
 To ponder on those days long fled for ever ;
 A thousand blessings crown thee from above—
 While memory lives, thine own shall perish never !

G

THE INDIAN WIFE.*

SHORTLY after the *coureurs des bois* began to carry packs and drive dog sledges in the lands on the upper waters of the Mississippi, there lived at the Kahpozahh village, three leagues below the mouth of the river St Peters, an Indian who was the cynosure of the eyes of all the maidens in his band. This was because of his rare personal beauty ; not of form, for that is common to all Indians, but of countenance. His skill as a hunter, and his bravery as a warrior, were qualities more likely to recommend him to their parents ; but strange to say, the swarthy daughters of the forest judged by the eye, as some authors have falsely asserted their sex is in the habit of doing. The object of their admiration had feminine features, and a skin lighter by five shades than the national complexion of the Dahcotahs, and his hair, beside being light, was also fine and glossy. He prided himself upon it, and suffered it to grow long ; thereby grievously scandalizing the male population of the village. His toilet was usually adjusted with scrupulous accuracy ; he changed the fashion of his paint five times per diem, and his activity in the chase enabled him to wear so much scarlet cloth, and so many beads and silver broaches, as made him the envy of those of his own age and sex. Those who imagine that the aborigines are all stoics and heroes, and those who think them solely addicted to rapine and bloodshed, and are therefore disposed to dispute the truth of this sketch of Indian character, are informed that there are fops in the forest as well as in Broadway ; yet the elegance of the features of Toskatnay, (the Woodpecker) for so was our Dahcotah dandy called, and his taste in dress, were not his only merits. The war eagle's plume which completed his array, was an honourable evidence that he had acquired a right to call himself a man. In fact, beneath an almost feminine appearance, and much frivolity of manner, he concealed the real strength of his character. To the maidens who listened with glistening eyes to his discourse, and blushed when he addressed them, his motto seemed to "let them look and die." Exquisite as he was, his soul was full of higher matters than love or gallantry. He aspired to sway the councils of his people, and to lead them in battle, and if he condescended to please the eyes, and tickle the ears of the women, it was only because he knew that it was the surest way to exert an influence over the men. He was not so much of a savage as not to know so much of human nature.

* From *Tales of Indian Life*. America, 1830.

Yet he had no idea of marrying, but as it might further his views; and to the admiration of the young squaws he shut his eyes, while against their complaints that "no one cared for them," he hardened his heart.

With all his schemes, he had not calculated upon the power of the blind god. But his time was to come, and the connexion he was destined to form, was to have a powerful influence on his future fortunes.

In the same village with our hero dwelt a damsel, whose name was Weenokhenchah Wandeeteekah (the Brave Woman). This girl never praised Toskatnay's attire, nor listened to his compliments, nor sought to attract his attention. On the contrary, she avoided his notice. Why she did thus, we do not pretend to explain. We pretend not to expound the freaks of passion, any more than the profundities of philosophy, nor can we tell why love should choose to show himself in such a capricious manner. Let it suffice that she was thought to hate our hero until an event occurred that contradicted the supposition.

One hot day in July, a rabid wolf, such as are sometimes seen in the prairies, came to pay the village a visit. The cornfields lay in his way, and as animals in his predicament never turn aside, he entered it. It so chanced that Weenokhenchah Wandeeteekah was at that time using her hoe therein, in company with other girls, while Toskatnay stood near them, cheering their labour and edifying their minds, pretty much in the style of Ranger in the "Jealous Husband." The wolf made directly at him, and the girls seeing by the slaver of his jaws, what ailed him, shrieked and fled. Toskatnay, being no Yankee, could not guess the cause of their terror, and was looking about for it, when the animal was within five paces of him. Weenokhenchah Wandeeteekah alone stood firm, and seeing that he must inevitably be bitten, she advanced and clove the beast's skull with her hoe, contrary to the law in such cases made and provided by novel writers, which ordains that the gentleman shall rescue the lady from danger, and not the lady the gentleman. Having thus done, the colour forsook her cheeks, and she swooned and fell. Toskatnay, though an Indian fine gentleman, did not catch her in his arms, nor kneel by her. But he did what was as much to the purpose. He ran to the village, which was but a few rods distant, and sent the women to her assistance. With some difficulty they brought her to her senses.

From that hour his attentions, which had before been considered by the girls as common property, were confined to her. Love and gratitude prevailed, and for a while his dreams of ambition were forgotten. He wore leggins of different colours, and sat all day

upon a log, playing on a flute with three holes, and singing songs in her praise. When she was gone to cut wood, he was not to be found in the village. He gave her beads and vermilion, and in short played the Indian lover in all points.

Indian courtships never last long, and ere the leaves began to fall, Weenokhenchah Wandeeteekah was the wedded wife of Toskatnay. For a time, he forgot his nature and his former prepossessions, and he even saw three war parties leave the village without testifying much concern. But these halcyon days did not last long. A mind like his could not be content with ignoble triumphs over the brute tenants of the woods and prairies. His excursions grew longer in duration, and more frequent in occurrence, and at last the poor bride saw herself totally neglected. Another cause concurred in this result. She belonged to a family that could boast no hero, no chief, nor any wise man among its members, and her husband saw with regret that he had formed an alliance that could never enhance his importance in his tribe. The devoted affection, and unwearied attention with which she endeavoured to recall his heart, only filled him with disgust. Within the year she made him a father, but the new relation in which he stood, did not reclaim him. In the eyes of his people, he pursued a more honourable course: he joined every warlike excursion, obtained the praise of all by his valour; and once by his conduct and presence of mind, when the camp in which his lodge was pitched was surprised, he saved it, and turned the tables on the assailants. In consequence, he was thought worthy to be a leader of men, and became the head partizan in two successful inroads on the enemies' country.

He was envied as well as admired. Many there were, older than himself, who aspired to the objects of his ambition, and one in especial, without a tithe of his merits, outstripped him in his course by means of extended connections, and thwarted him in every particular. This was a man named Chahpah (the Beaver), about forty years of age. He had nine wives, whom he supported in the usual style, and their relations were at his beck. Jealous of the growing influence of Toskatnay, he opposed his opinions, and turned the weak parts of his character into ridicule. The young warrior felt this deeply, and revolved in his own mind the means of making the number of his adherents equal to that of his rival. There were two ways presented themselves to his acceptance; the one to take to his lodge more wives; and the other, to continue to exert himself in the field. By the latter means, in the course of time, if he *was not* untimely cut off, he would attain the desired distinction. By the former his object would be effected more speedily.

An opportunity soon occurred to measure his strength with his fellow aspirant. The Beaver, not content with the limits of his harem, demanded in marriage the daughter of the Heron, a noted warrior. The father asked time to consider the proposal. While the matter was in abeyance, Toskatnay heard of it, and resolved not to lose so good a chance to further his own projects and mortify the man he hated. He went that very night to the Heron's lodge, lighted a match at his fire, and presented it to the eyes of the maiden. She blew it out, and after some conversation with her, carried on in whispers, he retired. In the morning he smoked with the Heron, and in plain terms asked his daughter to wife. The old man liked Toskatnay, and moreover, was not entirely satisfied that his offspring should be the tenth bride of any man. He accepted the offer without hesitation, and the nuptials were solemnized forthwith, to the great displeasure of the Beaver.

It is unnecessary to say that he was not the only person displeased. Weenokhenchah Wandeeteekah thought this second marriage a poor requital of the service she had rendered her husband, and expostulated with him. But ambition swallows all other passions, as the rod of Moses swallowed the other rods, and Toskatnay had become intensely selfish. He desired her to mind her own affairs, and as polygamy is reckoned creditable by the Dahcotahs, she had no pretence to quarrel, and was obliged to submit. With an aching heart, she saw another woman take the place in Toskatnay's regard that she considered her own, and often did she retire to the woods to weep over her infant, and tell her sorrows to the rocks and trees. Quarrels will happen in the best of families, and so was seen of Toskatnay's. The two wives did not agree, as might have been expected, and the husband always took the part of the new comer. Moreover, when he joined the hunting camps the Heron's daughter accompanied him, while Weenokhenchah Wandeeteekah was left at home; he alleging, that having a child to take care of, she could not so well be the partner of his wanderings. It was in vain that she protested against this reasoning. An Indian husband is, if he pleases, absolute, and she was obliged to acquiesce. It was not, in truth, that he preferred his new spouse, but he wished to conciliate her family. The poor malcontent had the mortification besides, to see that he neglected his child, and this was the unkindest cut of all.

At last, the second autumn after her marriage, it so happened that the band attached to Toskatnay was to move up the Mississippi, and hunt upon its head waters. As the journey was to be made by water, there was no objection to Weenokhenchah Wandeeteekah being of the party, and the two wives assisted each

ether in the necessary preparations. In the afternoon they came to the falls of St Anthony, and carried their canoes and baggage round it. They encamped on the eastern shore just above the rapids. Such a description as we are able to give of this celebrated cataract, from recollection, is at the reader's service.

There is nothing of the grandeur or sublimity which the eye aches to behold at Niagara, about the falls of St Anthony. But in wild and picturesque beauty it is perhaps unequalled. Flowing over a tract of country five hundred miles in extent, the river, here more than half a mile wide, breaks into sheets of foam and rushes to the pitch over a strongly inclined plane. The fall itself is not high, we believe only sixteen feet perpendicular, but its face is broken and irregular. Huge slabs of rock lie scattered below, in wild disorder. Some stand on their edges, leaning against the ledge from which they have been disunited. Some lie piled upon each other in the water, in inimitable confusion. A long narrow island divides the fall nearly in the middle. Its eastern side is not perpendicular, but broken into three distinct leaps, below which the twisting and twirling eddies threaten destruction to any living thing that enters them. On the western side, in the boiling rapids below, a few rods from the fall, stands a little island, of a few yards area; rising steep from the waters, and covered with forest trees. At the time of our story, its mightiest oak was the haunt of a solitary bald eagle, that had built its eyrie on the topmost branches, beyond the reach of man. It was occupied by his posterity till the year 1823, when the time-honoured crest of the vegetable monarch bowed and gave way before the wing of the northern tempest. The little islet was believed inaccessible, till two daring privates of the fifth regiment, at very low water, waded out in the river above, and ascending the fall by means of the blocks of stone before mentioned, forded the intervening space, and were the first of their species that ever set foot upon it.

Large trunks of trees frequently drift over, and diving into the chasms of the rocks, never appear again. The loon, or great northern diver, is also, at moulting time, when he is unable to rise from the water, often caught in the rapids. When he finds himself drawn in, he struggles with fate for a while, but finding escape impossible, he faces downwards and goes over, screaming horribly. These birds sometimes make the descent unhurt. Below, the rapids foam and roar and tumble for half a mile, and then subside into the clear, gentle current that continues unbroken to the Rock River Rapids; and at high water to the Gulf of Mexico. Here too, the high bluffs which enclose the Mississippi commence. Such was the scene at the time of this authentic history, but now it is

mended or marred, according to the taste of the spectator, by the works of the sons of Adam. It can show its buildings, its saw mill, its grist mill, its cattle, and its cultivated fields.

To return to our story; Toskatnay and his band passed the falls and raised their lodges a few rods above the rapids. It so happened that evening, that a violent quarrel arose between the two wives, which the presence of some of the elders only prevented from ending in cuffing and scratching. When the master of the lodge returned, he rebuked them both, but the weight of his anger fell on Weenokhenchah Wandeeteekah, though in fact, the dispute had been fastened on her by the other. She replied nothing to his reproaches, but his words sunk deep into her bosom, for he had spoken scornfully of her, saying that no Siou had so pitiful a wife as himself. She sobbed herself to sleep, and when the word was given in the morning to rise and strike the tents, she was the first to rise and set about it.

While the business of embarkation was going on, it so chanced that the child of the poor woman crawled in the way of her rival, and received a severe kick from her. This was too much for the mother. Vociferating such terms as are current only at Billingsgate and in Indian camps, for squaws are not remarkable for delicacy of expression, she fastened upon the Heron's daughter tooth and nail, who was not slow to return the compliment. Luckily their knives were wrested from them by the by-standers, or one or both would have been killed on the spot. This done, the men laughed and the women screamed, but none offered to part them, till Toskatnay, who was busy at the other end of the camp, patching a birch canoe, heard the noise, and came and separated them by main force. He was highly indignant at an occurrence that must bring ridicule upon him. The Heron's daughter he reproved, but Weenokhenchah Wandeeteekah he struck with his paddle repeatedly, and threatened to put her away. This filled the cup of misery to overflowing; she looked at him indignantly and said, "You shall never reproach me again." She took up her child and moved away, but he, thinking it no more than an ordinary fit of sullenness, paid no attention to her motions.

His unkindness at this time had the effect of confirming a project that she had long revolved in her mind, and she hastened to put it in execution. She embarked in a canoe with her child, and pushing from the shore entered the rapids before she was perceived. When she was seen, both men and women, among whom her husband was the most earnest, followed her on the shore, entreating her to land ere it was too late. The river was high, so that it was impossible to intercept her, yet Toskatnay, finding his entreaties

no avail, would have thrown himself into the water to reach the shore, had he had not been withheld by his followers. Had this demonstration of interest occurred the day before, it is possible at her purpose would have been forgotten. As it was, she shook her open hand at him in scorn, and held up his child for him to see at. She then began to sing, and her song ran thus:—

“A cloud has come over me. My joys are turned to grief. Life has become a burden too heavy to bear, and it only remains to die. The Great Spirit calls, I hear his voice in the roaring waters. Soon, soon, shall they close over my head, and my song shall be heard no more. Turn thine eyes hither, proud chief! Thou art brave in battle, and all are silent when thou speakest in council. Thou hast met death, and hast not been afraid. Thou hast braved the knife and the axe; and the shaft of the enemy has seemed harmless by thee. Thou hast seen the warrior fall. Thou hast heard him speak bitter words with his last breath. But hast thou ever seen him dare more than a woman is about to do? Many speak of thy deeds. Old and young echo thy praises. Thou art the star the young men look upon, and thy name shall be long heard in the land. But when men tell of thy exploits, they shall say, ‘He slew his wife also!’ Shame shall attend thy memory. I slew the ravenous beast that was about to destroy thee. I planted by corn, and made thee garments and moccasins. When thou wast an hungered, I gave thee to eat, and when thou wast athirst, I brought thee cold water. I brought thee a son also, and I never disobeyed thy commands. And this is my reward! Thou hast laughed at me. Thou hast given me bitter words, and struck me with many blows. Thou hast preferred another before me, and thou hast driven me to wish for the approach of death, as for the coming winter. My child! my child! Life is a scene of sorrow. I had not the love of a mother, did I not snatch thee from the woes thou must endure. Adorn thy wife with ornaments of white metal, Toskatnay: hang beads about her neck: be kind to her, and see that she will ever be to thee as I.”

So saying, or rather singing, she went over the fall with her child, and they were seen no more.

One year precisely from this time, Toskatnay followed the track of a bear which he had wounded, to the brink of the falls. He halted opposite the spot where Weenokhenchah Wandeeteekah had disappeared, and gazed on the foaming rapid. What was passing in his mind it is impossible to say. He had reached the summit of his ambition. He was acknowledged a chief, and he had triumphed over the Beaver and the Chippeways. But her for whose

sake he had spurned the sweetest flowers of life, true love, fidelity, had proved faithless to him, and fled to the Mis another man. He had nothing farther to look for, no happiness to attain, and his reflections were like those of a man who wept because he had no more worlds to conquer. A circumstance roused him from his reverie. A snow-white doe, followed by a fawn of the same colour, came suddenly into the sphere of his vision ; so suddenly, that they seemed to him to come out of the water. Such a sight had never before been seen of his tribe. He stood rooted to the ground. He who had feared the face of man, trembled like an aspen with surprise and terror. The animals, regardless of his presence, advanced towards him, and passed so near that he might have touched them with his gun. They ascended the bank, and he lost sight of them. When they were fairly out of sight, he recovered from his reverie, and stretching out his arms after them, conjured them. Finding his adjurations vain, he rushed up to the bank, to see nothing of them, which was the more remarkable, as the prairie had just been burned over, and for a mile there was no wood or inequality in the ground, that could have concealed a smaller animal than a deer.

He returned to his lodge, made a solemn feast, at which his relatives were assembled, and sung his death-song. He wondered at the auditors that he had received a warning to prepare for his final change. He had seen the spirits of his wife ; and no one presumed to contradict his opinion. Whether for any reason or not, it proved true in point of fact. Three weeks after the camp was attacked by the Chippeways. They were killed but Toskatnay, and he only, was killed. No stone tells the story, nor can any of the Dahcotahs show the spot. His death is forgotten, or, at best, faintly remembered ; thus showing that the foundation stands the warrior's pride ;—but his wife still lives in the memory of her people, who speak of her by the name of Okhenchah Wandeteekah, or the Brave Woman.

LEISURE AND LOVE.

BY LAMAN BLANCHARD.

SOOTH 'twere a pleasant life to lead,
With nothing in the world to do,
But just to blow a shepherd's reed
The silent seasons through ;—
And just to drive a flock to feed,—
Sheep, quiet, fond, and few !

Pleasant to breathe beside a brook,
 And count the bubbles—love-worlds—there ;
 To muse within some minstrel's book,
 Or watch the haunted air ;—
 To slumber in some leafy nook,—
 Or—idle anywhere.

And then, a draught of nature's wine,
 A meal of summer's daintiest fruit ;
 To take the air with forms divine ;
 Clouds, silvery, cool, and mute ;
 Descending, if the night be fine,
 In a star-parachute.

Give me to live with love alone,
 And let the world go dine and dress ;
 For love hath lowly haunts—a stone
 Holds something meant to bless.
 If life's a flower, I choose my own—
 'Tis "Love in Idleness !"

HOUSE-HUNTING.*

NEXT to the election of a lady as "a companion for life," there is, perhaps, nothing on earth so perplexing as the choice of a house. The requisites admitted, by universal consent, to be indispensable both for the comfort and convenience of persons of even moderate ambition, are of so multiform and diverse a nature, that it is next to impossible to find them united in any one tenement (however eligible it may appear on a first "view") under the canopy of heaven. It is in vain that you fortify your memory with all the *desiderata* which the most experienced House-Hunter may have it in his power to suggest for your information ; for, although the illibilities turn out to be ever so numerous and important, there is always some little piddling nuisance to weaken and impair the freshness of a "first impression ;"—some objection which, to borrow the language of the law, is sure to be "fatal," and to overturn all our plans of colonization. Sometimes, indeed, the point is "reserved" for the opinion of that most righteous of all "judges," a discreet wife ; but one trifling evil *in posse*, in such cases at least, is

* From "Scenes of Life and Shades of Character. Edited by Alaric A. Watts." Lond. 1834.

uniformly allowed to counterbalance a whole host of conveniences *in esse*.

Now, as I have the good fortune to be united to a woman, who is allowed by all her neighbours to be one of the best managers in the country, and whose opinion on every question of domestic economy, is (according to her own belief) infallible, it will readily be believed that the vexations and disappointments which I have been called upon to endure, in the course of my various changes of domicile, have been such as no ordinary foresight could have averted. Blessed with an adviser of surpassing clearness of perception, I must inevitably have escaped all inconvenience, had not my perplexities been of a very peculiar character.—But I am anticipating the disclosure of my miseries.

Some few months ago, a maiden aunt of my wife, from whom we had, in reality, no reasonable expectations (although my penetrating spouse has repeatedly declared, that she should not be surprised if aunt Grizzy were to leave us something comfortable,) died and bequeathed us two thousand pounds in the three per cent. This God-send, for such, indeed, it was to us, occasioned a good deal of discussion in our little circle. The point in debate was not whether we wanted such an accession to our fortune—for it was admitted, *nem. con.* that nothing could have been more seasonable—but to what purposes it should be applied? After repeated deliberations, it was proposed, by my daughter Monimia (a lively girl of sixteen), and seconded by her mother, that we should straightway remove to a larger and more commodious residence. They both affected to feel convinced, that the difference of rent between a small and what they were pleased to term a *respectable* house, would be more than compensated for by the increased convenience to papa, for whose fatiguing walks to and from town, they had just then begun to feel the most poignant concern. Independently of this, and other weighty reasons which I was not prepared to controvert, the dearness of all the necessaries of life at our distance from the great city, and the impossibility of passing a social evening with a friend, or of witnessing a new play, or a new opera, without a most grievous taxation in the shape of coach-hire (not to mention the shoe-leather destroyed, and dresses dilapidated in wading through suburban mire), were all thrown into the scale; no wonder, therefore, that it should have kicked the beam in the twinkling of an eye. To say the truth, although I affected to object to our removal, I was by no means inclined to oppose it *à l'outrance*. So far from it, indeed, that I had a strong inclination to locate in a more agreeable neighbourhood myself, and was only restrained from giving expression to my sentiments by the apprehension

my too ready acquiescence might produce an unfavourable alteration in my wife's opinions; who, notwithstanding that she is possessed of innumerable good qualities, is not without the common failing of her sex. Perhaps, too, I was the more anxious that the matter should appear to originate solely with herself, as I was well assured that if it did not turn out quite so favourably as we anticipated, she would lay the whole burthen of the failure entirely at my door;—for, although I am allowed a very limited share in the credit of any new scheme that may happen to be successful in its results, of which I am the author, I am pretty secure of bearing the full brunt of the odium, should it chance to miscarry.

The question of expediency having been decided in the affirmative, the next point for consideration was, when we should carry our intentions into effect, and where we should choose a "place of rest" better suited to the improved state of our finances, and the increased importance of our station in society, than the hovel (for such Monimia was pleased to entitle it) in which we had been vegetating for so many years. This was a knotty point, and one upon which we found it extremely difficult to agree. I intimated my preference to the east end of London, on account of its proximity to my place of business; but my wife and daughter were exasperated at the idea. "Surely, papa," expostulated Monimia, "you would never think of settling within the sound of Bow-bells! We had better remain where we are, than migrate to so vastly ungenteel a neighbourhood. We have only four rooms and a half that are habitable, in our present residence, it is true—but then we have a string of excellent excuses always at hand for whatever inconveniences we may sustain; in the extraordinary salubrity of the air; our proximity to an excellent friend Lady Dashwood (who, by the way, had only done us the honour of calling upon us once, and then merely to shelter herself from a shower of rain, which had overtaken her before she could reach her own lodge-gate); the great facility of conveyance to and from the metropolis, &c., &c. The East—my gracious! I see mamma is ready to expire at the thought! If it come to that, we shall certainly be exhibited along with Mr Deputy Dip, of the Ward of Farringdon Without, in some future lucubration of the Smiths." Here my wife took up the strain; "Beside, my dear, there's our Monimia is just verging into womanhood, and must be introduced. She is older, and a far greater proficient on the harp than Dr Tympanum's daughter, who was brought out a year ago. What advantages, in the way of society, shall we be able to afford her, if we take up our abode in the purlieus of all that is odious and disagreeable? Only reflect how 'Mrs and Miss —, one door from the pump, at Aldgate,' would

read upon a card. For heaven's sake, my love, abandon the of immolating our gentility at the shrine of vulgar mercantile venience! What think you of some nice street out of Por Place? or leading to either Portman, Cavendish, or Gros Squares? or—" She would have proceeded with her enumer but I cut her short by reminding her, that the rent and taxes house, in any one of the fashionable situations for which she peared to have imbibed so peculiar a predilection, would amon something more than our entire annual income,—a consider worthy the attention of matter-of-fact people addicted to the beian practice of eating and drinking. This poser appear startle her not a little; and as it was an argument which no nuity could controvert, she made a virtue of necessity, and I good housewife, as she is, admitted the importance of the obje with all imaginable deference and good humour. It was, ever, mutually agreed, that there must be a number of quiet s in the west end (for on this point she continued inexorable which it might not be difficult to meet with a habitation suited to our means and our ambition. It was accordingly resolved we should devote a certain portion of every day of the ensuing to various peregrinations of discovery. The lease of our *C Ornee* had, to be sure, two years to run; but we entertained no whatever of letting it at a few days' notice.

Determined not to proceed precipitately or unadvisedly i matter, we consumed the whole of Sunday, (a breach of prop to which the pious reader will no doubt refer all our subse mishaps) in concocting and digesting a series of questions fo guidance in House-Hunting, which would, we fondly imag secure us from the possibility of mischance. In this memoran we fancied we had glanced at every "particular" to which it be necessary to advert in taking a hquse. It was as follows:

I. The annual rent; and whether there be an after-clap i shape of a premium?

II. The amount of taxes—for some parishes are rated lower others; and whether the preceding tenant will be disposed to duce his receipts for the same, up to the period of his depart parish officers not being particular as to whether the taxes have incurred by you or your predecessor, provided they ~~encou~~ ^{encou} your furniture on the premises to satisfy their claims?

III. The character of the said predecessor? For if he hav the neighbourhood in debt, you will stand a fair chance of cheated by your trades-people, to make amends for his ~~de~~ ^{de} tions.

IV. Do the chimneys smoke?

V. Has the house an offensive breath? In other words—are the sewers and cesspools adequate to the purposes for which they were excavated?

VI. What quantity of old iron, brass cocks, and leaden mains is to be foisted upon you, under the denomination of “fixtures?” and whether you are to take them at a *fair* valuation—which means twice as much as you are ever likely to get for them again;—or at your landlord’s own estimate—which is sure to be half as much again as they cost at first hand?

VII. Whether the floors and walls are given to cold perspirations? And, above all, whether a boat will be necessary, at certain periods of the year, to enable your servants to navigate your kitchen and cellars?

VIII. Whether the house is in good and tenantable repair?

With this document reduced to black and white, and tucked into one of my gloves, in order that we might be able to refer to it at a moment’s notice, did my wife, my daughter, and myself, commence our first day’s peregrinations. Not a single empty house, from about the scale we considered likely to suit us, to the town mansion of the peer, did we suffer to escape our observation. To paraphrase a passage in Scott’s admirable translation of Burger’s “*Leonora*,”—

Tramp-tramp along the path we sped,
Splash-splash across the road!

Wherever we saw a placard, containing the words “This house to be let—Inquire within,” thither did we forthwith direct our steps. It was in vain that I reminded my companions, that many of the edifices into which they seemed bent upon penetrating, were obviously too large and too expensive for our means; they would persist in tramping through them, in order to see “what kind of places they were.” “Beside, my dear,” my wife would sometimes exclaim, “who knows but we *may*, some day or other, want such a house!” Our first day’s expedition afforded us a tolerable insight into the mysteries of house-hunting: and what with ascending and descending stairs, and exploring cellars and servants’ offices, we found ourselves pretty considerably fatigued before we reached home.

To attempt to give any thing like a detailed account of our adventures would be to fill a volume. Some persons were most obsequious in their civilities; others, surveying us with a degree of scrutiny which seemed by no means unmingled with suspicion, demanded (before we had passed the threshold of their doors) if

we *really* considered the house *likely to suit us*. Mr A. was at breakfast, and could not be disturbed! Mrs B. had no objection to our viewing her sitting-rooms, but the bed-chambers (the black-holes of her establishment), were in a state of confusion, which rendered it impossible that we could be allowed to inspect them! Mrs C. had the chimney-sweepers in her kitchen! (it was just then under water, and might have impressed us with an ugly prejudice against the general comfort of the tenement) so that we were not allowed to penetrate lower than her dining-room. Mrs D. was at dinner; and wondered how people could expect to obtain admittance at so unseasonable an hour. Here, the landlord had put a capricious rent of twice its real value upon his house; and had taken an oath that it should rot to the foundation before he would let it for less. There, an officer's lady, whose husband was with our army in India (in what regiment it might be difficult to ascertain), wished to dispose of her lease and furniture, in order that she might join her spouse! In one place, the house had grown too large for the family—in another, the family had grown too large for the house! Under any other circumstances, the party would not have vacated it for the world. At this place we were informed, that Mr E.'s sole reason for leaving his residence was, that he wished to retire into the country;—at the other, that the increase of Mr F.'s professional avocations would not admit of his living at so great a distance from the Inns of Court. In no single instance was any motive assigned, which could possibly invalidate the supposed eligibility of the tenement. Our queries (which, whenever there appeared to be the slightest chance of our suiting ourselves, were always at our fingers' ends), were answered, for the most part, satisfactorily. Where a servant or charwoman had the care of a house, the common reply to our various inquiries was, "Yes, Ma'am; for aught I have *heard* to the contrary!" and "No, Ma'am; not as I *know* of." For all the more important particulars however, we were, in such cases, usually referred to "my master," or, "the gentleman as puts me in;"—living some six or seven English miles from the scene of action.

At first, we found it difficult to account for the extraordinary candour of the people who had the letting of houses for agents and upholsterers; for, however fervent they were in their general recommendations of the premises, they had always some little candid communication to make at our second visit, which was sure to save us the trouble of calling again: "It was true that the chimneys *did* smoke a little, and the kitchens were shocking damp." While we were yet green in our vocation we considered ourselves bound, in common gratitude, to present our informant with a shil-

ing, as a premium for her timely intimation; but we soon found that it was the common trick of the profession. The Mrs Candid in question, had house rent-free, and so much a week for taking care of the premises, to say nothing of an odd shilling every now and then, for telling the whole truth, and sometimes a little more than the truth! Where is the starving and homeless wretch who would have been proof against such a temptation?

But I shall not fatigue my reader with *minutiae*. It is sufficient for all useful purposes to remark, that after six days' peregrinations, just as we were about to make up our minds that such a domicile as we were in search of—like happiness—was not to be met with in this world, our attention was attracted by a placard in the window of a genteel-looking house, in — Street, — Square: and although it did certainly appear a cut above our means, we determined (on my wife's favourite principle), to take a peep at it. We accordingly knocked at the door, and were ushered into the drawing-room, where we were informed that "Mrs Varnish" would wait upon us without delay. In the meantime, we had leisure to survey the apartment. My wife and daughter were in ecstasies. If the rent *should* prove at all moderate, it was just the very thing we wanted.—We were here interrupted by the *entre* of a smart, smirking lady of a 'certain age,' who, tripping across the room with more than fairy lightness, addressed me with, "I fear, Sir, you will be disappointed, if you have called respecting the house, as it is, I have reason to believe, already let. Indeed, the rent is so *extremely* low, considering its size and conveniences, that I might have parted with it half a dozen times over, had I been less fastidious than I am." This rent was, she then informed us, one hundred pounds per annum (twenty pounds beyond the limit I had prescribed as our ultimatum); and there were a few fixtures—better, she declared, than new; including her carpets and curtains, which, as they were planned to the rooms, it would be "a thousand pities to disturb." Here my daughter manifested considerable impatience to know if the house was *really* let; and Mrs Varnish (all complaisance as she was) rang the bell, to catechise her servant (who had of course her cue), as to whether Mr Fitzroy Wilmington had sent his definitive answer that morning or not;—when it turned out that he had not, but that he considered the matter as all but settled, and would call and make the final arrangements in person, at two o'clock. Mrs V. expressed great satisfaction that she had it still in her power to oblige us, as the house seemed to suit us so entirely. She must, however, beg to show *the two ladies* through her sleeping apartments before she could allow us to form any decision. On their return, they appeared to

have made the most of their time, for they had grown as intimate as if they had known each other a dozen years. "What a delightful woman!" whispered Monimia, aside, to me. I nodded my assent; for, in truth, Mrs V. did appear to me to be a most fascinating creature. She was all delicacy and disinterestedness! She even offered to give us a day for consideration; but this my wife declared would be taking an unfair advantage of her generosity, considering her situation with respect to Mr Fitzroy Wilmington. We accordingly brought the matter to an issue upon the spot. To save the trouble and expense of appraisement, Mrs V. proposed to take 20 per cent. off the cost price of her fixtures, &c. She had spent a vast deal of money on ornamental repairs, but for this she should charge nothing; neither would she require a premium, notwithstanding the extraordinary cheapness and eligibility of the house. In short, she was a paragon of a landlady; and we seemed mutually charmed with each other, until we got fairly in,—and then—but I must make short work of a long story.

It is quite true, that Mrs Varnish had guaranteed us, in her memorandum of agreement, against any of the nuisances referred to in the schedule I have already presented to my readers; but, gracious goodness! we had to encounter horrors without number, which nothing short of the wisdom of Solomon would have enabled us to avert.

Imprimis.—The house had the dry-rot; and although it was impossible to prove that it was not in "tenantable repair" when we took it, it was equally so to affirm with truth that it might not, some day or other, suddenly tumble about our ears. To add to our confusion, our tenure was a "repairing lease."

Secondly.—Our opposite neighbour kept a private mad-house; and although his patients were not quite so turbulent as some of Mr Warburton's maniacs, they were sufficiently so to be extremely troublesome, on summer evenings more especially. Several of them, too, had an ugly trick of grinning, showing their teeth, and otherwise distorting their features, at the windows, to such a degree, that we could not occupy our front rooms in the day-time, without the risk of being horrified by their demoniacal gesticulations.

Thirdly.—Our next-door neighbour, on the right hand, was no other than our worthy friend Dr Tympanum, the professor of music; a circumstance which, however auspicious it appeared when we first heard of it, turned out in the event, to be a most intolerable nuisance. My good neighbour (whose eminence in his art had been rewarded by a musical diploma), had begun to teach upon the Logerian system, just three days after we were fairly housed. My readers are no doubt aware of the slender texture of a single-brick London party-wall! His classes commenced at

eight o'clock in the morning, and continued (with the exception of an hour's intermission for dinner), until eight in the evening. Merciful heaven! I thought all the devils in Pandemonium had broken loose, and were conspiring to torment me. Strum! strum! strum!—crash! crash! crash!—from no less than twenty pair of hands, from morning to night!

Fourthly.—To escape the annoyance,—at least partially, for to fly from it wholly was impossible—I resolved to make a study of my back drawing-room; but here another evil awaited me. The rear of my house looked directly upon the yard of a “Statuary Mason,” who had no less than two brace of desperadoes, employed constantly in sawing blocks of marble into slabs. No powers of the pen could do justice to a quartetto of such performers. Suffice it to say, that it quite eclipsed the most violent *crescendos* of Dr Tympanum’s concerts.

Fifthly.—My house had been built with green wood. The consequence of which was, that there was not a door that had not shrunk beyond the reach of the latch-bolt; so that we could only keep them closed by setting chairs or tables against them; to say nothing of the windows, which admitted the breezes of heaven in all directions. As to the flooring, it was one continued series of *crevasses*, or abysses, through which the wind rushed with such amazing impetuosity, that it was impossible for a lady to walk over any part of the room uncovered by the carpet, without having her petticoats puffed up like an air balloon. I once read (I think it was in the “Morning Post”), of a respectable old lady who was carried up to a second-floor window in the Strand, by means of the wind, and her tenacious adherence to her umbrella; and after what I have seen of the operation of the same element in my own house, I can believe any thing of it.

Sixthly.—My left-hand neighbour was a good enough sort of a man, of quiet habits and highly respectable character; but a nuisance of the most overwhelming description notwithstanding. He was a wholesale wax and tallow chandler, and what with his “Melting Days” and “Evenings in Grease,” (for his warehouse is directly contiguous to the premises of my friend “The Statuary Mason”) well nigh stunk me into a consumption. Nay, the bare mention of his name, at this distance of time, is equivalent to a dose of emetic tartar.

Seventhly.—But no!—I can stand it no longer. My fire is out—my candle is expiring—and I am almost frozen to an icicle. I have a score more evils yet to enumerate. Pandora found Hope at the bottom of her budget, but I fear I have no such luck. However, *au revoir*, my dear reader! for I have groans without number still to pour into thy kindly-sympathizing ear.

THE BRIDE'S CHOICE.

AWAY—I'll wear no bridal dress,
 No costly jewels bright—
 I'll deck my broken happiness
 In no false wedding white !
 I'll shroud me in the emerald pall
 That lies beneath yon tree,
 And none but Nature's tears shall fall
 In pity over me !

My bed shall be the quiet ground
 My wasted form to fold,
 For hearts like mine it hath been found
 A kind one, though a cold !
 I'd made another resting-place
 For all my hopes and fears,
 But fate has worn a frowning face,
 And smiles have changed to tears.

They've turned me from my hope away—
 They've broken the sweet tie
 That I wound o'er my spirit's play—
 They've made me long to die !
 My cheek is now a page of care,
 Where joy has once been writ ;
 Joy is the mother of Despair
 When Hope's unkind to it !

So lay me in the pleasant grave
 All cover'd o'er with green !
 Though wrong'd through lifetime, I would have
 My tomb as if I'd been
 A happy thing, and sweets were strown
 Upon my sleep, to show
 That I had never sorrow known,
 Had never tasted woe !

I like the mockery that flowers
 Exhibit on the mound
 Beneath which lie the happy hours
 Hearts dreamt, but never found.
 Farewell—farewell ! upon the stone
 That marks my gentle bed,
 Oh write—" Here lies a hapless one
 That lived—that loved—*is* dead ! "

THE SHOEBLACK.

BY DELTA.

Ah little kent thy mother,
That day she cradled thee,
The lands that thou shouldst travel in,
Or the death that thou shouldst dee.

Old Song.

'**HERE** is no such thing as standing still in human life: the wheel of fortune is continually revolving; and we must either rise with it or fall."

'Very true," said my friend, as he emptied his glass, and turned the bottle more round to me; "I will give you a case in point, of which I happened to know myself.

'Some years ago—say fifteen or eighteen—as I was returning from London by the mail-coach, I made halt for a night at one of the London inns. The room into which I was ushered was full of gentlemen and travellers of various cuts and kinds, and from the confused Babel of sound I could occasionally hear a detached sentence on politics—on the theatres—on agriculture—on the late rainy weather—the price of stocks—soft goods—and the petitions of the Roman Catholics. A knot in one corner were discussing supper; others, lounging beside the hearth, toasted their toes; while a third, a more numerous party, half concealed amid puffy exhalations, shed down the flavour of their Havannahs with steaming savoury rum-punch. Being somewhat fatigued, and the assemblage not exactly quite to my taste, I tossed off a sneaker, and rang for Boots, that indispensable actor of all drudgery work at your public establishments for board and lodging.

"In bustled a tall, thin, squalid, miserable-looking creature, his dirty black hair seemingly long unkempt, hanging about his ears in a most admired disorder.' His dress corresponded with his looks; his jacket and waistcoat were of dark fustian, and his trowsers, shabby and shrivelled, bore some traces of having been originally new. Around his neck was twisted a blue cotton handkerchief, and the little of his linen seen, was not only ragged, but dirty. In one hand he carried a boot-jack, and in the other a pair of slippers, while from under his arm depended a dingy towel, perhaps a badge of office. I could not help thinking, as he crossed the room on my summons, 'here is a most lugubrious specimen of *italy*; one of those night-hawks of society, whom it would

scarcely be comfortable to meet with, unarmed, on a solitary road, towards the twilight.'

"With down-looking face, the fellow made a hurried approach to me, as if he had the feeling of his task being a disagreeable one, and the sooner got over the better. As he laid the slippers on the carpet, placed the boot-jack at my foot, and was stooping his shoulder as a fulcrum for assistance in my operations, I caught a distinct glimpse of his faded features. I could not be mistaken. 'Good Heavens!' said I to myself half aloud, 'can it possibly be Harry Melville!'

"After the poor creature had shuffled out of the room in an agitation which did not wholly escape the remark, and provoke the idle laugh of some of the loungers, I hastily rang the bell, and was shown to my sleeping-room by the waiter, whom I requested to bid the person come up who had brought me my slippers.

"I was allowed to pace about for some time in a perplexed and downcast mood, haunted by many a recollection of departed pleasures—by many delightful associations of other years, which contrasted themselves with present dejection, when at length I heard a step timidly approaching the door, and a slight tap was given. I opened it eagerly, and there stood before me the same doleful apparition. I took hold of the poor fellow's hand, and led him to a chair; but no sooner was he seated, and the door shut upon us, than he put his hands over his face, and burst into a flood of tears. When he had become a little more tranquil, I soothed him in the best way I could, and ventured to open my mind to him.

"'Oh! let me alone—let me alone,' he said, sobbing bitterly. 'I have deserved my fate. My own imprudence, more than misfortune, has reduced me to the state you see. Be not sorry for me; I am beneath your regard. I have deserved it all.'

"Having consoled him in the best manner I could, he voluntarily gave me the particulars of his history, which, as far as memory serves me, were nearly to the following effect:—

"Shortly after having been taken into the counting-house of his father,—at that time a considerable West India merchant,—he had married, contrary to the will of his friends, in the hope that the affections of a parent could not long remain estranged to an only son, even though conscious that that son had injured him: Perhaps in this his calculations were not altogether wrong; but at this point foreknowledge failed, and unforeseen circumstances blasted his prospects. The affairs of old Mr Melville were shortly after thrown into disorder by unsuccessful speculation; and matters at length grew so bad as to involve bankruptcy and ruin. The old man was received into the country residence of a relation; but, brought up

in habits of activity and business, his mind could not withstand the dread reverse ; and, after a few listless months, one shock of palsy following another, hurried him off to a not unwelcome grave.

"The penniless and imprudent Henry soon found that he had wedded not only himself, but another, to misery, as the dark night of ruin closed around them. They were both young, and capable of exertion, but, living on the faith of future prospects, and a speedy reconciliation, they had contracted debts, from which they saw no possible way of extricating themselves. Matters grew worse and worse, and at length the poor fellow was afraid to leave his home from fear of bailiffs.

"At length he fell into their hands, and was dragged to jail ; and, on the news being incautiously carried to his young wife, she was seized with convulsions, and perished in giving birth to a child, not unfortunately dead. The heart of the miserable man was rent asunder on learning his domestic calamities ; scorned and despised, friendless and unpitied, he beheld from the iron-bound windows of his prison, the coffin that contained the remains of his wife and child, carried through the streets by strangers to the place of interment, while, yearning with the feelings of the husband and father, he was denied the mournful solace of shedding a tear into their grave.

"Condemned to the social contamination of the base and vile, he endured the wretchedness and the disgrace of confinement for two months, when he was set at liberty by the benefit of the act which so provides, on making oath of surrendering up every thing. Into the world, therefore, was he cast forth, branded and stigmatized, destitute, and beggared in every thing but the generous pride which withheld him from soliciting charity. Bred to no profession, he knew not whereunto to turn his hand ; and misery pressed so hardly upon him, that unhallowed thoughts of suicide began to suggest themselves to his troubled mind. From town to town he wandered, soliciting the situation of clerk in any countinghouse ; but, alas ! he had no references to make as to character, no certificates of former engagements faithfully fulfilled. For days and days together, he had not even a morsel of bread to satisfy the pangs of hunger. To add to his wretchedness, his clothes had become so shabby, from exposure to wind and rain, and sunshine, that he was ashamed to be seen in public, or during daylight,—so lay about the fields and wastes till sunset, when he ventured nearer to human dwellings.

"To have offered himself for any situation in such a squalid condition, would have been certain exposure to contumely, refusal, and suspicion ; and at length the lingering rays of pride which had hitherto sustained him, sank amid the darkness of his destiny.

"Necessity is a stern teacher. Even the face of man, which had sought to shun in his misfortunes, became to him at length sufferance necessary to be borne; so, as he was at first thrust so was he at length drawn back to the dominion of society. From moorland wastes, where he could pick a few wild berries, and the seashore, which afforded some shellfish, he came, by degrees imperceptible but sure, to be a spectator at the corner of streets a hanger-on about stableyards, where he casually earned a few pence by assisting the grooms to carry water, or lead gentlemen's horses. Low is the lowest situation which admits not of promotion; through course of time, my old schoolfellow came to be promoted to the office in which I found him."

"Poor fellow! did you ever hear what became of him afterwards?"

"Yes I did, and a miserable end he had, though redeemed by the spirit of humanity which prompted it. He was killed in rescuing a child, which had fallen before the wheels of the mail-coach, and the grateful parents not only gave him a decent funeral but erected a simple tablet over him, recording his fate, and expressing gratitude."

"It is dreadful to think on the abyss into which a single step from the paths of prudence may precipitate us," said I.

"Yes," answered my friend; "and there are a thousand ways going wrong; while I defy you to go right save by one."

FOUR SONNETS.—BY BARRY CORNWALL.

SPRING.

It is not that sweet herbs and flowers alone
 Start up, like spirits that have lain asleep
 In their great mother's iced bosom deep
 For months; or that the birds, more joyous grown,
 Catch once again their silver summer tone,
 And they who late from bough to bough did creep,
 Now trim their plumes upon some sunny steep,
 And seem to sing of Winter overthrown:
 No—with an equal march the immortal mind,
 As though it never could be left behind,
 Keeps pace with every movement of the year,
 And (for high truths are born in happiness)
 As the warm heart expands, the eye grows clear,
 And sees beyond the slave's or bigot's guess.

SUMMER.

Now have young April and the blue-eyed May
 Vanished awhile, and lo! the glorious June
 (While nature ripens in his burning noon,)
 Comes like a young inheritor; and gay,
 Although his parent months have passed away :
 But his green crown shall wither, and the time
 That ushered in his birth be silent soon,
 And in the strength of youth shall he decay.
 What matters this—so long as in the past
 And in the days to come we live, and feel
 The present nothing worth, until it steal
 Away, and, like a disappointment, die ?
 For Joy, dim child of Hope and Memory,
 Flies ever on before or follows fast.

AUTUMN.

THERE is a fearful spirit busy now ;
 Already have the elements unfurled
 Their banners : the great sea-wave is upcurled :
 The cloud comes : the fierce winds begin to blow
 About, and blindly on their errands go ;
 And quickly will the pale red leaves be hurled
 From their dry boughs, and all the forest world,
 Stripped of its pride, be like a desert show.
 I love that moaning music which I hear
 In the bleak gusts of Autumn, for the soul
 Seems gathering tidings from another sphere,
 And, in sublime mysterious sympathy,
 Man's bounding spirit ebbs, and swells more high,
 Accordant to the billow's loftier roll.

WINTER.

THIS is the eldest of the seasons : he
 Moves not like Spring with gradual step, nor grows
 From bud to beauty, but with all his snows
 Comes down at once in hoar antiquity.
 No rains nor loud proclaiming tempests flee
 Before him, nor unto his time belong
 The suns of summer, nor the charms of song,
 That with May's gentle smiles so well agree.
 But he, made perfect in his birth-day cloud,
 Starts into sudden life with scarce a sound,
 And with a tender footstep prints the ground,
 As though to cheat man's ear : yet while he stays
 He seems as 'twere to prompt our merriest days,
 And bid the dance and joke be long and loud.

A PASSAGE IN HUMAN LIFE.

BY WILLIAM HOWITT.

IN my daily walks into the country, I was accustomed to pass a certain cottage. It was no cottage *orne*;—it was no cottage of romance. It had nothing particularly picturesque about it. It had its little garden, and its vine spreading over its front; but beyond these, it possessed no feature likely to fix it in the mind of a poet, or a novel-writer, and which might induce him to people it with beings of his own fancy. In fact, it appeared to be inhabited by persons as little extraordinary as itself. A good-man of the house it might possess,—but he was never visible. The only inmates I ever saw, were a young woman, and another female in the wane of life, no doubt the mother.

The damsel was a comely, fresh, mild-looking, cottage girl enough; always seated in one spot, near the window, intent on her needle. The old dame was as regularly busied, to and fro, in household affairs. She appeared one of those good housewives, who never dream of rest, except in sleep. The cottage stood so near the road, that the fire at the farther end of the room, showed you, without being rudely inquisitive, the whole interior, in the single moment of passing. A clean hearth, and a cheerful fire, shining upon homely, but neat, and orderly furniture, spoke of comfort; but whether the dame enjoyed, or merely diffused, that comfort, was a problem.

I passed the house many successive days. It was always alike,—the fire shining brightly and peacefully:—the girl seated at her post, by the window;—the housewife going to and fro, catering and contriving, dusting and managing. One morning as I went by there was a change, the dame was seated near her daughter, her arms laid upon the table, and her head reclined upon her arms. I was sure that it was sickness, which had compelled her to that attitude of repose; nothing less could have done it. I felt that I knew *exactly* the poor woman's feelings. She had felt a weariness stealing upon her;—she had wondered at it, and struggled against it, and borne up, hoping it would pass by; till, loth as she was to yield, it had forced submission.

The next day, when I passed, the room appeared as usual: the fire burning pleasantly,—the girl at her needle, but her mother was not to be seen; and glancing my eye upwards, I perceived the blind *close-drawn* in the window above. It is so, I said to myself, *disease is in its progress*. Perhaps it occasions no gloomy fear of conse-

quences, no extreme concern ; and yet who knows how it may end ? It is thus that begin those changes, that draw out the central bolt which holds together families ; which steal away our fire-side faces, and lay waste our affections.

I passed by, day after day. The scene was the same. The fire burning : the hearth beaming clean and cheerful : but the mother was not to be seen ;—the blind was still drawn above. At length I missed the girl ; and, in her place, appeared another woman, bearing considerable resemblance to the mother, but of a quieter habit. It was easy to interpret *this* change. Disease had assumed an alarming aspect ;—the daughter was occupied in intense watching, and caring for the suffering mother ; and the good-woman's sister had been summoned to her bedside, perhaps from a distant spot, and perhaps from her family cares, which no less important an event could have induced her to elude.

Thus appearances continued some days. There was a silence around the house, and an air of neglect within it ;—till, one morning, I beheld the blind drawn in the room *below*, and the window thrown open *above*. The scene was over ;—the mother was removed from her family, and one of those great changes effected in human life, which commence with so little observation, but leave behind them such lasting effects.

GOD AND HEAVEN.

I.

THE silver chord in twain is snapped,
The golden bowl is broken,
The mortal mould in darkness wrapped,
The words funereal spoken ;
The tomb is built, or the rock is cleft,
Or delved is the grassy clod.
And what for mourning man is left ?
O what is left—but God !

II.

The tears are shed that mourned the dead,
The flowers they wore are faded ;
The twilight dun hath veiled the sun,
And hope's sweet dreamings shaded :
And the thoughts of joy that were planted deep,
From our heart of hearts are riven ;
And what is left us when we weep ?
O what is left—but Heaven !

BESSY BELL AND MARY GRAY.

A SCOTTISH LEGEND OF 1666.

BY DELTA.*

It was in the yet Doric days of Scotland (comparing the present with the past) that Kenneth Bell, one of the lairds of the green holms of Kinvaid, having lost his lady by a sudden dispensation of Providence, remained for a long time wrapt up in the reveries of grief, and utterly inconsolable. The tide of affliction was at length fortuitously stemmed by the nourice bringing before him his helpless infant daughter—the very miniature of her departed mother, after whom she had been named.

The looks of the innocent babe recalled the father's heart to a sense of the duties which life yet required of him; and little Bessy grew up in health and beauty, the apple of her father's eye. Nor was his fondness for her diminished, as year after year more fully developed those lineaments which at length ripened into a more matured likeness of her who was gone. She became, as it were, a part of the old man's being; she attended him in his garden walks; rode out with him on her palfrey on sunny mornings; and was as his shadow by the evening hearth. She doted on him with more than a daughter's fondness; and he, at length, seemed bound to earth by no tie save her existence.

It was thus that Bessy Bell grew up to woman's stature; and, in the quiet of her father's hall, she was now in her eighteenth year, a picture of feminine loveliness. All around had heard of the beauty of the heiress of Kinvaid. The cottager who experienced her bounty drank to her health in his homely jug of nut-brown ale; and the squire, at wassail, toasted her in the golden wine-cup.

The dreadful plague of 1666 now fell out, and rapidly spread its devastations over Scotland. Man stood aghast; the fountains of society were broken up; and day after day brought into rural seclusion some additional proofs of its fearful ravages. Nought was heard around but the wailings of deprivation; and omens in the heavens and on the earth heralded miseries yet to come.

Having been carried from Edinburgh (in whose ill-ventilated closes and wyndes it had made terrible havoc) across the Frith of Forth, the northern counties were now thrown into alarm, and families broke up, forsaking the towns and villages to disperse

* From the "Forget Me Not," 1831.

themselves under the freer atmosphere of the country. Among others, the laird of Kinvaid trembled for the safety of his beloved child, and the arrival of young Bruce, of Powfoulis Priory, afforded him an excellent opportunity of having his daughter escorted to Lynedoch, the residence of a warmly attached friend and relative.

Under the protection of this gallant young squire, Bessy rode off on the following morning, and, the day being delightful, the young pair, happy in themselves, forgot, in the beauty of nature, the miseries that encompassed them.

Besides being a youth of handsome appearance and engaging manners, young Bruce had seen a good deal of the world, having for several years served as a member of the body guard of the French king. He had returned from Paris only a few months before, and yet wore the cap and plume peculiar to the distinguished corps to which he still belonged. The heart of poor Bessy Bell was as sensitive as it was innocent and unsophisticated; and, as her protector made his proud steed fret and curvet by her side, she thought to herself, as they rode along, that he was like one of the knights concerning whom she had read in romance, and, unknown to herself, there awoke in her bosom a feeling to which it had hitherto been a stranger.

Her reception at Lynedoch was most cordial; nor the less so, perhaps, on the part of the young lady of that mansion, because her attendant was Bruce, the secret but accepted suitor for the hand of Mary Gray. Ah! had this mystery been once revealed to Bessy Bell, what a world of misery it would have saved her!

From the plague had our travellers been flying; but the demon of desolation was here before them, and the smoke was ceasing to ascend from many a cottage-hearth. It became necessary that the household of Lynedoch should be immediately dispersed. Bruce and Lynedoch remained in the vicinity of the dwelling-house, and a bower of turf and moss was reared for the young ladies on the pastoral banks of the Brauchie-burn, a tributary of the Almond.

It was there that Bessy Bell and Mary Gray lived for a while in rural seclusion, far from the bustle and parade of gay life, verifying in some measure what ancient poetry hath feigned of the golden age. Bruce was a daily visitant at the bower by the Brauchie-burn: he wandered with them through the green solitudes; and, under the summer sun and a blue sky, they threaded oftentimes together the mazes of "many a bosky bourne and bushy dell." They chased the fantastic squirrel from bough to bough, and scared the thieving little weasel from the linnet's nest. Under a great tree they would seat themselves, as Bruce read aloud some story of

chivalry, romance, or superstition, or soothed the listless hours of the afternoon with the delightful tones of the shepherd's pipe. More happy were they than the story-telling group, each in turn a queen, who, in like manner, flying from the pestilence which afflicted Florence, shut themselves up in its delightful gardens, relating those hundred tales of love which have continued to delight posterity in the glowing pages of Boccaccio.

Under whatever circumstances it is placed, human nature will be human nature still. When the young and the beautiful meet together freely and unreservedly, the cold restraints of custom and formality must be thrown aside; friendship kindles into a warmer feeling, and love is generated. Could it be otherwise with our ramblers in their green solitude?

Between Mary Gray and young Bruce a mutual and understood attachment had long subsisted; indeed they only waited his coming of age to be united in the bonds of wedlock; but the circumstance, for particular reasons, was cautiously concealed within their own bosoms. Even to Bessy Bell, her dearest and most intimate companion, Mary had not revealed it. To disguise his real feelings, Bruce was outwardly less marked in his attention to his betrothed than to her friend; and, in her susceptibility and innocent confidence, Bessy Bell too readily mistook his kind assiduities for marks of affection and proofs of love. A new spirit began to pervade her whole being, almost unknown to herself; she looked on the scenes around her with other eyes; and life changed in the hues it had previously borne to the gaze of her imagination. In the absence of Bruce she became melancholy and abstracted. He seemed to her the being who had been born to render her blessed; and futurity appeared, without his presence, like the melancholy gloom of a November morning.

The physiological doctrine of temperaments we leave to its difficulties; although we confess, that in Bessy Bell and Mary Gray something spoke in the way of illustration.

The countenance of Bessy was one of light and sunshine. Her eyes were blue, her hair flaxen, her complexion florid. She might have sate for a picture of Aurora. Every thing about her spoke of "the innocent brightness of the new-born day." Mary Gray was in many things the reverse of this, although perhaps equally beautiful. Her features were more regular; she was taller, even more elegant in figure; and had in her almost colourless cheeks, lofty pale brow, and raven ringlets, a majesty which nature had denied to her unconscious rival. The one was all buoyancy and smiles; the other subdued passion, deep feeling, and quiet reflection.

Bruce was a person of the finest sense of honour ; and, finding that he had unconsciously and unintentionally made an impression on the bosom-friend of his betrothed, became instantly aware that it behoved him to take some step to dispel the unfortunate illusion. Fortunately the time was speedily approaching, which called him to return, for a season, to his military post in France ; but the idea of parting from Mary Gray had become doubly painful to his feelings, from the consideration of the circumstances under which he was obliged to leave her. The ravages of death were extending instead of abating ; and the general elements themselves seemed to have become tainted with the unwholesomeness. There was an unrefreshing languor in the air ; the sky wore a coppery appearance, and over the face of the sun was drawn as it were a veil of blood. Imagination might no doubt magnify these things ; but victims were falling around on every side ; and no Aaron, as in the days of hoary antiquity, now stood between the living and the dead, to bid the plague be stayed.

With a noble resolution Bruce took his departure, and sorrow, like a cloud, brooded over the bower by the Brauchie-burn. Mary sat in a quiet, melancholy abstraction ; but ever and anon the tears dropped down the cheeks of Bessy Bell, as her "softer soul in woe dissolved aloud." Love is lynx-eyed, and Mary saw too well what was passing in the mind of her friend ; but, with a kind consideration, she allowed the lapse of a few days to moderate the turbulence of her feelings ere she ventured to impart the cruel truth. So unlooked for, so unexpected was the disclosure, that for a while she harboured a spirit of unbelief ; but conviction at once flashed over her, extinguishing every hope, when she was shown a beautiful necklace of precious stones, which Bruce had presented to his betrothed on the morning of his bidding adieu to the bower of the Brauchie-burn. As it were by magic, a change came over the spirit of Bessy Bell. She dried her tears, hung on the neck of her friend, endeavoured to console her in her separation from him who loved her, and bore up with a heroism seemingly almost incompatible with the gentle softness of her nature. She clasped the chain round the neck of Mary, and, kneeling, implored Heaven speedily to restore the giver to her arms.

Fatal had been that gift ! It had been purchased by Bruce from a certain Adonijah Baber, a well-known Jewish merchant of Perth, who had amassed considerable riches by traffic. Taking advantage of the distracted state of the times, this man had allowed his thirst after lucre to overcome his better principles, and lead him into lawless dealings with the wretches who went about abstracting valuables from infected or deserted mansions. As a punishment

for his rapacity, death was thus in a short time brought to his own household, and he himself perished amid the unavailing wealth which sin had accumulated.

Fatal had been that gift!—In a very little while Mary sickened; and her symptoms were those of the fearful malady afflicting the nation. Bessy Bell was fully aware of the danger; but, with an heroic self-devotion, she became the nurse of her friend; and, when all others kept aloof, administered, though vainly, to her wants. Her noble and generous mind was impressed with the conviction that she owed some reparation for the unintentional wound which she might have inflicted on the feelings of Mary, in having appeared to become her rival in the affections of her betrothed.

As an almost necessary consequence, she was herself seized with the malady of death. The evening heard them singing hymns together—midnight listened to the ravings of delirium—the morning sun shone into the bower of death, where all was still!

The tragedy was consummated ere yet Bruce had set sail for France; but the news did not reach him for a considerable time, the communication between the two countries being interrupted. His immediate impulse was to volunteer into the service of the German emperor, by whom he was attached to a squadron sent to assist Sobieski of Poland against the Turks. He never returned and was supposed to have fallen shortly afterwards, in one of the many sanguinary encounters that ensued.

The old Laird of Kinvaid awoke from the paroxysm of his grief to a state of almost dotage, yet occasionally a glimpse of the past would shoot across his mind; for, in wandering vacantly about his dwelling, he would sometimes exclaim, in the spirit so beautifully expressed in the Arabian manuscript, "Where is my child?" and Echo answered, "Where?"

The burial vaults of both the Kinvaid and Lynedoch families who were related, were in the church of Methven; but, according to a wish said to have been expressed by the two young friends "who were lovely in their lives, and in death were not divided, they were buried near a beautiful bank of the Almond. Several of the poets of Scotland have sung their hapless fate: Lednoch bank has become classic in story; and, during the last century and a half, many thousands of enthusiastic pilgrims have visited the spot, which the late proprietor of Lynedoch has enclosed with particular care.

Of the original ballad only a few lines remain: they are full of nature and simple pathos.

Bessy Bell and Mary Gray

They were twa bonny lasses ;
They biggit a bower on yon burn brae,
And theekit it owre wi' rashes.

They wouldna lie in Methven kirk

Beside their gentle kin ;
But they would lie on Lednoch bras,
To beek them in the sun.

MACKRIMMON'S LAMENT.

AIR—" *Cha till mi tuille.*" (' *We return no more.*')

Mackrimmon, hereditary piper to the Laird of Macleod, is said to have composed this lament when the Clan was about to depart upon a distant and dangerous expedition. The Minstrel was impressed with a belief, which event verified, that he was to be slain in the approaching feud ; and see the Gaelic words, " *Cha till mi tuille ; ged thillis Macleod, cha till Macrimmon,*" " I shall never return : although Macleod returns, yet Macrimmon shall never return !" The piece is but too well known, from being the strain with which the emigrants from the West Highlands and as usually take leave of their native shore.

MACLEOD's wizard flag from the grey castle sallies,
The rowers are seated, unmoored are the galleys ;
Gleam war-axe and broad-sword, clang target and quiver,
As Mackrimmon sings, " Farewell to Dunvegan for ever !
Farewell to each cliff, on which breakers are foaming ;
Farewell each dark glen, in which red deer are roaming ;
Farewell lonely Skye, to lake, mountain, and river ;
Macleod may return, but Mackrimmon shall never !

" Farewell the bright clouds that on Quillan are sleeping ;
Farewell the bright eyes in the Dun that are weeping ;
To each minstrel delusion, farewell !—and for ever—
Mackrimmon departs, to return to you never !
The Banshee's wild voice sings the death dirge before me,
The pall of the dead for a mantle hangs o'er me ;
But my heart shall not flag, and my nerves shall not shiver,
Though devoted I go—to return again never !

" Too oft shall the notes of Mackrimmon's bewailing
Be heard when the Gael on their exile are sailing ;
Dear land ! to the shores, whence unwilling we sever,
Return—return—return we shall never !
Cha till, cha till, cha till sin tuille !
Cha till, cha till, cha till sin tuille,
Cha till, cha till, cha till sin tuille,
Ged thillis Macleod, cha till Macrimmon.

THE SORROWS OF WERTER.*

Miss ALICE, or, as she called herself, Miss Alicia, Gaper, a small featured, affected little woman, about the age of eight and thirty; she lived in the village of Horsing gradually, from being the youngest at tea parties, after side tables through her teens, and flirting through five or six generations of curates and attorneys, she found herself still maiden name, but rather looked up to as a senior in the village.

It was easy, from the style of her conversation, to discover that she had been last studying; as she uniformly heroine of it her model, and was gay or melancholy, or sentimental, just as the author had described. I was assured after studying Rob Roy, she covered her locks with a veil, and was thrown by her donkey, generally the most patient of quadrupeds, into a ditch half filled with water, in gallop over a hedge in imitation of the hunting exploits of Vernon.

One evening a party of the village fashionables were at her house at tea. Among the guests was Mr Mordent, a centric old gentleman, who, in spite of the most benignant the kindest manners in the world, was an object of general aversion to the neighbourhood, and of particular aversion to Miss Gaper. His remarks, however severe, could scarcely be taken at any point where he blamed another he was sure to lay the burden on himself; and who can quarrel with a man for one of a fault, of which he confesses that he himself is equally guilty?

"It is, indeed, a most interesting volume," said Miss Gaper, looking very sentimental. "His declaration of love is one of the finest scenes in the world, and so very, very natural; do you think so, Mr Mordent?"—"My dear Miss Gaperling, the gentleman thus referred to, with one of his sweetest smiles, at *our* time of life should never express any opinion of a young man. We must leave it to those who are twenty years younger than we are."—"Well," said the lady, tossing her head, and glaring temptuously at her benevolent looking guest, "I only said it was very natural. And then they are both so handsome; so gallant and bold, and Annabella so beautiful with her black eyes —"—"Ah Miss Alicia, Miss Alicia, you have never owed any thing to nature in the way of good looks."

have strength of mind enough to despise the advantages of beauty, and be reconciled to the plainness that fate has bestowed on us. Nobody will ever think less of you and me because we happen to be old and ugly."

This was said with one of his most friendly looks, and the lady thought it better to turn to some other subject, as she considered herself too much a "woman of mind" to show her vexation. She addressed herself, therefore, to Mrs Tompkins, who was as unintellectual a being as a woman with a red face and the name of Tompkins ought to be, and inquired if there were any news in the village.

"No indeed, Miss Alice, there's no news at all, except that Mr Tompkins has let the cottage."—"Indeed!" cried Miss Alicia, "and who is going to live with the eglantine and roses, in that most beautiful and romantic retirement? Oh, what a place for a poet or a lover! He *must* be a man of mind."

"I do not know the gentleman's name, and nothing at all about his mind, except that he seems to have a mind to live very retired."—"Is it love?" sighed Miss Alicia; "oh, yes, it *must* be love. He has seen his soul's idol plighted to another; he has seen his rival happy; he has retired from the uncongenial society of the world to ejaculate words of comfort to his own bruised spirit."—"Perhaps," said Mr Mordent, with his usual smile, "perhaps, Miss Alicia, for you know the best of us are liable to be led astray, he may be a swindler come down to prey on the unwary: but luckily for us, *we* have neither beauty, nor youth, nor riches enough to tempt him: so you see grey hairs and poverty are as sure a protection to weakness as even wisdom or experience." This he accompanied with a congratulatory shake of the hand, as, greatly to the company's relief, he rose to take his leave. But they still heard him at the door talking with great kindness and condescension to Betty, the maid, who had unfortunately lost an eye:—"My dear Betty, take care of the night air, it is very hurtful to the eyes. You and I, who have partly lost our sight, should be very careful of what remains. It cannot possibly remain to us long. Ah! Betty, Betty, we shall both be stone blind soon."

A week had nearly passed, and Miss Alicia's endeavours to ascertain the quality of the stranger had hitherto been in vain; at least she had acquired no certain information on which to ground her theory. She had never even seen the individual in question; but had been informed that he was little and stout, and had a sallow and wan complexion. She had also been informed that he was without a name. "O Miss Alicia!" said one of the Miss Tompkins, "*only think; pa's lodger has never a name!*" "How child, never

a name! He is Bel-tenebroso; he has left his natal halls: just as I suspected, he is in love."—"La! Miss Alicia, how can say so? I am sure he is not worth being in love with! Such thin, sallow, withered, little mannikin. I would not say thank for a dozen such any day."

"A letter has come to the post office, directed 'U. U. Cauliflo Hut, to be forwarded immediately,' they were just going to send up when the little man came down. Will you not come out: see him? he is such a queer little object, you cannot think."

On arriving at the library a stranger was standing at the counter unfortunately with his face entirely hidden from any one in shop. He was engaged in reading, and accompanied the part with sundry pshaws! and hems! which, to Miss Alicia's excited imagination, bore a great resemblance to groans. She caught glimpse of the point of a very snub nose, which was rather more red than the points of heroes' noses are imagined to be; and, in husky voice, he muttered something to the librarian, of which only "miserable epistle," met the ears of Miss Alicia. Hoping to attract the stranger's attention, she simpered, as she turned over leaves of a volume, "A delightful book! Oh, how I have wept over those unutterable woes!" The stranger turned about to wonder at this heroic speech, and gazed on the fair speaker. His eyes, which appeared red and bleared to Miss Tompkins, to Miss Alicia seemed swimming in tears, and inflamed with weeping.

"Yes!" she continued, "who could bear such treatment from a woman as he from his unkind Charlotte! I have sighed for him over his misery, and shed many a tender happy tear over the sorrows of the disconsolate Werter!"—"My eyes!" cried the stranger, "have they got me down in a book already?"—"You, sir!" said Miss Alicia, in the greatest agitation, "you, sir! Do I then speak to the injured, loving, amiable, disconsolate, and afflicted Werter?"—"To be sure you do, all that, and an unconscionable deal more."—"Gad, madam, my sorrows are enough to drive a man mad."—"congratulate myself. I am profoundly happy to have encountered the melancholy lover. So the ball had no effect? you did not hurt yourself? you recovered? But you still love your Charlotte, and write to her in those touching strains, still kiss her hand-writing in return, though the drying-sand grit in your teeth?"

During this address the little red-nosed gentleman looked utterly confounded. He stood with his hands in his pockets and his eyes fixed on the speaker: and after she had concluded he still gazed at her for some time, and slowly muttering "kill yourself, love your Charlotte, kiss her hand-writing with the sand gritting in your teeth,—poor lady! you're rather cracked in the upper story, I

pet." Saying this and shaking his head he walked out of the shop, and had disappeared before she recovered from her astonishment.

It is impossible to describe the feelings of Miss Alicia on this momentous occasion. Joy at meeting with so distinguished a character, and surprise at his unceremonious behaviour, together with an eager desire of discovering the cause of his retirement, threw the unhappy damsel into a fever of curiosity. Long did she ponder on the means to be pursued to acquire the wished-for information; and at last she resolved to carry on her approaches by means of an anonymous letter. Accordingly, next day, after many hours severe application, and going over all the romantic letters of the kind she had ever met with, she sent her one-eyed maid to Cauliflower Hut, with the following epistle; and recollecting that U. U. was the address mentioned by Miss Tompkins, she directed it "To the Unfortunate Unknown."

"One of the softer sex, whose bosom palpitates with sympathetic emotions, offers the tribute of her condolence to the Hermit of the Hut. To soothe the unhappy's woes, and pour the balm of consolation into the bosom of disaster, through the funnel of sympathy, is a task fit for angels, or even for Oriana herself. Thy sorrows, oh miserable and over-clouded with griefs! are well known. Thy Charlotte's cruelty has awakened an echo of platonism and pity for thee in every one who has a heart. But wherefore resign thyself to solitude and suffering? Wherefore mourn over the past, or, gracious Heaven! wherefore muse on the means of self-destruction? The pistol, once ineffectual, may be fatal next time. And oh! above all remember that thy Charlotte, hapless Werter! is the wife of another!"

After having despatched this sublime effusion, she waited impatiently the arrival of Mrs Tompkins and a few of the other village magnates to tea.—"It is so odd," said Miss Alicia, "that one so well known should ever have come to settle in our quiet neighbourhood: and he speaks English too remarkably well, but still I can trace the foreign accent."—"Is he a foreigner?" exclaimed Mrs Tompkins, in manifest alarm, "Dear me, I hope Mr T. has seen into his means, for it would be a great loss to us if he can't pay the fifteen pounds for the cottage."—"Oh, my dear Mrs Tompkins, if you had seen his letters; they breathe such purity of sentiments, with delicacy of thought, that though all his love is addressed to another's wife—" "Oh, the nasty, sallow-faced, red-nosed, little, ugly rascal! What! all that nonsense and flummery to another man's wife! I won't allow him to stay at the cottage! I have daughters to protect; and besides, who knows but the whip-

per snapper might begin writing some of his *abominations*!"

Mr Mordent was just smiling before one of his kind responses, when the door opened, and, to the horror of the party, the stranger himself walked into the room. "ladies," he said, in the same husky voice as before, "liberty of coming in here to ask if you haven't a girl, wants an eye?"—"I have, sir," said Miss Alicia, "a do by the will of fate and the blow of a stick, is deprived of ocular members."—"I know'd it—and what the devil tell you, madam, for to send your blinking maid with a letter to my house? Who told you as ever I was an Unknown?"—"Sir," replied the lady, "deprived as you Charlotte"—"My Charlotte!—I know I'm deprived more's my luck in getting free from her: and how dare I say she was another man's wife?—She is *my* wife—say I."

"I perceive, sir," said Mr Mordent, "you are a great forbearance and observation. The lady I fear has you for another gentleman of the same name. A coincidence most probably."

"Well, sir, that may be as it may. But it is rather be plagued with letters from a crazy old maid."—"By melancholy Werter," sighed the bewildered Alice. "my name, madam, since you *will* find people's names in Whirter. I kept a shop in St Martin's Lane, and silver thimbles, and such like, till my wife—Charlotte—she takes it into her head to be master. Every thing to rack and ruin; and she did not mind throwing—not a bit. She nearly pecked this here eye out with a toisesshell comb, and dismolded two of my teeth with a box.—So when she set off for her diversion down to some such place, I sold off the stock, and left her an al paid by a neighbour when she comes back;—and I come here with the property I have saved, hoping for peace; when, instead of that, I gets nothing but letters pathy, and balms, and funnels."

"So you are not Werter after all!" said Miss Alicia, a merchant of combs and thimbles—how cruelly I have deceived!"

THE WALL-FLOWER.*

'WHY loves my flower, the sweetest flower
That swells the golden breast of May,
Thrown rudely o'er this ruin'd tower,
To waste the solitary day?

'Why, when the mead, the spicy vale,
The grove and genial garden call,
Will she her fragrant soul exhale
Unheeded on the lonely wall?

'For never sure was beauty born,
To live in death's deserted shade!
Come lovely flower, my banks adorn,
My banks for life and beauty made.'

Thus *pity* wak'd the tender thought;
And, by her sweet persuasion led,
To seize the hermit flower I sought,
And bear her from her stony bed.

I sought,—but sudden on mine ear
A voice in hollow murmurs broke,
And smote my heart with holy fear—
The Genius of the Ruin spoke.

'From thee be far th' ungentle deed,
The honours of the dead to spoil,
Or take the sole remaining meed,
The flower that crowns the former toil!

'Nor deem that flower the garden's foe,
Or fond to grace this barren shade;
'Tis *nature* tells her to bestow
Her honours on the lonely dead.

'For this, obedient zephyrs bear
Her light seeds round yon turret's mould,
And undispers'd by tempests there,
They rise in vegetable gold.

'Nor shall thy wonder wake to see
Such desert scenes distinction crave;
Oft have they been, and oft shall be
Truth's, honour's, valour's, beauty's grave.

* From Langhorne's "Fables of Flora." This piece is remarkable as being one from which the Author of *Waverley* has taken several of his mottoes.

- ' Where longs to fall that rifted spire,
As weary of th' insulting air ;
The poet's thought, the warrior's fire,
The lover's sighs are sleeping there.
- ' When that, too, shades the trembling ground,
Borne down by some tempestuous sky,
And many a slumbering cottage round
Startles—how still their hearts will lie !
- ' Of them who, wrapp'd in earth so cold,
No more the smiling day shall view,
Should many a tender tale be told ;
For many a tender thought is due.
- ' Hast thou not seen some lover pale,
When ev'ning brought the pensive hour,
Step slowly o'er the shadowy vale,
And stop to pluck the frequent flower ?
- ' Those flowers he surely meant to strew
On lost *affection's* lowly cell,
Tho' there, as fond remembrance grew,—
Forgotten from his hand they fell.
- ' Has not for thee the fragrant thorn
Been taught her first rose to resign ?
With vain but pious fondness borne,
To deck thy Nancy's honour'd shrine !
- ' 'Tis *nature* pleading in the breast,
Fair memory of her works to find ;
And when to fate she yields the rest,
She claims the monumental mind.
- ' Why, else, the o'ergrown paths of time
Would thus the letter'd sage explore,
With pain these crumbling ruins climb,
And on the doubtful sculpture pore ?
- ' Why seeks he with unwearied toil
Through death's dim walk to urge his way,
Reclaim his long-asserted spoil,
And lead *Oblivion* into day ?'

A STORY OF MODERN HONOUR.

BY LORD MORPETH.*

well acquainted with two young men who made their first
ance in the society of London at about the same period, Lord
ore and Mr Severn. Many things appeared to have fallen
bare of each in nearly equal portions, such as considerable
great advantages of personal appearance, and brilliant men-
wments; upon both, it is almost needless to add, the world
brightly, and smiled kindly. Perhaps, however, the points
ence were even more striking than those of resemblance
them: in the very matter of their good looks, for instance,
I have alluded, Lord Oranmore was extremely dark, his
nce serious and even stern, his figure lofty and imposing:
lexion of his contemporary was fair, and was particularly
ble for the open and radiant expression of his features. If
en writing a tale or novel, I should probably have presented
hem to my reader at once by informing him that Salvator
uld have shadowed the outline of Oranmore beneath one
raggy rocks, or blighted trees; and that Raphael might
ected Severn for a student in the school of Athens, or a
n the group round St Cecilia. I shall, perhaps, as briefly
n impression of their moral characteristics by stating that
re was frequently told that in many particulars he bore a
emblance to Lord Byron, and that Severn had occasionally
nonished by some of his most attached friends, that if he
ake very good care, he would end in being a saint.
revailing tone of society may be estimated in some degree
manner in which these opposite suggestions were received
rties to whom they were addressed, "You really flatter
uch," modestly protested Lord Oranmore. "I trust not
t, either," sensitively remonstrated Mr Severn.
me inference might have been drawn from occurrences in
aviour. Severn unaffectedly wished to be religious, and
is practice ostentatiously benevolent; but at no time was
known to have appeared so grievously annoyed, as when
een casually overheard administering appropriate consol-
dying servant; and Oranmore upon one occasion spent an
ght at a country-house, where he was staying with a large
pacing up and down his apartment, because he knew that
be heard underneath; not with the malicious purpose of

* From "The Keepsake." 1831.

giving a bad night to the unfortunate tenants of the first floor, for he was by no means an ill-natured person, but that he might gain the credit due to a disturbed conscience and a mysterious remorse.

Society, rigidly exclusive as to persons, but amiably lax as to characters, thought fit, in the exercise of its high caprice, to smile with nearly equal favour on the mitigated demon and qualified angel of my story; it happened, consequently, that few were the assemblies and dinners at which they did not meet. This most unsought-for frequency of contact brought the natural dissonance of their feelings yet more strikingly into evidence, so that before their first season was half over, they had begun to entertain, and even to display, towards each other sentiments first of jealousy, then of dislike, in which Oranmore bitterly indulged, and against which Severn sincerely, but feebly, struggled. In the brilliant career which was opening before them, while success seemed common to both, the spheres of their ascendancy were not precisely the same. Men liked Severn best. Women talked most of Oranmore: few were the partners who could command attention when his forehead was discerned in the distance towering above the crowd; chaperons shrank while they stared; and no servant could ever succeed in getting rid of an ice in the opposite direction. But in politics, Severn had a decided advantage; though both had spoken in the House of Commons with great talent and effect, he was readier, more judicious, and more popular; and perhaps this was brought home to Oranmore's conviction still more forcibly, because they happened to be upon the same side—that of Opposition. He was therefore obliged to assent, to cheer, and to praise, as well as to envy.

But worse remained behind. In love—in the heart of woman Oranmore's own domain—the star of his rival prevailed. Lady Alice Bohun had refused him, and was now listening with evident satisfaction to the addresses of Severn.

About this time an important debate had taken place in the House, and Severn had made a brilliant and most effective speech: the adversary who followed him paid a high compliment to his oratory, and a member who piqued himself upon his independence rose to inform him that it had made him a convert. No success could have been more unequivocal, as Oranmore felt, while the idea annoyed and irritated him. Men are frequently drawn irresistibly on to be witnesses of the triumph at which their very soul sickens; and when Severn stopped in his way home to sup at the club with a cohort of applauding friends, Oranmore sat down at the table with them. Upon his countenance sat a placid, and to

him unusual smile. "At all events, I shall hear the worst of all they can say in his praise," was his inward rumination.

The spirits of those who sat around that board mounted high: the debate had been animated, the division close, the victory on their side; and the wine was abundant. Severn talked most, and laughed loudest; Oranmore drank deepest.

"By the way, what a lame reply the secretary made to your speech, Severn," said Sir Matthew Poynding; "you had taken it out of him."

The orator assented. "I never heard so bad a speech in my whole life."

"I cannot quite think that," interposed Oranmore; "I have heard him make better; but I believe a man of his genius could not make a bad one, if he tried."

"He could not make a bad speech!" echoed Sir Matthew.

"He could not make a bad speech!" re-echoed that patriot company.

"Come, come! he has offered Oranmore a place," cried Severn.

There was a flush in the cheek, and a flash from the eye, and a quivering on the lip, and the countenance of Oranmore was again placid.

"Ministers must go out after this division," said Mr Pymden.

"And who will be sent for in that case?" added Mr Ham.

"Why, Severn is the man for the country," roared out Sir Matthew; "is not he, Oranmore?"

"I wish you would have the goodness, Sir Matthew, not to spill your wine over me."

"Don't tell me—Pitt was two years younger when he was premier."

"Well, if you are minister, Severn, pray, remember me!" was the postulate of Ham.

"And me, too," was the corollary of Pymden.

"By all means, gentlemen: you, Sir Matthew, shall have the Board of Trade; the Colonies for Ham; and Pymden shall be at the Mint; and what place will you choose, Oranmore?"

"Place!—place for me!" shouted Oranmore; "and from you, of all mankind—you puppet of a patriot—who, even in the first burst of your shallow popularity, cannot smother your craving for self and power."

"Hey-day! what are these heroics, Oranmore?"

"They are no heroics, Severn; they are the plainest terms which suggest themselves to express my unmeasured contempt

for your pretensions to patriotism, and your assumptions of honesty."

"It is better to assume any thing, than the principles of an infidel and the language of a bully."

"Those words, at least, must be answered elsewhere. I shall be found at my lodging."

"Oranmore! we are warm, and have both drank too much; we cannot tell what we are doing; here is my hand."

"Ay, take it, Oranmore," said Sir Matthew; "we must not have two of our thorough-going ones quarrel."

"I would not touch it to save his pale soul from hell. Severn, you are a cringing, canting coward!"

Oranmore left the room.

The patriots might possibly have interposed: but Pymden was fast asleep; Ham was dead drunk; Sir Matthew said it would do their side harm if one of them had put up with being called a coward: Mr M'Taggart of M'Taggart had made it a rule never to mix himself up in such proceedings; and the rest were Irishmen.

It was arranged that Sir Matthew, who seemed to be the most sober of the party, should proceed to Lord Oranmore's lodging and there speedily settled by him and an equally serviceable ally upon the other side, that a meeting should take place at seven o'clock the next morning, in a field behind Hammersmith.

Severn, hurried and bewildered, felt a strong desire to see Lady Alice before that decisive rencounter, the necessity of which he rather had passively acquiesced in than deliberately recognized. He remembered that she was then hard by at Almack's Wednesday ball; and thither accordingly he repaired to find her.

There are those, among the most well-meaning, who frown indiscriminately upon places of gay resort; who maintain that they all unfit the mind alike for graver duties and higher intercourse. I, on the other hand, with unfeigned deference to the sincerity of such opinions, am still inclined to think that, like almost every thing else, they may be turned to profit as well as to abuse; that at the crowded assembly, the listening concert, the applauding theatre emotions may be awakened and watched; associations touched and moulded; opportunities suggested and improved upon, so as to amend and adorn existence. This reflection has arisen from what now took place. As Severn stood in the midst of that full and brilliant room, with his head leaning back upon one of the pillars which support the orchestra, the sights of gaiety and the sounds of harmony which surrounded him produced a sudden revulsion of feeling. The sense of duties, obligations, and hopes, became more

vivid to his mind, and he half audibly murmured, "I must not shed his blood—God forbid that!—I must not let him shed mine."

But to mere emotion let no man ever trust. At this moment he saw, through a sudden opening in the throng, Lady Alice Bohun approaching him, bright in attire, radiant with smiles, flushed with the exercise of the dance that was just over, and lovely, even beyond her loveliness. She had not perceived him, but was conversing with Lord George Glenearn, upon whose arm she leaned, with great apparent animation.

"Oh, Mr Severn! I had not seen you before. Thank you, Lord George; this is my place. When did you come, Mr Severn?"

"This very moment; the House has not been up long."

"How could I forget to wish you joy upon your speech! The whole room is full of it. They say that it was by far the most beautiful thing that ever was heard, and that—But do you know you are not looking well?"

"A little knocked up, perhaps. You seem very, very well."

"It is a perfect ball. I have just been dancing, too, with Lord George Glenearn, and nobody is half so entertaining; though I am almost angry with myself for being so much amused by him, as you know they told a very ugly story of him two or three years ago about his not fighting when he ought."

"Lady Alice, I believe I am to have the honour this dance," interposed a tripping little clerk in the colonial office, and up struck the quadrilles in *La Dame Blanche*.

Severn walked home at a rapid pace, flung off his clothes, and then, from the mere force of habit, before stepping into bed, knelt down to pray. That act first recalled to him the power of recollection at least, if not of reflection. Four or five several times, with his fevered head upon his burning hands, he attempted to articulate the accustomed words, but still found in them something that stopped him. "It will not do!" he exclaimed, and sprang into bed.

He slept instantly, and soundly, till roused by Sir Matthew in the morning. With but one determination—not to think—he dressed, allowed himself to be forced to swallow some breakfast, and was seated in the chariot at the side of his—friend!

"Well, I will say, however, I never saw a fellow cooler in my life," observed the admiring baronet.

"Only have the goodness not to talk to me," was the somewhat ungrateful rejoinder.

The injunction produced its effect for five minutes, when Sir Matthew took a hint from some piece of ground which they passed, and launched off into a circumstantial detail of all the political duels

which had occurred in his time, and which, as it entailed no interchange of communication, Severn allowed to proceed without further interruption.

When they arrived upon the ground, they found their antagonists in readiness. The seconds made the necessary arrangements, and the principals took their places, exchanging at the time signs haughty but calm recognition. They had entertained for each other, since the period of their first acquaintance, feelings of distaste, if not of ill-will; they had now met for the most hostile purpose that can bring human creatures together, yet they had probably never before experienced so little of mutual repugnance. Oranmore felt that he had been the most to blame in the original quarrel, and Severn condemned no one but himself for his present position.

A signal was given: Severn fired steadily, but without being observed, into the air; the shot of Oranmore did not take effect. It had been determined by the seconds that, after language of so little qualified a character, the honour of the parties required the purification of a second fire, supposing the first to have been ineffectual. Fresh pistols were accordingly supplied, and a second signal given with great rapidity, which entirely precluded the combatants from taking either aim or thought. Oranmore missed again, but received in his breast the bullet of Severn.

He fell flat and heavy.—Where are the words to tell what moment was when that sight crossed the eyes of his opponent?

The wounded man was put upon a plank and carried into an adjoining farm-house. The surgeon in attendance announced that he would not live above an hour. Oranmore, who retained entire possession of all his faculties, heard the intelligence, and immediately asked for Severn.

"He is standing by your bed. We could not get him to leave you."

"Come near to me, Severn; take my hand—I refused yours last night. You must forgive me for having led you into this scene of horror.—The blame is mine!—I am very weak, and you must take measures for escape."

"Live, live, if you would not make me miserable—mad! I live to rescue my soul from guilt and anguish—from blood and murder!—Live, that I may devote my life to serve, to appreciate you to make atonement to you!—Live, to save and bless me!—I know not what I say or think!—Live! *but* live! brave and gifted Oranmore!"

Here he was absolutely forced into the carriage by Sir Matthew, but he had at least the consolation of learning afterwards that

adied, it might be hoped, in sincere, because it appeared in
penitence.

heard his companion arrange the whole plan of his flight, and
expressed his acquiescence; but when he perceived that,
absolved his mind upon this point, that exemplary politician
about to enter upon an enumeration of the probable divisions
ould miss, and more especially to regret that he would not be
bear any part in an important motion of Ham's which stood
next Tuesday, there was something in his countenance which
even Sir Matthew into silence.

on their arrival in town, while Sir Matthew, more pleased to
active service, than in close contact with so unsociable a re-
was occupied in hastening some necessary arrangements for
the departure of his friend, he proceeded himself, regardless of
anger which he thus incurred, to the residence of Lady Alice,
requested to see her alone.

am come, Lady Alice, to take leave of you."

ave, Mr Severn!—You are not going away for long. I

it can give you pain, it even adds to the concern—the deep
n I now feel.—I am going away for ever."

o, you would not have come here to tell me that!—but your
!—O! for mercy's sake, what has happened?"

told her: she appeared deeply shocked, and it was some time
she could say any thing.

amgrieved, extremely grieved: it is most melancholy—dread-
Poor Lord Oranmore! Such youth and beauty!—I pity
ncerely."

nd I, in many, many respects, as sincerely envy him.

ut you must not be too much borne down by it. I do not
ee how it could have been avoided."

must beg of you, do not attempt to excuse me."

ou must not really take it too deeply to heart. It is most
unfortunate; but only consider how much worse it would have
f you had refused to fight."

as the reader remember that beautiful passage in Lord Byron,
Conrad, the man of combats, shudders at the stain upon the
ad of Gulnare?

That spot of blood, that light but guilty streak,
Had banished all the beauty from her cheek!
Blood he had viewed—could view unmoved—but then
It flowed in combat, or was shed by men!

that spot was to the Corsair, were the last words of Lady

Alice to Severn. She stood before him, after she had uttered them, beautiful, feminine, and patrician as ever; but he had ceased to worship, and the shrine had lost its idol. Perhaps it was good for him that it should be thus; and the few hasty syllables which dropped from the lips of her he most admired may have given what otherwise he might have wanted, strength and constancy in parting.

It was four or five years after these occurrences that I met Severn in a maritime town of the Levant. I had been well acquainted with him in London, had always felt a strong attraction towards him, and now, partially and by degrees, succeeded in obtaining his confidence. That sacred trust I do not here violate. "England," he once said to me, "I feel myself incapable of ever revisiting; memory is enough without memorials; but if in the detail of what I have done and suffered, any thing is to be found that might either teach or warn, I should look upon the disclosure as part of the reparation which it is now the object of my life to make."

Upon quitting England he had enlisted himself in one of those bands that were then first raising the standard of Grecian independence in the Morea; a cause for which individual Englishmen had felt keenly, and fought bravely, but upon which I fear that, as a nation, we have looked but coldly. Severn was one of those who could be liberal abroad as well as at home; but after an engagement in which he had greatly distinguished himself, he felt that from human blood he now recoiled with horror; he fancied that he had traced, in the distorted features of an expiring Mussulman, the last look of Oranmore; and he resolved that a hand, red, as he termed it, with the murder of a countryman, was not worthy of joining in the struggle of patriots against a foreign enemy. He withdrew to a commercial town on the Asiatic side of the Archipelago, where, having changed his name and diverted to charitable uses his remittances from England, he earned his bread by teaching English and Latin to a motley collection of Frank and Greek scholars, occasionally including some high-born scion of consular descent.

I took more than one occasion, after having seen him plodding the same weary round of minute employment, wrestling patiently and perseveringly with dulness, idleness, and insolence, ringing the changes of ignoble praise and common-place rebuke, to remonstrate with him—him, the high-bred—the energetic—the refined, thus wasting qualities and dispositions so eminent upon an employment so inadequate, cramping, and humiliating. "Take not away from me," he replied, "what you call my humiliations; they are the *only things*, on earth at least, that reconcile me to myself."

Two little traits connected with his present mode of life are all

that it occurs to me further to record. One day, one single day, exhibited an exception to his ordinary behaviour. He was observed in the discharge of his usual labours to be irritable, capricious, and morose. Tidings had happened to reach him that morning, announcing the intended marriage of Lady Alice Bohun to Lord George Glenearn.

Upon another occasion a young Greek, who had been his pupil, and who retained for him that deference, amounting to veneration, which, under his present chastened yet loftier character, it would have been almost a miracle not to feel, asked his opinion respecting the lawfulness of private combat. I quote his answer.

"Whether the future laws of your restored country will permit, or connive at, such a practice, I cannot pretend to anticipate. Persuaded I am, that the whole spirit of the higher law, to which we both profess allegiance, unequivocally forbids it. You may attempt to assure yourself that your own hand at least shall be free from blood-guiltiness—I will go on in a moment.

"How can you answer to yourself for permitting, enabling, assisting your fellow creature to incur that charge? I do not tell you to despise or to defy the world; deserve and enjoy its fair opinion while you may; but if the alternative should present itself, if the preference must be given, you may believe one who has a right to speak upon the subject, that it is a better and a happier thing to be its outcast than its slave."

THE SCHOOL BANK.

UPON this bank we met, my friend and I—
 A lapse of years had intervening pass'd
 Since I had heard his voice or seen him last:
 The starting tear-drop trembled in his eye.
 Silent we thought upon the school-boy days
 Of mirth and happiness for ever flown;
 When rushing out the careless crowd did raise
 Their thoughtless voices—now, we were alone,
 Alone, amid the landscape—'twas the same:
 Where were our loved companions? some, alas!
 Silent reposed among the church-yard grass,
 And some were known, and most unknown, to Fame,
 And some were wanderers on the homeless deep;
 And where they all were happy—we did weep!

DECCA.

THE FURLOUGH—AN IRISH ANECDOTE.*

"Time was called."—BOXIANA.

IN the autumn of 1825, some private affairs called me into the sister kingdom; and as I did not travel, like Polyphemus, with my eye out, I gathered a few samples of Irish character, amongst which was the following incident.

I was standing one morning at the window of "mine inn," when my attention was attracted by a scene that took place beneath. The Belfast coach was standing at the door, and on the roof, in front, sat a solitary passenger, a fine young fellow in the uniform of the Connaught Rangers. Below, by the front wheel, stood an old woman, seemingly his mother, a young man, and a younger woman, sister or sweetheart; and they were all earnestly entreating the young soldier to descend from his seat on the coach.

"Come down wid ye, Thady,"—the speaker was the old woman.—"Come down now to your ould mother. Sure it's flog ye they will, and strip the flesh off the bones I giv ye. Come down, Thady, darlin!"

"It's honour, mother," was the short reply of the soldier; and with clenched hands and set teeth he took a stiffer posture on the coach.

"Thady, come down—come down, ye fool of the world—come along down wid ye!" The tone of the present appeal was more impatient and peremptory than the last; and the answer was more promptly and sternly pronounced: "It's honour, brother!" and the body of the speaker rose more rigidly erect than ever on the roof.

"O Thady, come down! sure it's me, your own Kathleen, that bids ye. Come down, or ye'll break the heart of me, Thady, jewel; come down then!" The poor girl wrung her hands as she said it, and cast a look upward, that had a visible effect on the muscles of the soldier's countenance. There was more tenderness in his tone, but it conveyed the same resolution as before.

"It's honour, honour bright, Kathleen!" and, as if to defend himself from another glance, he fixed his look steadfastly in front, while the renewed entreaties burst from all three in chorus, with the same answer.

"Come down, Thady, honey!—Thady, ye fool, come down!—O Thady, come down to me!"

* From Hood's "Comic Annual."

honour, mother!—It's honour, brother!—Honour bright, Kathleen!"

gh the poor fellow was a private, this appeal was so public did not hesitate to go down and inquire into the particular distress. It appeared that he had been home, on Furlough, to visit his family,—and having exceeded as he thought the leave, he was going to rejoin his regiment, and to undergo the penalty of his neglect. I asked him when the Furlough

first of March, your honour—bad luck to it of all the days in the world,—and here it is, come sudden on me like a

first of March!—why, my good fellow, you have a day to spare,—the first of March will not be here till to-morrow. It is the first of February has twenty-nine days."

The soldier was thunderstruck.—"Twenty-nine days is it?—No, it is not, it is the first of March!—Oh, Mother, Mother!—the Devil fly ye, ye ould Almanack—a base cratur of a book, to be deceived, afther living so long in the family of us!"

His first impulse was to cut a caper on the roof of the coach, and throw his cap, with a loud Hurrah!—His second, was to throw himself into the arms of Kathleen, and the third, was to wring my hand in acknowledgment.—

"A happy man I am, your Honour, for my word's saved, by your Honour's manes.—Long life to your Honour for ever!—May ye live a long hundred—and lape-years every year!"

CONCLUSION

OF THE

"SONGS OF ISRAEL."

My song hath closed, the holy dream
That raised my thoughts o'er all below
Hath faded like the lunar beam,
And left me mid a night of woe—
To look and long, and sigh in vain
For friends I ne'er shall meet again.

And yet the earth is green and gay;
And yet the skies are pure and bright;
But mid each gleam of pleasure gay,
Some cloud of sorrow dims my sight:

For weak is now the tenderest tongue
That might my simple songs have sung.

And like Gilead's drops of balm,
They for a moment sooth'd my breast;
But earth hath not a power to calm
My spirit in forgetful rest
Until I lay me side by side
With those that loved me and have died.

They died—and this a world of woe,
Of anxious doubt and chilling fear;
I wander onward to the tomb,
With scarce a hope to linger here:
But with a prospect to rejoin
The friends beloved, that once were mine.

KNOX.

TREES

Trees are indeed the glory, the beauty, and the delight of nature. The man who loves not Trees—to look at them—to lie under them—to climb up them, (once more a school-boy,)—would make no bones of murdering Mrs Jeffs. In what one imaginable attribute, that it ought to possess, is a Tree, pray, deficient? Light, shade, shelter, coolness, freshness, music, all the colours of the rainbow, dew and dreams dropping through their umbrageous twilight at eve or morn,—drooping direct,—soft, sweet, soothing, and restorative, from heaven. Without Trees, how in the name of wonder, could we have had houses, ships, bridges, easy-chairs, or coffins, or almost any single one of the necessities, conveniences, or comforts of life? Without Trees, one man might have been born with a silver spoon in his mouth, but not another with a wooden ladle.

Tree by itself Tree, “such tents the patriarchs loved,”—*Ipsenemus*,—“the brotherhood of Trees,”—the Grove, the Coppice, the Wood, the Forest,—dearly, and after a different fashion, do we love you all!—And love you all we shall, while our dim eyes can catch the glimmer, our dull ears the murmur, of the leaves,—or our imagination hear at midnight, the far-off swing of old branches *groaning* in the tempest. Oh! is not Merry also *Sylvan England*? And has not Scotland, too, her old pine forests, blacken-

up her Highland mountains? Are not many of her rivered valleys not unadorned with woods,—her braes beautiful with their birken shaws?—And does not stately ash or sycamore tower above the kirk-spire, in many a quiet glen, overshadowing the humble house of God, “the dial-stone aged and green,” and all the deep-sunk, sinking, or upright array of grave-stones, beneath which

“The rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep?”

We have the highest respect for the ghost of Dr Johnson; yet were we to meet it by moonlight, how should we make it hang its head on the subject of Scottish Trees! Look there, you old, blind, blundering blockhead! That Pine Forest is twenty miles square! Many million trees, there, have at least five hundred arms each, six times as thick as ever your body was, Sir, when you were at your very fattest in Bolt Court. As for their trunks—some straight as cathedral pillars—some flung all awry in their strength across cataracts—some without a twig till your eye meets the hawk’s nest diminished to a black-bird’s, and some overspread, from within a man’s height of the mossy sward, with fantastic branches, cone-covered, and green as emerald—what say you, you great, big, lumbering, unwieldy ghost you, to trunks like these? And are not the Forests of Scotland the most forgiving that ever were self-sown, to suffer you to flit to and fro, haunting unharmed their ancient umbrage? Yet—Doctor—you were a fine old Tory every inch of you, for all that, my boy—so come glimmering away with you into the gloom after us—don’t stumble over the roots—we smell a still at work—and neither you nor I—shadow nor substance (but, prithee, why so wan, good Doctor? Prithee, why so wan?) can be much the worse, eh, of a caulker of Glenlivat?

Every man of landed property, that lies fairly out of arm’s length of a town, whether free or copyhold, be its rental above or below forty shillings a-year, should be a planter. Even an old bachelor, who has no right to become the father of a child, is not only free, but in duty bound to plant a Tree. Unless his organ of philoprogenitiveness be small indeed, as he looks at the young, tender plants in his own nursery-garden, his heart will yearn towards them with all the longing and instinctive fondness of a father. As he beholds them putting forth the tender buds of hope, he will be careful to preserve them from all blight,—he will “teach the young idea how to shoot,”—and, according to their different natures, he will send them to different places to complete their education, according as they are ultimately intended for the church, the bar, or the navy. The old gentleman will be surprised to see how soon his young plants have grown as tall as

himself, even though he should be an extraordinary member of the Six Feet Club. An oak sapling, of some five or six springs, shall measure with him on his stocking-soles,—and a larch, considerably younger, laugh to shake its pink cones far over his wig. But they are all dutiful children, never go stravaiging from home after youthful follies,—and standing together in beautiful bands, and in majestic masses, they will not suffer the noon-day sun to smite their father's head, nor the winds of heaven to “visit his face too roughly.”

People are sometimes prevented from planting trees by the slowness of their growth. What a mistake that is! People might just as well be prevented from being wed, because a man-child takes one-and-twenty years to get out of his minority, and a woman-child, except in hot climates, is rarely marriageable before fifteen. Not the least fear in the world, that Tommy and Thomasine and the Tree will grow up fast enough—wither at the top—and die! It is a strange fear to feel—a strange complaint to utter—that any one thing in this world, animate or inanimate, is of too slow growth; for the nearer to its perfection, the nearer to its decay.

No man, who enjoys good health, at fifty, or even sixty, would hesitate, if much in love, to take a wife, on the ground that he could have no hope or chance of seeing his numerous children all grown up into hobbledahoys and Priscilla Tomboys. Get your children first, and let them grow at their own leisure afterwards. In like manner, let no man, Bachelor or Benedict, be his age beyond the limit of conversational confession, fear to lay out a nursery-garden,—to fill it with young seedlings,—and thenceforward, to keep planting away, up hill and down brae, all the rest of his life.

Besides, in every stage, how interesting, both a wood and sap tree, and a flesh and blood child! Look at pretty, ten-year-old, rosy cheeked, golden-haired Mary, gazing, with all the blue brightness of her eyes, at that large dew-drop, which the sun has let escape unmelted even on into the meridian hours, on the topmost pink-bud, within which the teeming leaf struggles to expand into beauty,—the topmost pink-bud of that little lime-tree, but three winters old, and half a spring!—Hark! that is Harry, at home on a holiday, rustling like a roe in the coppicewood, in search of the nest of the blackbird or mavis;—yet ten years ago that rocky hill-side was unplanted, and “that bold boy, so bright and beautiful,” unborn. Who, then,—be his age what it may,—would either linger, “with fond, reluctant, amorous delay,” to take unto himself a wife for the purpose of having children, or to enclose a waste for the purpose of having trees.

At what time of life a human being,—man or woman,—looks best, it might be hard to say. A virgin of eighteen, straight and tall, bright, blooming, and balmy, seems, to our old eyes, a very beautiful and delightful sight. Inwardly we bless her, and pray that she may be as happy as she is innocent. So, too, is an Oak-tree, about the same age, standing by itself, without a twig on its straight, smooth, round, glossy, silver stem, for some feet from the ground, and then branching out into a stately flutter of dark-green leaves; the shape being indistinct in its regular but not formal over-fallings, and over-foldings, and over-hangings, of light and shade. Such an Oak-tree is indeed truly beautiful, with all its tenderness, gracefulness, and delicacy,—ay, a delicacy almost seeming to be fragile,—as if the cushat, whirring from its concealment, would crush the new spring-shoots, sensitive almost as the gossamer, with which every twig is intertwined. Leaning on our staff, we bless it, and call it even by that very virgin's name; and ever thenceforth behold Louisa lying in its shade. Gentle reader, what it is to be an old, dreamy, visionary, prosing poet!

Good God! let any one who accuses trees of laziness in growing, only keep out of sight of them for a few years; and then, returning home to them under cloud of night, all at once open his eyes, of a fine, sunny, summer's morning, and ask them how they have been since he and they mutually murmured farewell! He will not recognise the face, or the figure, of a single tree. That sycamore, whose top-shoot a cow, you know, browsed off, to the breaking of your heart, some four or five years ago, is now as high as the "riggin" of the cottage, and is murmuring with bees among its blossoms quite like an old tree. What precocity! That Wych elm, hide-bound as it seemed of yore, and with only one arm that it could hardly lift from its side, is now a Briareus. Is that the larch you used to hop over?—now almost fit to be a mast of one of the fairy fleet on Windermere!—You thought you would never have forgotten the Triangle of the Three Birches,—but you stare at them now as if they had dropped from the clouds!—and since you think that beech—that round hill of leaves—is not the same shabby shrub you left sticking in the gravel, why call the old gardener hither, and swear him to its identity on the Bible.

Before this confounded gout attacked our toe, we were great pedestrians, and used to stalk about all over the banks and braes from sunrising to sunseting, through all seasons of the year. Few sights used to please us more than that of a new Mansion-house, or Villa, or Cottage ornee, rising up in some sheltered, but *open-fronted nook*, commanding a view of a few bends of a stream *or river winding along old lea, or rich holm ploughed-fields,—*

sloping uplands, with here and there a farm-house and tree and in the distance hill-tops quite clear, and cutting the wreathed with mists, or for a time hidden in clouds. It se imagination and the heart at work together, to look on the y hedge-rows and plantations, belts, clumps, and single trees, ha in from the nibbling sheep. Ay, some younger brother, twenty, or thirty, or forty years ago, went abroad to the East the West, to push his fortune, has returned to the neighbour of his native vale at last, to live and to die among the braes, v once, among the yellow broom, the school-boy sported gladsom any bird. Busy has he been in adorning,—perhaps the man fixes his faith on Price on the Picturesque, would say in disfigure—the inland haven where he has dropt anchor, and will continue ride till the vessel of life parts from her moorings, and drifts on the shoreless sea of eternity. For our own parts, we are easily offended by any conformation into which trees can be th—the bad taste of another must not be suffered to throw us f: bad temper—and as long as the trees are green in their season in their season, purple, and orange, and yellow, and refrain murdering each other, to our eye they are pleasant to look up to our ear it is music, indeed, to hear them all a-murmur with the murmuring winds. Hundreds—thousands of such d ings have, in our time, arisen all over the face of Scotland; there is room enough, we devoutly trust, and verily believe hundreds and thousands more. Of a people's prosperity pleasanter proof! And, therefore, may all the well-fenced v make more and more wonderful shoots every year. Beneath among their shelter, may not a single slate be blown from the roof, peering through the trees, on the eyes of distant travellers he wheels along on the top of his most gracious Majesty's coach;—may the dryads soon wipe away their tears for the of the children that must, in thinnings, be “wede away;”—may the rookeries and heronries of Scotland increase in nu for the long space of ten thousand revolving years!

Not that we hold it to be a matter of pure indifference, people plant trees. We have an eye for the picturesque, the lime, and the beautiful, and cannot open it, without seeing at the very spirit of the scene. O ye! who have had the happy to be born among the murmurs of hereditary trees, can ye be to the system pursued by that planter—Nature? Nature p often on a great scale, darkening, far as the telescope can come the umbrage, sides of mountains that are heard roaring still *hundreds of hidden cataracts*. And Nature often plants on a *scale, dropping down the stately birk so beautiful, amor*

sprinkled hazels, by the side of the little waterfall of the wimpling burnie, that stands dishevelling there her tresses to the dew-wind, like a queen's daughter, who hath just issued from the pool of pearls, and shines aloft and aloof from her attendant maidens. But man is so proud of his own works, that he ceases to regard those of Nature. Why keep poring on that book of plates, purchased at less than half price at a sale, when Nature flutters before your eyes her own folio, which all who run may read,—although to study it as it ought to be studied, you must certainly sit down on mossy stump, ledge of an old bridge, stone-wall, stream-bank, or broomy brae, and gaze, and gaze, and gaze, till woods and sky become like your very self, and your very self like them, at once incorporated together and spiritualized. After a few years' such lessons—you may become a planter—and under your hands not only shall the desert blossom like the rose, but murmur like the palm, and if “southward through Eden goes a river large,” and your name be Adam, what a sceptic not to believe yourself the first of men, your wife the fairest of her daughters Eve, and your policy Paradise!

Blackwood's Magazine.

SONG.

FROM THE GERMAN.

The Rhine! the Rhine!—may on thy flowing river
The sun for ever shine!
And on thy banks may Freedom's light fade never!—
Be blessings on the Rhine!

The Rhine! the Rhine!—my fancy still is straying,
To dream of Wilhelmine,
Of auburn locks in balmy zephyrs playing:—
Be blessings on the Rhine!

The German knight the lance has bravely broken
By lofty Schreckenstein;
The German maid the tale of love has spoken
Beside the flowery Rhine.

With patriot zeal the gallant Swiss is fired,
Beside that stream of thine;
The dull Batavian, on thy banks inspired,
Shouts—Freedom! and the Rhine.

And shall we fear the threat of foreign foemen ?—
 Though Europe should combine,—
 The fiery Frank, the Gaul, the haughty Roman,
 Found graves beside the Rhine.—

Germania's sons, fill, fill your foaming glasses
 With Hochheim's sparkling wine ;
 And drink,—while life, and love, and beauty passes,—
 Be blessings on the Rhine !

PARTICULAR PEOPLE.*

READER ! did'st ever live with a *particular* lady ? One possessed, not simply with the spirit, but the demon of tidiness ?—Who will give you a good two hours' lecture upon the sin of an untied shoe-string, and raise a hurricane about your ears on the enormity of a fractured glove !—Who will be struck speechless, at the sight of a pin in the place of a string ; or set a whole house in an uproar, on finding a book on the table instead of in the book-case ! Those who have had the misfortune to meet with such a person, will know how to sympathise with me. Gentle reader ! I have passed two whole months with a particular lady. I had often received very pressing invitations to visit an old schoolfellow, who is settled in a snug parsonage, about fifty miles from town ; but something or other was continually occurring to prevent me from availing myself of them. " Man never is, but always to be 'cursed.'" Accordingly, on the 17th of June, 1826 (I shall never forget it, if I live to the age of old Parr,) having a few spare weeks at my disposal, I set out for my chum's residence. He received me with his wonted cordiality ; but I fancied he looked a little more care-worn than a man of thirty might have been expected to look, married as he is to the woman of his choice, and in the possession of a liberal fortune. Poor fellow ! I did not know that his wife was a precisian—I do not employ the term in a religious sense. The first hint I received of the fact was from Mr S. who, removing my hat from the *first* peg in the hall to the fourth, observed, " My wife is a little *particular* in these matters ; the first peg is for my hat, the second is for William's, the third for Tom's, and you can reserve the fourth, if you please."

* From " Scenes of Life, and Shades of Character," 1831.

for your own; ladies, you know, do not like to have their arrangements interfered with." I promised to do my best to recollect the order of precedence with respect to the hats, and walked up stairs impressed with an awful veneration for a lady who had contrived to impose so rigid a discipline on a man, formerly the most disorderly of mortals, mentally resolving to obtain her favour by the most studious observance of her wishes. I might as well have determined to be Emperor of China! Before the week was at an end, I was a lost man. I always reckon myself tolerably tidy; never leaving more than half my clothes on the floor of my dressing-room, nor more than a dozen books about any apartment I may happen to occupy for an hour. I do not lose more than a dozen handkerchiefs in a month; nor have more than a quarter of an hour's hunt for my hat or gloves, whenever I am going out in a hurry. I found all this was but as dust in the balance. The first time I sat down to dinner I made a horrible blunder; for, in my haste to help my friend to some asparagus, I pulled the dish a little out of its place, thereby deranging the exact hexagonal order in which the said dishes were arranged—I discovered my mishap, on hearing Mr S. sharply rebuked for a similar offence. Secondly, I sat half the evening with the cushion a full finger's breadth beyond the cane-work of my chair—and what is worse, I do not know that I should have been aware of my delinquency, if the agony of the lady's feelings had not, at length, overpowered every other consideration, and at last burst forth with, "Excuse me, Mr ———, but do pray put your cushion straight; it annoys me beyond measure to see it otherwise." My third offence was displacing the snuffer-stand from its central position between the candlesticks; my fourth, leaving a pamphlet I had been perusing on the piano-forte, its proper place being a table in the middle of the room, on which all books in present use were ordered to repose; my fifth,—but in short I should never have done, were I to enumerate every separate enormity of which I was guilty. My friend S.'s drawing room had as good a right to exhibit a placard of "Steel Traps and Spring Guns," as any park with which I am acquainted. In one place you were in danger of having your legs snapt off, and in another your nose. There never was a house so atrociously neat, every chair and table knew its duty; the very chimney ornaments had been "trained up in the way they should go," and woe to the unlucky wight who should make them "depart from it." Even those "chartered libertines," the children and dogs were taught to be as demure and hypocritical as the matronly tabby cat herself, who sat with her fore-feet together and her tail curled round her as exactly as if she had been worked in an urn-rug, instead of being a living mouser.

It was the utmost stretch of my friend's marital authority to get his favourite spaniel admitted to the honours of the parlour; and even this privilege is only granted in his master's presence. If Carlo happens to pop his unlucky brown nose into the room when S. is from home, he sets off with as much consciousness in his ears and tail as if he had been convicted of a larceny in the kitchen, and anticipated the application of the broom-stick. As to the children, heaven help them! I believe that they look forward to their evening visit to the drawing-room with much the same sort of feeling. Not that Mrs S. is an unkind mother, or, I should rather say, not that she means to be so; but she has taken it into her head, that "preachee and floggee too" is the way to bring up children; and that, as young people have sometimes short memories, it is necessary to put them verbally in mind of their duties,

From night till morn, from morn till dewy eve.

So is it with her servants; if one of them leaves a broom or a duster out of its place for a second, she hears of it for a month afterwards. I wonder how they endure it! I have sometimes thought that from long practice, they do not heed it—as a friend of mine, who lives in a bustling street in the city, tells me he does not hear the infernal noise of the coaches and carts in the front of his house, nor of a confounded brazier, who hammers away in his rear from morning till night. The worst of it is, that while Mrs S. never allows a moment's peace to husband, children, or servants, she thinks herself a jewel of a wife!—but such jewels are too costly for everyday wear. I am sure poor S. thinks so in his heart, and would be content to exchange half a dozen of his wife's tormenting good qualities, for the sake of being allowed a little common-place repose.

I shall never forget the delight I felt on entering my own house, after enduring her thralldom for two months. I absolutely revelled in disorder, and gloried in my litters. I tossed my hat one way, my gloves another; pushed all the chairs into the middle of the room, and narrowly escaped kicking my fair Christopher, for offering to put it "in order" again. That "spirit of order!" I am sure it is a spirit of evil omen to S. On my own part, I do so execrate the phrase, that if I were a Member of the House of Commons, and the *order* of the day were called, I should make it a rule to walk out. Since my return home, I positively prohibited the use of the word in my house; and nearly quarrelled with an honest poulterer, who has served me *last ten years*, because he has a rascally shopman, who was *in snuffling* at my door (I hear him now from my pa

ny order this morning!" Confound the fellow! that is his
 sk. I will go 'out, and offer him half-a-crown to change his
 use! When at school,

Order is heaven's first law

to be our standing round-text copy; but were I doomed to
 scribe the sentiment in these my days of adolescence, I should
 the liberty of suggesting the new reading of—

Order is hell's first law—

I feel satisfied that Satan himself is a "*particular gentleman*."

THE SUMMONS.

DAUGHTER of the dark-blue eye,
 And the mild and sylph-like air,
 Thy bridegroom Death from his gloomy hall
 Has summon'd thy pure spirit there.

Maiden fair, those crimson'd cheeks
 Must be clad with a ghostly pale,
 And friendship's tear shall o'er thy bier
 Thy final departure bewail.

The warning was short, and the last hour came,
 And her beauties began to fade;
 See the round chilly drops on her temples hang,
 As the pangs of parting invade.

Death took his veil and covered her eyes,
 While his sombre flag stood unfurled;
 He beckon'd away, and the lovely shade
 Of the maiden was snatch'd from the world.

A smile all cherubic still was seen
 On her beauteous face to play:
 Oh! saddening the thought that those features bland
 Should be shrouded with gelid clay.

She is gone to the hall where silence deep
 In its gloomiest stillness reigns,
 Surrounded by yews that love to weep
 Over Death's dark-shaded domains.

She is gone to the hall—and the massy gates
 Have closed on the daughter of love;
 There sleeps till Death shall be hurled from his throne,
 By the Mighty Eternal above!

THE IDIOT.—AN ANECDOTE.

THE heart, in many instances, is a better judge even of propriety in manners than the judgment. The judgment, in cases touching the conduct of individuals, is perhaps often too severe; for example, we are apt to regard with equal contempt the behaviour of the weak and the silly, without considering, that under the zero of reason there are many degrees before the human intelligence sinks to that of the animal instincts. At least it is charitable to believe so, and it cherishes amiable sentiments to inculcate that doctrine.

Every reader of dramatic history has heard of Garrick's contest with Madam Clairon, and the triumph which the English Roscius achieved over the Siddons of the French stage, by his representation of the father struck with fatuity on beholding his only infant child dashed to pieces by leaping in its joy from his arms: perhaps the sole remaining conquest for histrionic tragedy is somewhere in the unexplored regions of the mind, below the ordinary understanding amidst the gradations of idiocy. The various shades and degrees of sense and sensibility which lie there unknown, Genius, in some gifted moment, may discover. In the meantime, as a small specimen of its undivulged dramatic treasures, we submit to our readers the following little anecdote.

A poor widow, in a small town in the north of England, kept a booth or stall of apples and sweetmeats. She had an idiot child, so utterly helpless and dependent, that he did not appear to be ever alive to anger or self-defence. He sat all day at her feet, and seemed to be possessed of no other sentiment of the human kind than confidence in his mother's love, and a dread of the schoolboys, by whom he was often annoyed. His whole occupation, as he sat on the ground, was in swinging backwards and forwards, singing "pal-lal" in a low pathetic voice, only interrupted at intervals on the appearance of any of his tormentors, when he *clung* to his mother in alarm.

From morning to evening he sung his plaintive and aimless ditty; at night, when his poor mother gathered up her little wares to return home, so deplorable did his defects appear, that while she carried her table on her head, her stock of little merchandise in her lap, and her stool in one hand, she was obliged to lead him by the other. Ever and anon as any of the schoolboys appeared in view, the harmless thing *clung* close to her, and hid his face in her bosom for protection.

A human creature so far below the standard of humanity was *nowhere ever seen*; he had not even the shallow cunning which is

often found among these unfinished beings; and his simplicity could not even be measured by the standard we would apply to the capacity of a lamb. Yet it had a feeling rarely manifested even in the affectionate dog, and a knowledge never shown by any mere animal. He was sensible of his mother's kindness, and how much he owed to her care. At night, when she spread his humble pallet, though he knew not prayer, nor could comprehend the solemnities of worship, he prostrated himself at her feet, and as he kissed them, mumbled a kind of mental orison, as if in fond and holy devotion. In the morning, before she went abroad to resume her station in the market-place, he peeped anxiously out to reconnoitre the street, and as often as he saw any of the schoolboys in the way, he held her firmly back, and sang his sorrowful "pal-lal."

One day the poor woman and her idiot boy were missed from the market-place, and the charity of some of the neighbours induced them to visit her hovel. They found her dead on her sorry couch, and the boy sitting beside her, holding her hand, swinging and singing his pitiful lay more sorrowful than he had ever done before. He could not speak, but only utter a brutish gabble; sometimes, however, he looked as if he comprehended something of what was said. On this occasion, when the neighbours spoke to him, he looked up with the tear in his eye, and clasping the cold hand more tenderly, sunk the strain of his mournful "pal-lal" into a softer and sadder key.

The spectators, deeply affected, raised him from the body, and he surrendered his hold of the earthly hand without resistance, re-lying in silence to an obscure corner of the room. One of them, looking towards the others, said to them, "Poor wretch! what shall we do with him?" At that moment he resumed his chant, and lifting two handfuls of dust from the floor, sprinkled it on his head, and sung with a wild and clear heart-piercing pathos, "pal-lal--pal-lal."

Blackwood's Mag.

BY T. CAMPBELL.

ON England's shore I saw a pensive band,
 With sails unfurl'd for earth's remotest strand,
 Like children parting from a mother, shed
 Tears for the home that could not yield them bread;

Grief mark'd each face receding from the view,
 'Twas grief to nature honourably true.
 And long, poor wand'ers o'er th' ecliptic deep,
 The song that names but home shall bid you weep ;
 Oft, shall ye fold your flocks by stars above
 In that far world, and miss the stars ye love ;
 Oft, when its tuneless birds scream round forlorn,
 Regret the lark that gladdens England's morn,
 And, giving England's names to distant scenes,
 Lament that earth's extension intervenes.

But cloud not yet too long, industrious train,
 Your solid good with sorrow nursed in vain :
 For has the heart no interest yet as bland
 As that which binds us to our native land ?
 The deep-drawn wish, when children crown our hearth,
 To hear the cherub-chorus of their mirth,
 Undamp'd by dread that want may e'er unhouse,
 Or servile misery knit those smiling brows :
 The pride to rear an independent shed,
 And give the lips we love unborrow'd bread ;
 To see a world, from shadowy forests won,
 In youthful beauty wedded to the sun ;
 To skirt our home with harvests widely sown,
 And call the blooming landscape all our own,
 Our children's heritage, in prospect long.
 These are the hopes, high-minded hopes and strong,
 That beacon England's wanderers o'er the brine,
 To realms where foreign constellations shine ;
 Where streams from undiscover'd fountains roll,
 And winds shall fan them from th' Antarctic pole.
 And what though doom'd to shores so far apart
 From England's home, that ev'n the home-sick heart
 Quails, thinking, ere that gulf can be recross'd,
 How large a space of fleeting life is lost :
 Yet there, by time, their bosoms shall be changed,
 And strangers once shall cease to sigh estranged,
 But jocund in the year's long sunshine roam,
 That yields their sickle twice its harvest-home.

There, marking o'er his farm's expanding ring
 New fleeces whiten and new fruits upspring,
 The grey-haired swain, his grandchild sporting round,
 Shall walk at eve his little empire's bound,
 Emblazed with ruby vintage, ripening corn,
 And verdant rampart of Acacian thorn,
 While, mingling with the scent his pipe exhales,
 The orange-grove's and fig-tree's breath prevails ;
 Survey with pride beyond a monarch's spoil,
 His honest arm's own subjugated soil ;
 And summing all the blessings God has given,
 Put up his patriarchal prayer to heaven.

That when his bones shall here repose in peace,
The scions of his love may still increase,
And o'er a land where life has ample room,
In health and plenty innocently bloom.

Delightful land, in wildness ev'n benign,
The glorious past is ours, the future thine !
As in a cradled Hercules, we trace
The lines of empire in thine infant face.
What nations in thy wide horizon's span
Shall teem on tracts untrodden yet by man !
What spacious cities with their spires shall gleam,
Where now the panther laps a lonely stream,
And all but brute or reptile life is dumb !
Laud of the free ! thy kingdom is to come,
Of states, with laws from Gothic bondage burst,
And creeds by charter'd priesthoods unaccurst
Of navies, hoisting their emblazon'd flags,
Where shipless seas now wash unbeacon'd crags ;
Of hosts review'd in dazzling files and squares,
Their pennon'd trumpets breathing native airs,—
For minstrels thou shalt have of native fire,
And maids to sing the songs themselves inspire :—
Our very speech, methinks, in after time,
Shall catch th' Ionian blandness of thy clime ;
And whilst the light and luxury of thy skies
Give brighter smiles to beauteous woman's eyes,
The Arts, whose soul is love, shall all spontaneous rise.

Untrack'd in deserts lies the marble mine,
Undug the ore that midst thy roofs shall shine ;
Unborn the hands—but born they are to be—
Fair Australasia, that shall give to thee
Proud temple-domes, with galleries winding high,
So vast in space, so just in symmetry,
They widen to the contemplating eye,
With colonnaded aisles in long array,
And windows that enrich the flood of day
O'er tessellated pavements, pictures fair,
And niched statues breathing golden air.
Nor there, whilst all that's seen bids Fancy swell,
Shall Music's voice refuse to seal the spell,
But choral hymns shall wake enchantment round,
And organs blow their tempests of sweet sound.

Meanwhile, ere Arts triumphant reach their goal,
How blest the years of pastoral life shall roll !
Ev'n should some wayward hour the settler's mind
Brood ~~and~~ on scenes for ever left behind,
Yet not a pang that England's name imparts,
Shall touch a fibre of his children's hearts ;

Bound to that native world by nature's bond,
 Full little shall their wishes rove beyond
 Its mountains blue, and melon-skirted streams,
 Since childhood loved and dreamt of in their dreams.
 How many a name, to us uncouthly wild,
 Shall thrill that region's patriotic child,
 And bring as sweet thoughts o'er his bosom's chords
 As aught that's named in song to us affords!
 Dear shall that river's margin be to him,
 Where sportive first he bathed his boyish limb,
 Or petted birds, still brighter than their bowers,
 Or twin'd his tame young kangaroo with flowers.
 But more magnetic yet to memory
 Shall be the sacred spot, still blooming nigh,
 The bower of love, where first his bosom burn'd,
 And smiling passion saw its smile return'd.

Go forth and prosper then, emprizing band :
 May He, who in the hollow of his hand
 The ocean holds, and rules the whirlwind's sweep,
 Assuage its wrath, and guide you on the deep !

SOME PASSAGES IN THE LIFE OF A YOUNG MAN OF VERY PROMISING ABILITIES.

WHATEVER the extent of my talents may be, I have not made noise enough in the world to render a detail of my family and parentage of any moment to posterity. I shall therefore deviate from the usual course of the auto-biographer, who, whatever his rank or occupation may have been, or whether he is known to mankind as the discoverer of some vast tract of our globe, or of the last new recipe in the *ars culinaria*, thinks it necessary to go into the most minute ancestral details, and inflict on his unfortunate reader the dimensions of his grandmother's hoop or the exact curvature of his maternal uncle's nose. In my case all that concerns mankind to know, is, that I am the son of a small inland *Laird* whose circumstances were what (*Scotice*) would be termed "*beim*"—one of that worshipful class now fast wearing out, who neither sought to increase their income by the speculations of commerce, or diminish it by the follies of profuseness. His whole "means and estate" might be somewhere about one hundred and fifty pounds per annum, which, small as it may seem, in these days of luxury and adventure, when tradesmen sport claret and every packman has

"foreign consignments," was *then* sufficient to constitute him one of the most important of the *Patres Conscripti* of the Royal Burgh of Rutherglen. This much I record of my family history, in order that if ever I gain renown, by writing a book or burning a church, the small fry of local antiquaries, the *Chambers* and *Hencks* of the succeeding half century, may have some clue to their peripatetic researches.

In process of time I went, or, more correctly speaking, was *sent*, to the parish school, where six or eight years of my life were passed in the usual jog-trot, unromantic manner, my highest achievement being the despoliation of a crow's nest, and my blackest era a severe castigation for a truancy committed on the occasion of the foresaid *ornithological foray*. I was attentive enough to my exercises and studies however, and by dint of some perseverance, quickened by certain forcible magisterial arguments *a posteriori*, I became a very fair classical scholar, so that when "the days of my servitude were over," my pedagogue gave my sire such a flattering estimate of my talents, that I was sent to College instead of the plough tail, leaving behind me the odour of "*a young man of very promising abilities.*"

I was now a student—a matriculated member of the University of Edinburgh, and for a while I attended to my various duties with becoming diligence and perseverance, and soon was looked on with a jealous and watchful eye by those who aspired to literary distinctions.

About this period a debating Society was instituted, which I was invited to join; and though my time was almost wholly occupied with my class duties, I became a member, thinking the habit of public speaking, there likely to be acquired, would be useful to me in my future profession—the Bar. I soon got deeply interested in the proceedings of this little society—I began to find or imagine that I had powers which in the dull gin-horse tract of scientific and elementary classical pursuits I had never dreamed of. I had a ready fluency of expression—and some small dash of satyr (the most dangerous quality a young speaker can possess); so that before long I was regarded by my oratorical compeers as an embryo Burke or Grattan,—even those who were envious of my reputation admitting "that after all there was no denying I had very promising abilities."

Another avenue was opened up to my new-fledged ambition. The periodical literature of Scotland was at the period I speak of at a very low ebb. The "*Scots Magazine*," the *Blackwood* of the day, was on the whole a very so-so affair; sometimes containing a really clever article, but in general filled with ignorant pedantry and prosing common-place. To me, however, who was but a novice in literature, and had a kind of superstitious veneration for every

thing in print, it seemed a *ne plus ultra* of genius and perfection; and I thought that to be connected with its pages even by the humble link of a "notice to correspondents," was a "consummation devoutly to be wished."

I composed a copy of namby-pamby verses to a female acquaintance in R——n, by name Jenny some thing or other, for whom I entertained a sort of sneaking calf love. She had little of the *beau idéal* about her—little that could fire the brain, or excite the imagination, but like him of the rueful countenance I was determined to have a mistress, and though instead of the attributes of the *Medician* or any other Venus, she rejoiced in thick lips, sandy hair, and teeth which so far came up to Hogarth's standard of beauty that they were marvellously *irregular*,—I, with the magic wand of poesy invested her (in my ode) with the graces and perfections of a Peri or Hourii. I do not remember much of this redoubted production, only that it commenced with some such metaphors as,

"Jenina, o'er thy forehead white
Curls thy hair like clouds of night;
Thy brow is white as the drifted snow,
Thy hair is black as the sable-crow."

and so on it went for a dozen stanzas or so, embracing all the usual subjects—"bright eyes"—"cruel beauty"—"haughty fair"—and concluding with sundry dark hints about "poison"—"halters"—"daggers" and so forth.

With "trembling hand and beating heart," I folded up this lyrical gem, copied out on the finest gilt-edged card-paper, and transmitted it to "*the Editor*,"—nomen ingens!—and as I modestly dropped it into the little receiving-box at the printing office, I "back recoiled I knew not why" at my presumption and daring. Time rolled on—every day seemed a year—I counted every minute—The much wished-for but dreaded morning came,—half dressed I hurried to the shop—bought the number—hurried home without daring to open its formal covers—cut it up when I had reached my *sanctum*—turned in an agony of expectation to "poet's corner;"—and, oh ecstasy! beheld in all the pomp and glory of real letter-press my ode—my darling ode! The book fell from my hand, and I sunk back on the sofa in a luxurious trance of gratified pride and ambition. Not only was my production printed, but in a "fair legible type" at the last page I beheld "*Amarosus* (my own signature) we shall be glad to hear from again—he seems a young man of very promising abilities."

My fate was decided. "I also am an author," I said, as my eye

glanced proudly on the *tomes* of poets, historians, and essayists which adorned my shelves. "I also am a poet;" and from that moment the demon of scribbling entered into me, and I thought of nothing else but of a new contribution to the magazine, or of some flowery display of the "*Demosthenes Club*." My mind was in a state of continual ferment and excitation—I lived in a world of dreams—dressed in a fantastic fashion with loose neck-cloth, &c.;—and as I walked along the street thought every one, especially the ladies, looked after me as the young poet of such "*very promising abilities*."

As a natural consequence, I grew idle and careless—neglected my studies—and gave up profitable and solid reading; so that at the end of the Session, I who had set out with such a promise of success had not one solitary vote for the usual class premiums. This might have roused most people, but my disease was deep rooted, I comforted myself with some such saw as "*nemo sapit*," &c. and laid to my soul the "*flattering unction*" that this great poet, and that distinguished historian had, like myself, been accounted dunces and blockheads at school and college.

Amid all this mental dissipation, however, I still continued the form of my studies; that is, I ran through the usual *curriculum* requisite for a member of the Scottish *Bar*, and in due time, though comparatively speaking I knew nothing of the science of law, and still less of its practice, I passed as an advocate,—the forms of examination being at that time exceedingly loose and imperfect, in fact little more than a mere unmeaning ceremony; so much so, that even there I was dismissed with a remark about "*my promising abilities*."

About this time my father died—and being his sole representative, I found myself comparatively independent (I speak of thirty years back). This was, in truth, the most unfortunate thing that could have befallen me. Had I been left wholly to my own resources—had the sharp spur of necessity been applied to me in time, I might have made some desperate struggle and got out of the spell-circled slough, in whose marshes I was entangled, but as it was I cast care to the dogs—adopted as my motto the adage of Sardanapalus, "*eat, drink, and be merry*," &c., and passed my time in speaking bombast at "*the club*," and filling the pages of "*the magazine*" with mawkish plagiarisms from the maudlin poets of the Shenstone and Hammond school. My ambition was also to be thought a good fellow—plenty were always found who for a supper and a bottle of wine were ready to praise and flatter my self-vanity,—and as my patrimony was not large, I soon wasted it in "*riotous living*."

As a natural sequence. I, to borrow the laconically expressive language of Scripture, "began to be in want." My gay fair-weather friends, the sunshine moths of prosperity, gradually dropt off from me. Nay, when the decay of my habiliments indicated the strike of penury and want, they even cut me in the street, or brushed quickly by with a hurried nod or distant "*how do ye do?*" I knew enough of human nature, however, not to take this "*bankruptcy of friendship*" much to heart;—I knew it was "*the way of the world*;" and while I cursed the wretches by my gods, I felt no astonishment or surprise.

Contempt of this kind is ill borne; I felt roused in some measure from my narcotic lethargy, and determined to make a serious effort to regain the terra firma of independence. "Come, go to," I said, "I will be wise;" and I set myself to study my profession, which I had previously altogether neglected. I read hard—chalked out a system of study—and for some weeks religiously attended in my place at the Parliament House. Better prospects beamed upon me;—a friend of my father's, a Solicitor of some standing, took me by the hand; and my eyes were blessed with a fee—it was my first: and the five guineas I then received seemed brighter than the fairest vision which ever flitted before the imagination of misers or treasure seekers.

The case in which I was retained was of no small moment or importance—much depended on its issue—no less than a man's estate; and such was my friend's confidence in my apparent diligence and abilities, that a heavy portion of the responsibility rested on my shoulders. I seemed as if I had begun a new existence—night and day I worked among dusty parchments and half-forgotten precedents, and had nearly made myself master of the bearings of the facts. The time for the trial was almost at hand—in fact it was next day—the evening previous I determined to devote to the elucidation of a certain point on which I determined to peril the case and I had sat me down with my lamp replenished with mid-night oil, when the demon who had appeared to "have gone out of me" returned seven times stronger than before, and attacked my resolution "like a strong man armed." He prevailed. An idea struck me as being a capital foundation for an article, and I thought it no harm to jot it down while fresh in recollection;—the matter increased under my hands. Completely engrossed on the subject I wrote on, till nature completely exhausted fell a prey to sleep, and it was not till near the hour of trial that I awoke faint and feverish, altogether incapable of doing justice either to my client or myself.

The result may easily be anticipated—I cannot even at this

lance of time dwell on it in detail. The case was lost—lost through my culpable remissness—for I was altogether unable to follow out the course I had sketched for myself. My feelings I cannot pretend to describe, but many there are who remember, and will remember to their dying day, the expression of shame, confusion, and despair which my countenance exhibited as I rushed out of Court, with the curses of my ruined client darting through my brain like the stings of a million scorpions. I was ruined beyond human redemption—nay, I became a proverb, and was pointed out to young men as a fearful beacon of warning from the shoals on which I had been wrecked—so miserably wrecked.

What a cento of sleepless nights and feverish days I then past! The recollection has the painful effect of an opium-created dream or night-mare. Hunger at last broke my lethargy of despair; and again I braced myself up to seek employment. My former profession was shut against me. Could I have found practice I never could have ventured within those precincts which had witnessed my disgrace. I wished for some literary occupation, and a gleam of my former excited enthusiasm revived when I obtained the situation of reporter and sub-editor to a weekly Journal. “Now,” thought I, “*Richard’s himself again*”—I am now a man of letters by profession;”—and I dreamed of Johnson, and Savage, and Otway, and Smollet; and thought that now fortune would dawn upon me, and that I would be happy—*really, actually happy*. Alas! better far had I sought some less ambitious employment. There is as little congenial to a literary or cultivated mind in such a situation, as in that of the fawning slave who spends half an hour in commending the shade of a riband, or the texture of a muslin, to giddy capricious *woman kind*. I was not permitted to spend my time in the regions of fancy—the columns of a newspaper are composed of “*sterner stuff*”—fires—murders—shop-liftings—cattle shows—or executions, were the themes to which I was tied down, nor had I the miserable gratification of seeing my details of such events given to the public in their original form. Whenever I produced what I piqued myself on as being particularly fine, the ruthless scissors of the Gothic Editor were certain to denude and “cheat of its fair proportions,” and it was sent formal and stiff into the world in such a guise that “*I could not know my child*.”

I did not remain long in this state of literary vassalage; my duties led me frequently into the lowest and most degraded company; and doing at Rome as the pope does, I got into habits of intemperance and of course irregularity. My master frequently complained of my remissness, and threatened dismissal; and one day

when by my want of attention a paper published later than ours got the first account of some murder which we might have had, he "came to the point," as he termed it, and I was dismissed at a moment's warning, with exactly ten shillings and sixpence in my pocket.

The world again was all before me, and again I had to look for a living. In my late situation I had got acquainted with the *corps dramatique* then in the city, whom I used to puff for the privilege of a free admission. The manager to whom I applied thought that I might be of use in drawing out his bills, and I was enrolled in the "*troop*," as it was termed by the untheatrical presbyterians among whom we had pitched our tent.

My knowledge of the drama might soon have placed me at the top of my compeers, but, as the proverb says, "that which is bred in the bone is seen in the flesh," my habits of indolent procrastination followed me even here, and could I but commit to memory my allotted number of lines I cared not for more, and trusted to the excitation of the moment to the "*filling up of the picture*." The merest novice in dramatic affairs must be aware how this would operate: if I was seldom contemptible, I never rose above mediocrity, and soon settled down into a minor grade of characters never to be got beyond.

Here then I am fixed (so far as human foresight can reach) for life. I am little better than what is technically termed a "*super-numerary*," and have all the toil, privation, and anxiety, without any of the honour or reputation, of my art. Though my salary is barely sufficient to procure me the coarsest food and the shelter of the most miserable hovel, I have with the proverbial thoughtlessness of my tribe, married a *figurante* having nothing but a scanty share of professional expertness to recommend her, and who, in addition to other vices, indulges to brutality in the bottle.

12 P. M.—

I am just returned from the theatre. I have been playing a character which cost me a full ten days' study,—and I have been hissed—hissed by the most despicable of God's creation—by the canaille of the gallery! lower I cannot fall. My wife who has pawned and spent the miserable remains of my property for her cursed gin, is lying half naked on the floor in fearful convulsions of drunken laughter. My unfortunate children are shivering on bare straw—the wretch has disposed of their sorry blanket—and they are moaning for bread. There is no fire: and the window is broken to shivers in some drunken paroxysms, while the thermometer cannot be higher than 12°. Gracious God! can I be he who was complimented on his "promising abilities."

R. J. M.

THE DEATH OF MURAT.

The following verses are almost nothing more than a versification of some passages in a touching narrative of the last moments of the *ci-devant* king of Naples, contained in the 16th Number of Blackwood's Magazine.)

My hour is come!—Forget me not!—My blessing is with you;
With you my last, my fondest thought; with you my heart's adieu.
Arewell—farewell, my Caroline! my children's doting mother,
made thee wife, and fate a queen—an hour and thou art neither;
arewell, my fair Letitia, my love is with thee still:
adieu and Lucien, adieu; and thou, my own Achille!"
With quivering lip, but with no tear, or tear that gazers saw,
these words, to all his heart held dear, thus wrote the brave Murat.

Heu of the locks which, dark and large, o'er his broad shoulders hung;
That streamed war-pennons in the charge, yet like caressings clung
A peace around his forehead high, which, more than diadem,
seemed the curls that lovingly replaced the cold hard gem;
He cut him one for wife—for child—'twas all he had to will;
But, with the regal wealth and state, he lost its heartless chill!
The kindness of alien power, what gushing love may thaw?
—The agony of such an hour as this—thy last—Murat!

'Comrade—though foe!—a soldier asks from thee a soldier's aid,—
They're not a warrior's only tasks that need his blood and blade—
That upon which I latest gaze—that which I fondest clasp,
When death my eye-balls wraps in haze, and stiffens my hands' grasp!
With these love-locks around it twined, say, wilt thou see them sent—
Verd I say where?—Enough!—'tis kind!—to death, then, I'm content!
)! to have found it in the field, not as a chained outlaw?
No more!—to Destiny I yield—with mightier than Murat!

They led him forth—'twas but a stride between his prison room
And where, with yet a monarch's pride, he met a felon's doom.
'Soldiers!—your muzzles to my breast will leave brief space for pain.
Strike to the heart!'—His last behest was uttered not in vain.
He turned him to the levelled tubes that held the wished-for boon;
He gazed upon some love-clasped pledge,—then vollied the platoon;
And when their hold the hands gave up, the pitying gazers saw,
A the dear image of a wife, thy heart's best trait, Murat!

THE BACHELOR'S DIARY.*

I AM a single gentleman living in lodgings, and having nothing particular to do, I pass my time in taking note of what passes within the range of my vision. How a baker's shop, which never entered in my life, should become an object of deep interest to me, it is hard to say. Perhaps they who read my story may be better able to tell than I am myself. It would seem I have fallen in love with it at sight, and by seeing only what any body else may see; for certain it is I am not a Devil upon two Sticks, nor any devil at all, except a devil of a good fellow. Indeed, I have not any ground for claiming kindred with genius on the score of bodily deficiencies or mental aberrations. I am not even lame. I have the vulgar number of members, and am obliged to acknowledge I have the use of them all. I don't wear a dirty shirt when I have a clean one beside me; and I get my hair cut once a-month. I don't go without a neckcloth in summer; and I have not even originality enough to leave half my beard unshaven. I get hungry about feeding time almost as naturally as a beast; and, like the common herd of mankind, I go to bed some time after I am sleepy, and rise sometime after I am refreshed. I am therefore a very ordinary person, and am like a traveller who must ever have been a very obscure and uninteresting individual, had not either fortune or misfortune, or both, thrust distinction upon him; or a "belated peasant," who on his way home "sees, or dreams he sees," something, the telling of which confers a momentary interest on his stolid pate; and were it not that I live in a hole in the wall, somewhat resembling the Keeper's Tower in Bridewell, from which I can see the abodes of others without being more observed myself than I choose, I should not have had any thing worth communicating.

Such being my situation, and as one cannot read or smoke all day, I began to look about me from the windows of my lodgings; and my sight, I am ashamed to confess, comes under the general sentence of sufficiency applicable to my other faculties. The first thing, of course, that I looked for was a joke, and I descried a servant girl with satin shoes, surmounted by limbs of the freshest rosy red imaginable. I could not resist mentioning it to a French-American gentleman, who was in town at the time. It was the most unpatriotic thing I ever was guilty of; and if he happen to be of the Nodier family, I fear I may have subjected the

* From the "Edinburgh Literary Gazette."

Edinburgh ladies to a serious calamity. My amusement for one day was furnished by a white mouse in a revolving cage; and I next espied an old maid (a mature old maid of fifty or sixty,) who was almost as frightened for being seen by me when dressing, as I was lest I should see her. She mounted a double blind much to my relief. The ludicrous failing me, and hating the lugubrious, I cast about my regards for something snug, amusing, and comfortable, when my eyes alighted on "the Baker's Shop." Like a person who sits down for the first time in a well-constructed chair, I felt at once that I was fitted, and made a settlement accordingly; and I have ever since enjoyed comfort and competency reflected from the baker's shop and mansion.

I once lived six years in the same lodging house with a fellow-lodger whom I never saw more than I have seen the Stout Gentleman. We were the only lodgers in the house, and I heard of him, as a matter of necessity, every day in some form or other. Him I knew perfectly without ever having seen him. The baker and his family I knew by seeing them without hearing of them or speaking to them—in fact, I knew them well; and am convinced that it is not necessary to hear people speak in order to be familiar with them.

I felt a little awkward in my new situation at first, like a servant who goes to a new place, or a cat making a pilgrimage to a new domicile at a Whitsunday term. For a short time nobody took any notice of me; I was a stranger to their habits, and did not know even the hours of their meals. These hours I soon learnt from observing an unwonted state of quiescence about the shop-window and door, and a temporary disappearance of the family, down to servants and children. As to the breakfast hour, I do not choose to be more special, than merely to state that it is at some hour or other before ten. At first, too, I went a good deal at random among the customers. For instance, I could not distinguish between the stray 'prentice boy who went in to pocket a penny roll and disappeared to be seen no more, and the servant who carried in her pocket the tally-book containing a half hundred of hebdomadal accounts, all regularly scored off to the last week. But, though virtue is said to be its own reward, knowledge seems to be a step before it; for the acquisition of knowledge is often its own reward. So it was in this case. I could guess at the temper of two boys almost as correctly as Combe could have done, by observing how each expended his penny in the hour between forenoon and afternoon school; and I have seen two little girls, after a lengthened consultation, choose, the one a petticoat tail, and the other a penny roll—taste and fancy the one—size, substance, and

matter of fact the other. Then to see the exertions made to put a bulky purchase into a boy's breeches-pocket, or a girl's pendulum; and to remark the air of assumed insouciance with which they walked along after the operation was achieved, like dreaming that there is an eye above which marks and records roguery. I can calculate how business goes on in the adjoining shop by the quantity of biscuit called for. I know perfectly how many batches are baked a-week, and when the sponge is set, what days biscuit and cookies are manufactured. I was a good deal taken aback at first by the Jewish custom of commencing labours of the week on Sunday afternoon; but when I had for by a week or two's experience that on Sundays Pluto's temporary usurpation of the shop, the centre of attraction in a tradesman's house, was resisted by Apollo, simply through a single embrasure in the form of a rectangular opening at the top of the window shutter; and when it occurred to me that if there were no work on Sunday evening, there would be no hot rolls on Monday morning at the point where my conscience pinched was instantly relieved.

The first unequivocal symptom I experienced of having been attached to the family, was a strange uneasiness I felt on seeing another baker's servant pass the door with a basket of loaves on his head. I looked upon it as an unjustifiable intrusion, though the bread quite as indifferent as appearances justified, and wished the fellow might rather break his leg than come back the same way. I soon discovered that it was, fortunately, a circumstance of rare occurrence.

The most arduous part of my duties consists in taking care of the children when they are playing in the street. I have, indeed, as coadjutor, a girl who is hired for the purpose; but she is grossly careless; and what is worse, her diligence, on a sort of compensation principle, relaxes exactly in proportion as mine approaches a state of tension. This is the most weighty objection I have to my situation; and unless she improve in industry, or an assistant and successor appointed, I fear I may be obliged to quit. But I would be very reluctant to do this at the present conjuncture, as the hope of the family is actively engaged in war operations with some urchins of the neighbourhood. They are conducted on a scale of interesting minuteness, and after a fashion which would offer little violence to the feelings of the most sensitive philanthropist; consisting chiefly in alternate pursuit and retreat and the occasional discharge of missiles of no very mortal description or formidable dimensions. As on some other "theatrical war," it is seldom that a "blow is struck." But what of that? *they are about as interesting to me as the siege of Silistria, or*

Blockade of the Black Sea. The young belligerent is sometimes seduced into achievements of desperate valour, by the consciousness of possessing a secure retreat in the fastnesses of his father's counter; and partly, I begin to suspect, from his reliance on me as a *corps de reserve*; so that my quitting the field at present would be such an "untoward event" as might give an unfavourable turn to the campaign.

The baker's wife is principally occupied in attending to the business of the shop. She is "a fine woman," and goes through her occupations with a decent grace which is quite attractive. Her dress is tasteful and even handsome, and her slattern neighbours, I doubt not, call her "*a dandy*." But I like her the better for it; and whenever the occupation of females admits of their being neat and unsoiled, it adds, in my estimation, not only to their own worth, but to that of their wares, that they should rather exceed in attention to appearances, from the lady of the *mille colonnes* down to the snuff girl. Where a little finery is indulged in, it is *least likely* that cleanliness will be neglected; and where is cleanliness more desirable than in the "Baker's Shop?" It is the ambition of town's folks to get "milk from the cow," not knowing, simple creatures, that the water is put into the pitcher before milking; but so indifferent am I about getting "bread from the oven," that I would almost reject it till it had entered the shop and been dealt out by the baker's wife; and so conceited are solitary men apt to become, that when I send for a biscuit about nunchion time, I almost fancy I see her fair hand wander over the lot to pick out the crispest for my use.

When she has a tea-party, it is expected that I should be *at home*, as on me depends a considerable portion of the evening's amusement; and on unusual occasions I feel it incumbent on me even to invite an unconscious friend or two to add to the hilarity of the entertainment. The party generally consists of

"Her sister and her sister's son,
Herself and children three,"

with one or two visitors invited on the shallow pretence of seeing "the strange gentleman." On these occasions I behave with most becoming resignation, seating myself at a window, and occasionally even rising and pacing backwards and forwards in my den, that I may exhibit to the utmost advantage the "shaggy honours" of a fur cap and grey morning gown. But I will not encourage such parties overmuch. Should I find that they grow more frequent than is entirely consistent with reasonable assiduity on my part, and a proper attendance to the business of the shop on her's, I will

discountenance them in the most unequivocal manner. Yesterday evening she had a few visitors who kept me at home, and expect two cart-loads of flour from the mill, and must be in haste to see it delivered. Now this is rather hard duty.

The baker and his wife live on the best of connubial terms in my opinion, she does not assume more power and authority in the establishment than a conclave of matrons would award due and lawful proportion. I can perceive, indeed, at a slight remonstrance on the subject of his going beyond the limits of our own street with his working coat on; and when he is with a friend or two, I observe certain motions of the form and can perceive plainly enough that on such occasions he takes the word to the action by uttering an injunction that he stay not too long or too late,—injunctions which, I am proud to meet with more observance than many vested with similar authority which are to be found recorded both in prose and verse.

I am (and I mention it to my own credit) on good terms with the whole family; but like a country parson whose duties require him to mingle with all classes, while he considers himself footing with the best, I do not permit any familiarity on the part of servants. My friend the baker, I do sometimes think a little cool on me; and it is right I should mention this, as being a fragrant proof, were any necessary, that my intercourse with his wife is most strictly unobjectionable; for were it otherwise, it would not fail to be her husband's first favourite—that being an invariable concomitant in such cases.

In spite of some little grievances which affect me, I have no intention of leaving the family, for I have become attached to it, and I do not think they have much reason to complain of me. I do at times amuse myself a little with the visitors in the neighbouring tavern, but on the whole I flatter myself that my attendance on my proper avocations has been pretty assiduous; and as *they have ever passed between us*, the baker's wife could not in any way refuse me a character.

I beg leave to assure the baker's customers that they need themselves no uneasiness, and far less need the baker himself account of the present wet weather; as, to my certain knowledge, the baker has in his granaries an ample stock of wheat of the crop 1827, and a few picked samples of crop 1828, which, when mixed with a pretty sprinkling of good fresh Dantzic, will carry us safely through the next season. A faulty crop, therefore, of the present season, without doing any material damage to our customers' stomachs, may be of considerable advantage to the baker's coffers. His trade, firm and steady as it is, may be then

creased; and I am not aware that he will find any fault with this; for I do not understand that he is under a vow to confine his progeny to the number of *three*; and judging from circumstances and appearances, it is probable that a few years hence, the numerical amount of the *Muses* may be nearer the mark than that of the *Graces*.

ON THE SCENERY AROUND GENEVA.

FAREWELL, ye modest roofs, ye antique tow'rs!
 Condemn'd from you and innocence to stray,
 Still must I dream of vine-clad hills and bow'rs,
 Where balmy zephyrs fan the lap of May.

Adieu, ye rocks, that echo to the voice
 Of swains disporting in the daisied glade!
 Adieu, ye walks, where virtue's sons rejoice,
 Musing, at eve, in Contemplation's shade!

Ye Alpine monuments of age, whose pride
 Sublimely mocks our boasted domes below,
 Far into vapour blue I see you glide,
 Vanish your awful cliffs and hoary heads of snow!

You, heights of Jura, may each patriot hail,
 As bulwarks rear'd by an Almighty arm—
 Oh skreen Helvetia, when the hosts assail,
 Oh guard her children from the tyrant's harm!

I leave the wavy pine, the tufted dell,
 The vale of smiles and many mansions fair,
 I leave those charms no common lore can tell,
 Those charms which lull ambition, pride, and care.

And must I leave thee, Leman, Europe's boast,
 Sweeping in crescent form the vale profound,
 While fairy wavelets play upon thy coast,
 And foaming Rhone is soothed, and listens to the sound?

Oft would I pore upon thy glassy stream,
 In balmy visitations of the morn,
 And oft, at eve, in Cynthia's quiv'ring gleam,
 Would catch the echo of the winding horn.

Oft have I stray'd the margin's maze along,
 As oft admired grand Nature's changing pow'rs,
 Who now moves placid to the vernal song,
 And now in frowns and midnight horrors low'rs.

For blythe some morn, in saffron cincture bound,
 'Mid all the glories of the blue serene,
 Would shed ambrosial dews and fragrance round,
 And myriad flow'rs bedeck the shelving green.

When, lo ! a lurid cloud, athwart the sky,
 With coming blasts deforms the tranquil pole,
 The forky darts of glaring lightnings fly,
 The dread-inspiring peals of thunders roll !

The torrent tumbles to the mountain's base,
 The drifted masses from their crags are hurl'd—
 The din re-bellows thro' th' unfathom'd maze,
 And dark confusion scowls upon the world !

O ye, who wind along the mountain hoar,
 Hie to some cave, or shepherd's rude abode,
 Whether tremendous wonders you explore,
 Or wend to Rome, to kneel before your God !

For soon this elemental war shall cease,
 These hollow sounds in airy distance die,
 Iris, the gentle harbinger of peace,
 Shall trace her glorious arch along the sky.

Hush'd was the whirlwind, when, from lofty fane,
 The freshen'd landscape seem'd to stretch afar.
 Geneva's tow'rs rose on the western plain,
 And glitter'd to the day's refulgent star.

Her walls of lore would then recall a name,
 To truth, humanity, and freedom dear—
 O ye, whose breast glows with a gen'rous flame
 Pardon his errors and his worth revere !

And next the rocks of Meillerie display'd
 Dear sombre haunts, where youths and virgins sigh,
 Whilst Vevey's shore spoke of the hapless maid,
 And Chillon's turrets trembled on the eye.

Such tender sympathies invade the soul,
 When fond remembrance wakens from repose,
 Sweet were those moments when from play we stole
 And melted at the tale of Julia's woes !

Thou sun of eve, whose mild declining ray
 Would tinge yon airy ice with roseate hue,
 And close with ever-varying charms the day,
 Accept the tribute of a long adieu !

Yet, oft as radiance of the western skies,
 In some far distant land appears to burn,
 Fancy shall bid Valdencia's vistas rise,
 Shall bid the hours on angel wings return.

Yes, they return—I'll linger yet a while
On borders darling as my native home—
Kind Fancy, all my wayward thoughts beguile,
And waft me to the friends from whom I roam!

Again I mingle in the social choir,
The converse sage or jocund still goes round,
Lausonia's nymphs still strike the trembling wire,
And "*wake to ecstasy*" the thrilling sound.

Let others revel in their gorgeous halls,
Their bulse of Ind and canopy display,
In sullen state deride the poor man's calls,
Or fawn on scept'red pageants of a day.

Let others prize the pomp of Europe's crimes,
And all the wealth our captive brethren yield,
Let monsters, savage as their frozen climes,
Erect their empire on the blood-stain'd field!

Mine be the boon of fond domestic joy,
And health, and competence, and inward ease—
Ah! these are blessings sure without alloy,
Again I breathe Helvetia's genial breeze.

Ah, no! like fleeting phantom of the morn,
Which long and oft its victim may deplore,
The spell dissolves in air,—the swain forlorn,
Pours his sad descants on the parting shore.

LOCKHART MUIRHEAD.*

THE PROVINCIAL ACTRESS.

A SKETCH.

esses have got any good parts about them they take care to
1 to the best market: they deal them out upon the stage.
te life they are a set of heartless, frivolous creatures. Trifles
air are to them matters of great consequence, and their
fe is spent—that is, the portion of it which belongs to them—
in backbiting one another, in making or patching up dresses,
uarrelling with the manager.

thorough-bred actress is a thorough-bred coquette. She

te Professor of Natural History in the University of Glasgow.

encourages the soft glances—because perhaps she feels flattered by them—of the puppy who lounges by the side-wings, as well as those of the “grim-faced loon” who pulls up the curtain. She looks round the pit, the boxes, and the gallery, but never rests her eyes long in one direction. She makes them play this circuit generally twenty times a-night; and no matter in what corner of the house you be seated, you cannot but feel flattered that the pretty one’s eyes have rested on you no less than a score of times in the course of one single evening. To be sure you are in love with her.

The actress at rehearsal generally inspires you with disgust: she attempts to be smart—ogles in your face—hums a tune at the pitch of her voice—and takes a swirl between the side-wings, as if in imitation of the French dancers; but in reality to show you that she can afford to wear clean stockings by day-light as well as by gas-light. She may also perhaps feel some secret vanity in showing you that she wears garters, and that they are of the reigning colour. Her silly frivolities seem *boringly* impertinent in day-light. You discover that her cheeks are rough; and that her face and neck seem as if they had not been washed for the last two weeks. You feel shocked at a dirty-faced woman’s impertinence in thus aping the airs of a hoyden.

She spends her mornings in bed, sighing for a husband, or glancing over her part for the evening. She is extremely fond of something nice to breakfast; but if she be engaged only for the waiting-maid or the old women parts, she can afford no greater luxury than a salt-herring. But if it be the proper season of them, she just fancies that she is picking a bit of trout, and her happiness is complete. It is only the tragedy queen who can muster up a plate of ham at breakfast.—Juliet rioting upon bacon! while Lady Capulet must be content——

Your poor provincial actress is very susceptible of flattery or censure. Praise her, no matter how grossly, and you are a “dear impudent rogue.” Offer a slighting remark upon the arrangement of a curl, and you put her in the sullens for the evening. If she has got a pair of small feet, she wears the heel of one of her shoes down; and pretends that a great nasty fellow nearly crushed her little toe to pieces the other night, while embracing her upon the stage. You are hereupon bound to remark upon the smallness of her shoe, which she throws off and assures you is far too large for her. “Ah, dear me! my foot is so swelled to-night!—only feel it.”

She is a creature of art and affectation. If she is serious for a moment, you can easily discover that her gravity is selfish. A sister actress complains of illness, and her sympathy flows from her in *torrents*; but she turns her back, and hints to the first she meets,

that all is not right with Miss Somebody—but mum, you know—I said nothing.”

The first time I ever was in a theatre, I fell violently in love with a lady whose name I now forget. These were the days when I used to jump from the window of the little room in which I slept, after the rest of the family had gone to bed, and run to the theatre. I was a first-gallery man in these days. Distance, and gas-light, and vermillion were the means of my enslavement. What a charming creature that was! Three years afterwards I got initiated behind the scenes, and found that she was a wrinkled old woman.

In these days, when I was fool enough to dance about the side-wings, I received many an insult from the starvelings and the underlings of the establishment: but my day, I knew, was coming. I wrote a Tragedy—sent it up to old Drury, where it was highly successful! I was now “at home” behind the scenes,—the manager now recognized me,—he shook hands when he met me.

To return to our provincial actress. She has a great veneration for an author. Every man who writes a farce or a melo-drama, she thinks must be a man of genius. She treasures up every little puff he pours into her ear, and she retails it to every one whom she can “hold by the button.” If he tells her that she “played to-night extremely well—that the part seems her own”—she puts it on the list of her pet ones.

After all, poor creature! her situation is not an enviable one. The applause she receives is but short-lived; it neither satiates her craving for flattery, nor yet fills her belly. All woman-kind look upon her as a something which belongs not to their sex. Fair ones who know not what it is to labour for their daily bread, turn up their noses at her, even while she is doing her utmost to please them. And we of the masculine gender, while praising her beauty or her apparent amiableness of manner, whine forth our—“pity that she is an actress.” Perhaps her manager is severe to her, or perhaps he cannot pay her her salary when the treasury-day comes round. Perhaps she is not in love with her profession—but we might “per-
haps” it through a dozen of pages.

That man is a fool, who, not himself an actor, fancies that he is doing a wise thing in marrying a female from the stage. No wise rational merchant or manufacturer would think of taking unto his bosom one of those unsettled animals yclept Tinklers,—equally absurd would it be for him to marry an actress, however pretty, whose habits of life and every thing about her would go to derange his sober way of getting through the world.

I am not aware that her ladyship drinks any thing stronger than

lemonade "to bear her courage up;" unless it be a drop of b
now and then—for the benefit of her stomach.

In course of time she gets worse and worse in her profession.
town gets tired of her; and she enlists herself under the ban
some strolling manager. She leads his business for a time
then "is heard of no more."

It is only an old play-goer like myself that can run ov
names of the hundred thousand actresses who have strutte
fretted their little hour upon a provincial stage.

R. B.

A SCOTTISH BALLAD.

My heid is like to rend, Willie,
My heart is like to break ;
I'm wearin' aff my feet, Willie,
I'm dyin' for your sake !
O lay your cheek to mine, Willie,
Your han' on my brierst-bane,—
O say ye'll think on me, Willie,
When I am deid and gane !

It's vain to comfort me, Willie,
Sair grief maun ha'e its will—
But let me rest upon your brierst,
To sab and greet my fill.
Let me sit on your knee, Willie,
Let me shed by your hair,
An' look into the face, Willie,
I never sall see mair !

I'm sittin' on your knee, Willie,
For the last time in my life :
A puir heart-broken thing, Willie,
A mither yet nae wife.
Ay, press your han' upon my heart,
And press it mair and mair ;
Or it will burst the silken twine,
Sae strang is its despair !

Oh wae's me for the hour, Willie,
When we thegither met ;
Oh wae's me for the time, Willie,
That our first tryst was set !

Oh wae's me for the loanin' green
 Where we were wont to gae ;
 An' wae's me for the destinie,
 That gart me luvè thee sae !

Oh ! dinna min' my words, Willie,
 I downa seek to blame ;
 But oh ! it's hard to live, Willie,
 An' drie a warld's shame !
 Het tears are hallin' ower your cheek,
 And hallin' ower your chin ;
 Why weep ye sae for worthlessness,
 For sorrow, an' for sin ?

I'm weary o' this warld, Willie,
 An' sick wi' a' I see ;
 I canna live as I hae lived,
 Or be as I should be.
 But fauld unto thy heart, Willie,
 The heart that still is thine ;
 An' kiss ance mair the white, white cheek
 Ye said was red langsyne.

A stoun' gaes thro' my heid, Willie,
 A sair stoun' thro' my heart ;
 Oh ! hand me up, an' let me kiss
 Thy brow ere we twa part.
 Anither, an' anither yet !—
 How fast my life-strings break !
 Fareweel ! Fareweel ! thro' yon kirk-yaird
 Step lichtly for my sake !

The lavrock in the lift, Willie,
 That lilts far ower our heid—
 Will sing the morn as merrilie
 Abune the clay-cauld dead ;
 An' this green turf we're sittin' on,
 Wi' dew-draps shimmerin' sheen,
 Will hap the heart that luvit thee,
 As warld has seldom seen.

But oh ! remember me, Willie,
 On lan' where'er ye be ;
 An' oh ! think on the leal, leal heart,
 That ne'er loved ane but thee !
 An' oh ! think on the cauld, cauld mools
 That file my yellow hair ;
 That kiss the cheek, and kiss the chin,
 Ye never sall kiss mair !

THE USURER.*

"Is Mr Lomond at home?" "Yes." A secret satisfaction accelerated my steps—I ascended the second staircase.—It was dusk already in the street—our house was completely dark—I groped my way, and my hand touched the door.

"Who is there?" asked he, scarcely audible.—

I gave my name.—

"Come in."

I found my little grey landlord in his arm chair before his smoking grate, motionless as a statue; his eyes fixed on the mantel-piece, on which stood an old lamp, once bronzed, that threw a pale light over an empty frame garnished with a variety of bills, cheques, accounts, and the like papers. As I looked into his sallow unearthly face, he glanced up, and the rays of the lamp shed a reddish glare upon his features, over which flickered something like a smile.

"Have you heard, Mr Lomond?" said I—

"I have, and know what you are going to say."

"And what do *you* say?"

He shrugged his shoulders.—"I knew it these four weeks."

"These four weeks?"—The tone of my voice was rather doubtful.

"Look here;" said he, pointing to a paper.—It was a transfer of stock-property to a great amount.—Again he relapsed into his former silence.

Does this creature think like other people? said I to myself. Does he know that there is a God? Has he a heart in his bosom? Has he ever felt the influence of love? Does he know any such thing as woman, or happiness? Or is his soul shut up with his bonds and bags in the coffers of the bank, where his better self is assuredly deposited?—

"Well, you have made a good business of it?"

"About a thousand pounds," he drily remarked.

"And yet you are mute and thoughtful."

"I amuse myself."—

"Amuse yourself?" said I.

He again shrugged his shoulders, and darted a look of pity on me.

"Do you suppose there is no amusement, save that purchased by pounds and guineas in your ball-rooms and party saloons? Do you presume there is no poetry, save that which comes from Murray's or Longman's wholesale shops?"—

* From an article in "The Englishman's Magazine," entitled "My Little Grey Landlord."

Poetry!—This head, thought I, and poetry! but I kept my thoughts to myself.—

"Poetry—brilliant poetry—my young friend;" the first time he had honoured me with this appellation.—"Yes, my friend, Byron was never more in his trances than I was just now."

His eyes glittered from behind the green spectacles as he drew up his lips.

"I am sorry, then, for having interrupted you."

"Never mind, I am glad you are come.—You shall hear, and from the recital of the events of this morning, you may, in some measure, be enabled to form an idea—but let us see—"

So saying, he arose and rang the bell. We sat for a while without speaking a word, for the woman's heavy steps were heard upon the stairs.

"One of the bottles with the ducal coronet, and two tumblers," he said.—Again a pause. After some minutes the attendant came up; he went towards the door through which she held the bottle, and he handed it to me with a cork-screw.

"Fill the glasses. The King has no equal to this Madeira in his cellars."

"I never have tasted the King's wine, but this I am sure is the best that ever reached my lips."

"This morning," he began, after having sipped at his tumbler, "I had only three bills to present. Of the rest I had disposed yesterday. The first of these three bills had been handed to me by a hanger-on of the exquisites or exclusives of our capital—a frequenter of Crockford's, whose transition will be Newgate, and finally the halter. I have set him down for January, 1832. He came in a cabriolet; the bill was signed by his Grace of —, a trifle of three thousand pounds lost and won, as is the fashion. The second of my bills came through a fine young dasher, who sported a tilbury, a most elegant fashionable. His scrap again was signed by one of our most charming women, the wife of a Baronet, of good property, but somewhat embarrassed: this bill was for two hundred pounds. How the signature came upon it, I guessed, but that's not to the purpose. The third, for one hundred pounds, was to be honoured likewise by a lady—for the signature showed a Maria —. It reached me through a linen-draper.

"The first object of my visit lives—you know where. The second occupies a fashionable mansion in — square; the third I was to find in one of the fag-ends of our bloated city—Chelsea.

"If you knew the conjectures which crossed my brain on leaving home. These two women. What overtures, what anxiety, what tremors, what palpitations. How condescendingly they would

press my hands—nay, offer gifts—gifts.”—The grey man darted a glance at me, which chilled my veins.

“Two hundred pounds are a trifle, comparatively speaking; but what might a woman not do for them, if pressed hard. While I, cold—ice-cold, stern, disdainful, would stand before her like the avenger of blood, seize her with the gripe of justice—but let us on—I respect rank, and my first visit, therefore, was paid to his Grace of —.”

“I entered the gorgeous mansion, freshed up with some assistance of my purse too—repaid—however—repaid. Times were once a little more prosperous in that quarter—the range wider. Things have changed—you comprehend—.”

I nodded.

“On I passed through the court-yard, the colonnade, when I was arrested by a grinning, yawning, gold-laced varlet, who handed me over to a fellow-idler, who again sent me forward to another; all of them grinning and jibing at me.

“‘His — has not risen yet,’ said a powdered man.

“‘When can I see him?’

“‘That is uncertain.’

“‘My name is Lomond, I shall be here at three o’clock.’

“‘Stop a moment;’ said the minion, quailing a little under my determined look, ‘I shall see.’

“I looked through the colonnade of the entrance. The fellow came down with a courtly, almost humble smirk. ‘His — is at leisure—please to walk up.’

“I ascended the stairs, entered a magnificent drawing-room, and was ushered into a suite of apartments, each of them furnished with regal splendour. Just as I passed through, a figure was coming up from a back entrance of the mansion, who shrunk behind a door as soon as he caught a glimpse of me. However, he had not escaped me; it was the A—n A—, that prince of scoundrels and profligates. Ah, thought I, does the wind blow from this quarter? but a door opened, and towards poor Mr Lomond advanced, who should it be—but his Grace of — himself! ‘Be brief, Mr Lomond,’ said the mighty man, ‘my time is precious.’ I drew my bill from my pocket-book, and held it towards him. His — is said to be unyielding—hard as iron—but he flinched a little, I can assure you.

“‘Ah, dear Mr Lomond! three thousand pounds? The rascal was very quick, indeed; I hope, however, Mr Lomond—*dear Mr Lomond*, (I was *dear*, do you understand,) I hope,’ continued his —, ‘you will wait a couple of days.’

" 'Till three o'clock precisely;' and I put my bill again into my pocket-book.

" 'Till three o'clock;' muttered his —, 'till three o'clock! Why that's little more than three hours.'

" 'Exactly.'—

" 'You would not—you would not.' The iron frame, me-thought, shook.

" 'Were it an emperor I should not hesitate, if he refused acceptance.'

" At this moment the *valet-de-chambre* whispered something into the ear of his — relating to the visitor I mentioned.

" 'Ah, well, very well; I am at his command. All is right, Mr Lomond; at three then I shall have the pleasure——.' The patrician's imperturbable countenance brightened up as I retreated.

" My second visit was to the beautiful Lady N—. It just struck twelve, when I entered the hall. Her ladyship, I was told, was still in bed; she could not be seen.

" 'When can I come then?'

" 'At two o'clock.'

" 'My name is Lomond. Tell her my name, I shall be here at two o'clock, and I went away. My course lay down Chelsea, through King's-road, into one of the lanes, where a carriage is seldom or never seen. The cottage which I had to discover, was retired in a nook, pleasantly sheltered from the whirlwind of fashion and dissipation. I was admitted into the cheerful dwelling by a cleanly-dressed woman, who showed me up stairs into a neat drawing room. Nothing can be more inviting than these abodes of our less wealthy fellow-citizens: this was a sample of the very best. No richness, no luxury, but every thing pretty, and sparkling, and convenient; I am a friend to order and cleanliness, and there I met it to my heart's content. Not the least trace of dust: there was an air of modesty, of noble simplicity, of virtue, in the room; true English, home-bred virtue. I drew a deep sigh. On a sofa lay a prayer-book and a bible, with some needle-work; on a working table some linen; every thing white as snow. The door opened, and a girl, about eighteen, came out of a bed-room, from which a distressful coughing was heard. It was a sweet, delightful creature."

The man paused, and took his glass and emptied it.

" Fill, my young friend, to her health; I should like to see you carry off this prize."

" I?"

" Stop, let us go on. She was dressed simply, but with extreme taste; her fair hair was arched, in two beautiful clusters, above her temples. One is seldom permitted to enjoy such a sight."

I emptied the tumbler.

"The girl stood a second or two looking at me before she said, 'My mother is very sorry, but she is confined to bed.' I then presented her the bill; she stepped into the next room, and returned soon after with a cheque on the banking house of — and Co.

" 'If, Miss, should perhaps—you understand me?' I said.

" 'I do not;' replied the girl, with an inquiring glance.

" 'If the payment should fall heavy upon you, I can and will wait.'

" 'It fell hard; but my mother is better—no, no,' she added, and retreated a few paces, as if afraid of me.

"I was touched—really touched. I felt almost as though I ought to leave the hundred pounds behind, but, on second thought, I deemed it better to put it into my pocket-book. She works hard to keep herself and her mother in something like respectability. A hundred pounds thrown in her way in such a manner, what mischief might it not create? One must consider every thing—why she might have a cousin, or some such connexion, who would fain drive his pony—or the hundred pounds might find their road into one of the thousand craters of French millinery. No—wiser to leave her as she was. She is the daughter of a mercantile gentleman who failed some years ago, and the remains of whose fortune are locked up in Chancery. *Appropos*, this Chancery business—it would be a pity if Brougham should succeed in curtailing so salutary an institution. It has brought many a thousand pounds into my coffers. Truly that girl would make a fine wife for you, young man—but let us proceed. When I regained the King's road, the clock struck one. I looked for some time at the caricature shops, and at two found myself in — Square. I mounted the stairs of my lady's mansion, leaving, with every step, a foot imprinted into the Brussels carpet. That pleases me. I was desired by the servant to wait a moment, and seated myself in one of the gilded arm-chairs.

" 'Her ladyship has just rung the bell for the first time,' said the waiting maid, with an air of importance. 'I scarcely believe Mr—what is his name? will be admitted.'

" 'Tell her ladyship my name.'

"She came in a few moments, and in a hurry, as it seemed, beckoning and running before me. I was ushered into a splendid apartment—the door opened to a second, and out came a woman. No—I shall not easily forget her—and how I saw her, and when, and where—there, young man, where no mortal will behold her, save her husband—in a state—but hear. Over her bare shoulders she had flung, in the hurry of the moment, a precious cachemire,

into which she shrouded herself so anxiously, that her fine proportions were developed every where. She was dressed in a *peignoir* white as snow. Her auburn hair escaped luxuriantly from a *mousses*, ingeniously wound round her head *a la Creole*—(by the bye, I once kept a large assortment of French goods). The half-open door presented a *coup d'œil* for which a painter would have given a world. The bed was thrown into the most picturesque confusion. Her dreams must have been very violent—a snowy willow lay at the foot; the blue silken coverlet, garnished with white lace, was half flung on the carpet. Behind one of the lions carved into the foot of the *acajou* bed, lay a white satin shoe; no other straggled farther off. Over a gilded chair dangled a robe rumpled into shapelessness; stockings, which a breath might have wafted away, were slung round a screen; flowers, bracelets, gloves,arters, and girdles, were strewed all over the room. She must have hurried to bed without the attendance of her maid; all was luxury and disorder. A vague, voluptuous odour pervaded the apartment. As these vanities lay scattered before me, I could not restrain a smile of pity. In their proper places they might have driven a dozen of men into delirium; here they gave strong indications of passion—of reckless passion, with misery and shame, corn and utter desolation, close on the heels—nay they lurked already beneath the bronzed eyelids of her ladyship. She was an exquisite piece of workmanship—the very image of passion—wild, overpowering, restless, careering on to destruction.”

The man cast a feverish glance at me.

“Her eyes sparkled with a sleepy fire—she resembled one of the Herodiades, whom we owe to Leonardo da Vinci—(I have learnt in pictures too). Yes, a powerful woman she was; a matured form of beauty, with a tropical haze around her—nothing mean—all noble, her colour, her traits, her very paleness lighted up here and there by red streaks; they all showed fire and love; and yet she seemed stronger even than love. She made a deep impression on me. My heart beat almost. It is long since it beat last. I was already paid; for what are two hundred pounds for a sensation?—a sensation which recalls our sweetest hours before expiring phantasy!

“‘Mr Lomond,’ she said, ‘will you please to take a chair? Will you be so good as to wait?’

“‘Till to-morrow noon, Madam,’ I answered, folding up the bill which I had presented to her; ‘till to-morrow noon; then we shall see further.’

“My glance must have told her what was passing within me. *How!* thought I, pay for thy luxury—pay for thy happiness, thy

dissipation, the monopoly which thou exercisest.—For the hapless wretch whom thy fastidious eye scorns to look upon, there is Bow-street, and Newgate, and its juries and judges, and the gallows; but thou who reposest on silk and lace, for thee are the scorpions of shame, and the world's sneer and contempt.

“ ‘*A protest!*’ said the beautiful woman; ‘Mr Lomond, you cannot be so cruel—so utterly—Mr Lomond!’—

“ Her words were interrupted by a rap at the door.

“ ‘Not at present! not at present!’ ejaculated she; ‘I am engaged; I am not at leisure,’ she added imperiously.

“ ‘Caroline! I *must* see you,’ said a manly voice.

“ ‘Impossible, my dear!’ returned she in a softer, but still very positive tone.

“ ‘You are not in earnest? Who is it whom you talk with?’ and with these words the door opened, and a middle-aged gentleman walked in. The lady cast a beseeching glance at me. I understood it.—She was my slave. Ah! there was a time when I would have been fool enough, *not to protest.*

“ ‘Who is this man?’ asked the baronet, measuring me from head to foot.

“ ‘My upholsterer, Mr ———.’ The brow of her ladyship began to darken. She hesitated—she advanced.

“ The baronet cast another glance at me, and then turned towards the window. The bill was still in my grasp, gaping most unmercifully at the beauty. At this direful sight she hurried towards me, and, with a broken whisper, pressed a diamond into my hand. ‘Take it and go.—Go, for heaven’s sake!’

“ I glanced at the jewel, slipped the bill between the fingers of her ladyship, and turned away.

“ The diamond was worth full three hundred. When I descended I found two brilliant carriages for her ladyship; a couple of liveried loungers brushed their coats, a third stood gaping and laughing. Ah, look! said I to myself, what leads these people to my poor house; what brings the Duke and the Marquis, the Earl and the Viscount before my door in the shape of supplicants; what makes them lose hundreds of thousands, and brings women to betray their husbands, men their country and themselves? They must live in style and extravagance!—just as I was thus meditating, there arrived in his elegant tilbury, the young man ~~who~~ had transferred the bill to me.

“ ‘Sir,’ I said, as he alighted, ‘here is one hundred pounds. You will be so good as to deliver it into the hands of her ladyship, and you will at the same time be pleased to tell her, that I shall

keep the diamond at her disposal until next Wednesday at two o'clock, should she be inclined to redeem the pledge.'

"The youth took the hundred pound note, a sardonic smile laying over his countenance.

" ' Ah ! she has paid then, has she ? All the better.'

" This smile, these words, they said every thing. Her ladyship as already *perdita* !

" And now I passed to the mansion of his Grace of ——— ; all a dozen of gold-laced servants marshalled my way, and I entered the *sanctuarium* of the Duke. Every thing sumptuous, stern, like the possessor ; yet dissipation was gleaming through.

" His Grace kept his seat, and presented me with a cheque on ——— No, I cannot mention it ! but the cheque—— While his eye rested on me, I remained, to all appearance, cold and indifferent.

" ' You understand me, Mr Lomond ? I shall perhaps wait on you soon again.' He put his finger on his lips. ' Can you be lent ?'

" I knew where the wind blew from. I knew what had passed — what was to come. The high and mighty heads across the channel have some interest in " the Question " at issue—A great interest. They, too, club their share, and ——— is the instrument. Part of it might surely go to the conveyancer to discharge some trifling debts of honour—trifles of ten or twenty thousand."

" Mr Lomond !" said I, in amazement——

The man continued.—" His Grace was in my power—is still in my power, this cheque must bear interest for every hour. I am offered by the banker four thousand already.—Do you understand now, young man, why I mused ?"

My landlord paused, laid his green spectacles on the table, his fastidious countenance expanded, his reddish eyes hung with a chilling glare upon me. " Do you now understand my pleasures ?" said he, with a rising voice—the first time I had heard him raise his voice. " Do you reckon it nothing, to penetrate into the innermost recesses of the human heart, to read the crooked counsels of statesmen, to lay bare the most hidden folds of society, to have placed before one's eyes the life of the proudest-born, of the brave, the crafty, and the beautiful, in utter nakedness and in utter helplessness. These scenes, ever shifting, every varying, in a thousand and a thousand ways ; those hideous gambings, those despairing joys and bootless ravings, which lead to the scaffold, those hysterical laughs of despair, those frantic festivals of dissipation green and grey. Now a father, who cuts his throat because he can no longer endure the cries of his starving children ; again, a

woman who offers the very jewel for which she has bartered name and happiness. O, these actors! these inimitable actors! Here Garrick, and Kean, and Kemble might have studied; but their art is lost on me. Often, indeed, a love-sick girl, an old merchant, a starving worthy mechanic, or a mother who panted to conceal the scandal of a beloved child—a noble lord on the brink of ruin—often have they made my hair stand erect like the mane of a frightened horse; but now I can look at these scenes, I can, young man; nothing now deceives me; nothing will. I can pierce the heart through; and what do I want? I possess every thing. I may buy ministers and consciences; that is in my power. The fairest women are rushing upon their knees before me. Here, young man, here in this room,” said the withered usurer, “here have paid me homage, beauties, to delineate whose charms would outstrip the artist’s skill. But I stand immovable in my scorn, for I am past this frenzy; and I revenge myself on mankind who spurned and buffeted me while I was young and vigorous, but helpless and pennyless, and with no house to shelter, no friend to console me. I have tasted and am satiated. I am one of forty, who are the silent, the mute, the unknown kings of this country, the arbiters of life—for gold is life. Forty we are, bound together by the same ties, the same interests, though not the same motives. Once every week we assemble and compare notes, reveal the mysteries of finance, and of existence; no fortune, no condition escapes our view. We hold the secrets of every family from the highest to the lowest. In our black book there are notes as terrible to man and woman as those in the book of judgment. Public credit and private happiness, the safety of the bank, and the stability of commerce, depend ten times in the year upon us. What is your secret police? It is we who analyse, who anatomise the world and its value. We love money; we love it, but we love power still more, and money is power. Yes, yes, it is—

“Here,” said the little grey man, pointing round his comfortless walls; “here, within these dingy naked walls; here the lofty hero, who has fought and won battles by dozens, becomes humble as the sinner, who is on the eve of being launched into eternity; here the most enraptured lover, whom a word from the lips of his divinity would drive mad, here he will beg with folded hands; here prays the merchant, who never acknowledged the name of his Creator; here she bends low—low, before whom the stateliest noble would kiss the dust. Here the artist and mechanic, the farmer and the landlord, learn to unite in prayer. Here,” added he, drawing his hand over his brow, “is the scale in which the destiny of thousands, of London itself, is balanced. Do you then believe that I have no

fold, no pleasure, no poetry, under this cold and shrivelled
 ask? that there beats no feeling under these blasted muscles?"
 He laid his hand on my shoulder, and rivetted his eye once more
 on me. "Yes, you shall hear more—yes—" and so saying he
 fled and retreated to his bed-room.

I arose, and staggered towards the door almost stupified. I
 tumbled down stairs. The little grey man had swollen up before
 me into a frightful monster. He had changed into a fantastic
 terrible being. He was the incarnate representative of the arch-
 demon. Existence, man, and beauty, looked hideous in my eyes;
 all, all appeared subservient to his infernal power.

SONNETS.

CHLOE, that name was transport to my ear,
 When blazed the star of virtue on thy brow,
 And mingled with thy artless smiles: but now,
 Since thou art fallen from that golden sphere,
 Where Virtue's daughters deck'd with grace appear,
 And meekly to Heaven's sacred altars bow—
 Since thou in angel's guise hast broke each vow,
 And down to perjury's gulf held thy career,
 Thy name bursts on the ear like Indian yell,
 With harsh, discordant, perturbing sound,
 Like thought-wing'd accents from the caves of hell,
 Or noisy tremblings of the rending ground!
 To stain thy virtue with hell's foulest blot
 Surely some demon forged th' accursed thought.

S.

YOUTH's fairy-land recedes, and year by year
 Less brightly do sweet memories to the soul
 Come o'er the widening interval so drear,
 Like gales o'er parched desert. The control
 Of after-customs in life's pilgrimage
 Takes from us, with the ~~past~~, the regret
 For what we deem'd ~~worth~~ should forget
 To love:—Then strangely in extremest age
 The early past appears, and all between
 Fades traceless from remembrance.—It is not,
 As some might deem, a mockery in our lot
 That thus we change just e'er death close the scene.
 Oh, no! 'tis foretaste of the coming heav'n,
 Where more than youthful joy will unto man be giv'n.

B.

THE FIRST-FLOOR LODGER.

There are two lodged together.—SHAKESPEARE.

"AN Englishman's house is his castle:—I grant it; but, for his lodging, a comparison remains to be found. An Englishman's house may be his castle; but that can only be where he consents to keep the whole of it. Of all earthly alliances and partnerships into which mortal man is capable of being trepanned, that which induces two interests to place themselves within four walls, is decidedly the most unholy. It so happens that, throughout my life, I have had occasion only for half a house, and, from motives of economy, have been unwilling to pay rent for a whole one; but—there can be, on earth, I find, no resting-place for him who is so unhappy as to want only "half a house!" In the course of the last eight years, I have occupied one hundred and forty-three different lodgings, running the gauntlet twice through all London and Westminster, and, oftener than I can remember, the "out-parishes" through! As "two removes" are as bad as a fire, it follows that I have gone seventy-one times and a half through the horrors of conflagration! And, in every place where I have lived, it has been my fate to be domiciled with a monster! But my voice shall be heard, as a voice upon the house-top, crying out until I find relief. I have been ten days already in the abode from which I now write, so I cannot, in reason, look to stay more than three or four more. I hear people talk of "the grave" as a lodging (at worst) that a man is "sure of;" but, if there be one resurrection-man alive when I die, as sure as quarter-day, I shall be taken up again.

The first trial I endured when I came to London, was making the tour of all the boarding-houses—being deluded, I believe, *seriatim*, by every prescriptive form of "advertisement."

First, I was lured by the pretence modest—this appeared in *The Times* all the year round. "Desirable circle"—"Airy situation"—"Limited number of guests"—"Every attention"—and "no children."

Next, was the commanding—very "head and front" of the *Morning Post*. "Vicinity of the desirable Squares!"—"Two persons, to increase society"—"Family of condition"—and "Terms, at Mr Sam's, the bookseller's."

Then came the irresistible. "Widow of an officer of rank"—"Unprotected early in life"—"Desirous to extend family circle"—"Flatters herself," etc. Moonshine all together! "Desirable circle." A bank clerk, and five daughters who wanted husbands.

nd water after supper, and booby from Devonshire snapt my eyes. Little boy, too, in the family, that belonged to bo "had died." I hate scandal; but I never could find *that* sister had been buried.

ionable Square"—The fire, to the frying-pan! The worst consideration)—in all my experience. Dishes without 1 beds without blankets. "Terms, two hundred guineas and surcharges for night-candle. And, as for dinner! as Yorkshireman, I never knew what it meant while I was in er Square!

had two step-mothers, Mr Editor, and I was six months aratory school, but I never saw a woman since I was born like Lady Catherine Skinflint! There was a transpa- out her slice which (after a good luncheon) one could pause at. She would cover you a whole plate with fillet of veal and not increase the weight of it half an ounce.

en the Misses Skinflints—for knowledge of anatomy—ing up a fowl!—In the puniest half-starved chicken that e the heart of a brood hen to look at, they would find you , pinion, drumstick, liver, gizzard, rump, and merry- and, even beyond this critical acquaintance with all ad- und apocryphal—divisions and distinctions, I have caught of them actually inventing new joints, that, even in spe- never before existed!

rstand the meaning now of the Persian salutation—"May low never be less!" I lost mine entirely in about a fort- t I staid at Lady Skinflint's.

ore hosts took me "at livery" (besides the "widow" of cer of rank")—an apothecary, who made patients of his and an attorney, who looked for clients among them. I from the medical gentleman rather hastily, for I found astry-cook who served the house was his brother; and the as so pressing about "discounts," and "investments of " that I never ventured to sign my name, even to a wash- luring the few days I was in his house: On quitting the took courage, and resolving to become my own provider, First Floor," accordingly ("unfurnished") in the neigh- of Bloomsbury S

"Mutatio loci, non ingenii."

emier coup of my career amounted to an escape. I ordered anche outfit for an upholsterer of Piccadilly, determined y "apartments" unexceptionable before I entered them;

and discovered, after a hundred pounds laid out in painting, and curtain-fitting, that the "ground landlord" had claims which would be liquidated when my property was sold.

This miscarriage made me so cautious, that before I went again, I was the sworn horror of every auctioneer and householder (so called) in London. I refused twenty offers, at least they had the appearance of being "great bargains." Even the houses as though they had the plague, in which I found the gentlemen were preferred." Was threatened with the law for defamation, for questioning the solvency of persons in the street. And, at length, was so lucky as to hit upon a really desirable house! The "family" perfectly respectable; but had "more than was necessary for them. Demanded the "strictest references," and accepted no inmate for "less than a year." In the most unexceptionable abode I conveyed myself and my family. Sure I should stay for ever, and doubted whether I could secure it at once for ten years instead of one. And before I had been settled in the house three quarters of an hour, I found the chimneys—every one of them! smoked, from the bottom!

There was guilt, reader, in the landlord's eye, the first puff drove me out of my drawing-room. He made me say something like "damp day;" but the "amen" was in his throat. He could not say "amen," when I did cry "God bless us!" The whole building, from the kitchen to the garret, was infected with the malady. I had noticed the dark complexioned family, and had concluded they were from the West Indies where they were smoke-dried;—

"Blow high, blow low!"

I suffered six weeks under excuses, knowing them to be all the while. For a whole month it was "the wind;" "the wind" veer twice all round the compass, and for which way it would, it still blew down my chimney!

Then we came to "Cures." First, there were alterations—new chimney-pots, cowls, hovers, and all making things worse. Then we tried at the bottom, but it was reset, and retracted—still to no purpose. Then we came to burning the windows open; and in four days I was in a decline. Then we kept the windows open; and in one day I got a fit of the rheums in spite of doors or windows, blowers, registers, or Counsellors—precaution in putting on coals, or mathematical manipulation—down the enemy would come to our very feet.

poof!—as if in derision! till I prayed heaven that smoke had life and being, that I might commit murder on it at once, and so be hanged; and at length, after throwing every moveable I could command at the grate and the chimney by turns, and paying “no cure no pay” doctors by dozens, who did nothing but make dirt and mischief, I sent for a respectable surveyor, paid him for his opinion beforehand, and heard that the fault in the chimneys was “radical,” and not to be remedied without pulling the house down!

I paid my twelvemonths’ rent, and wished only that my landlord might live through his lease. I heard afterwards, that he had himself been imposed upon; and that the house, from the first fire ever lighted in it, had been a scandal to the neighbourhood. But this whole volume would not suffice to enumerate the variety of wretchednesses—and smoky chimneys the very least of them!—which drove me a second time to change my plan of life; the numberless lodgings that I lived in; and the inconveniences, greater or lesser, attending each. In one place, my servants quarrelled with the servants of “the people of the house.” In another, “the people of the house’s” servants quarrelled with mine. Here, my housekeeper refused to stay, because the kitchen was “damp.” There, my footman begged I would “provide myself,” as there were “rats in his cockloft.” Then somebody fell over a pail of water, left upon “my stairs;” and “my maid” declared, it was “the other maid” had put it there. Then the cats fought; and I was assured, that mine had given the first scratch. On the whole, the disputes were so manifold, always ending to my discomfiture,—for the lady of the mansion would assail me,—I never could get the gentleman to be dissatisfied, (and so conclude the controversy by kicking him down stairs),—that seeing one clear advantage maintained by the ground possessor, namely, that I, when we squabbled, was obliged to vacate, and he remained where he was, I resolved, once for all, to turn the tables upon mankind at large, and become a “landlord,” and a “housekeeper,” in my own immediate person.

“Sir, the grey goose hath laid an egg.—Sir, the old barn doth need repair.—The cook sweareth, the meat doth burn at the fire.—John Thomas is in the stocks; and every thing stays on your arrival.”

I would not advise any **single** gentleman hastily to conclude that he is in distress. Bachelors are discontented, and take wives; footmen are ambitious, and take eating-houses. What does either party gain by the change? “We know,” the wise man has said, “what we are; but we know not what we may be.”

In estimating the happiness of householders, I had imagined all tenants to be like myself,—mild, forbearing, punctual, and contented; but I “kept house” three years, and was never out of hot

water the whole time! I did manage, after some trouble, to get fairly into a creditable mansion—just missing one, by a stroke of fortune, which had a brazier's shop at the back of it, and was always shown at hours when the workmen were gone to dinner—and sent a notice to the papers, that a bachelor of sober habits, having "a larger residence than he wanted," would dispose of half of it to a family of respectability. But the whole world seemed to be, and I think it is, in a plot to drive me out of my senses. In the first ten days of my new dignity, I was visited by about twenty tax-gatherers, half of them with claims that I had never heard of, and the other half with claims far exceeding my expectations. The householder seemed to be the minister's very milch cow—the positive scape-goat of the whole community! I was called on for house-tax, window-tax, land-tax, and servants'-tax! Poor-rate, sewers'-rate, pavement-rate, and scavengers'-rate! I had to pay for watering streets on which other people walked; for lighting lamps which other people saw by; for maintaining watchmen who slept all night; and for building churches that I never went into. And—I never knew that the country was taxed till that moment!—these were but a few of the "dues" to be sheared off from me. There was the clergyman of the parish, whom I never saw, sent to me at Easter for "an offering." There was the charity-school of the parish, solicited "the honour" of my "subscription and support." One man came to inform me that I was "drawn for the militia," and offered to "get me off" on payment of a sum of money. Another insisted that I was "chosen constable," and actually brought the *insignia* of office to my door. Then I had petitions to read (in writing) from all the people who chose to be in distress; personal beggars, who penetrated into my parlour, to send to Bridewell, or otherwise get rid of. Windows were broken and "nobody" had "done it." The key of the street door was lost and "nobody" had "had it." Then my cook stopped up the kitchen "sink;" and the bricklayers took a month to open it. Then my gutter ran over, and flooded my neighbour's garret; and I was served with notice of an action for dilapidation.

And at Christmas!—Oh! it was no longer dealing with one and twos!—The whole hundred, on the day after that festival, rose up, by concert, to devour me!

Dustmen, street-keepers, lamplighters, turncocks, postmen, beadles, scavengers, chimney-sweeps—the whole *pecus* of parochial servitorship were at my gate before eleven at noon.

Then the "waits" came—two sets! and fought which should have "my bounty." Rival patrols disputed whether I did or did not *within their "beat."* At one time there was a doubt as to who

of two parishes I belonged ; and I fully expected (that to make sure) I should have been visited by the collectors from both ! Meantime the knocker groaned, until very evening, under the dull, stunning, single thumps—each villain would have struck, although it had been upon the head of his own grandfather !—of bakers, butchers, tallow-chandlers, grocers, fish-mongers, poulterers, and oilmen ! Every ruffian who made his livelihood by swindling me through the whole year, thought himself entitled to a peculiar benefaction (for his robberies) on this day. And

“ Host ! Now by my life I scorn the name ! ”

All this was child's play—bagatelle, I protest, and “ perfumed,” to what I had to go through in the “ letting off ” of my dwelling ! The swarms of crocodiles that assailed me, on every fine day—three-fourths of them, to avoid an impending shower, or to pass away a stupid morning—in the shape of stale dowagers, city coxcombs, “ professional gentlemen,” and “ single ladies ! ” And all (except a few that were swindlers) finding something wrong about my arrangements ! Gil Blas' mule, which was nothing but faults, never had half so many faults as my house. Carlton Palace, if it were to be “ let ” to-morrow, would be objected to by a tailor. One man found my rooms “ too small ; ” another thought them rather “ too large ; ” a third wished that they had been loftier ; a fourth, that there had been more of them. One lady hinted a sort of doubt, “ whether the neighbourhood was quite respectable ; ” another asked, “ if I had any family ; ” and, then, “ whether I would bind myself not to have any during her stay.” Two hundred, after detaining me an hour, had called only “ for friends.” Ten thousand went through all the particulars, and would “ call again to-morrow.” At last there came a lady who gave the *coup-de-grace* to my “ house-keeping ; ” she was a clergyman's widow, she said, from Somersetshire ; if she had been an “ officer's,” I had suspected her ; but, in an evil hour, I let her in ; and—she had come for the express purpose of marrying me ! Sometimes she heard a mouse behind the wainscot, and I was called in to scare it. Her canary bird got loose ; would I be so good as to catch it ? I fell sick, but was soon glad to get well again ; for she sent five times a-day to ask if I was better ; beside pouring in plates of blanc mange, jellies, cordials, raspberry vinegar, fruits fresh from the country, and hasty-puddings made by her own hand. And, at last, after the constant borrowings of books, the eternal interchange of newspapers, and the daily repair of crow-quills, the opinions upon wine, and the corrections of hackney coachmen, I determined to get rid of many

troubles at once ; I therefore presented Mrs F—— with my house and every thing in it, and determined never again, as a man's or a woman's protection against female cupidity, to possess even a tooth-brush that I could legally call my own.

This resolution, gentle reader, compelled me to shelter myself in "furnished lodgings," where the most of accommodation, (sub-lunary !) after all, I believe, is to be found. I had sad work, as you may imagine, to find my way at first. Once I ventured to inhabit (as there was no board in the case) with a surgeon. But, what between the patients and the resurrection-men, the "night bell" was intolerable ; and he ordered the watchman too, I found, to pull it privately six or seven times a-week, in order to impress the neighbourhood with an opinion of his practice. From one place I was driven away by a music-master, who gave concerts opposite to me ; and at a second, after two days abiding, I found that a mad-man was confined on the second floor ! Two houses I left because my hostesses made love to me. Three, because parrots were kept in the streets. One, because a cock (who would crow all night) came to live in the yard at the back of me ; and another, in which I had staid two months, (and should perhaps have remained till now,) because a boy of eight years old (there is to me no earthly creature so utterly intolerable as a boy of eight years old !) came home from school to pass "the holidays." I had thoughts, I don't care who knows it, of taking him off by poison ; and bought two raspberry tarts to give him arsenic in, as I met him on the stairs where he was, up and down, all day. As it is, I have sent an order to the seven Dials, to have an "early delivery," of all the "dying speeches" for the next ten years. I did this in order to know when he is hanged—a fact I wish particularly to ascertain, because his father and I had an altercation about it.

Experience, however, gives lights ; and a "furnished lodging" is the best arrangement among the bad. I had seven transitions last month, but that was owing to accidents ; a man who chooses well, may commonly stay a fortnight in a place. Indeed, as I said in the beginning, I have been ten days where I am ; and I don't, up to this moment, see clearly what point I shall go away upon. The mistress of the house entertains a pet monkey ; and I have got a new footman, who, I understand, plays upon the fiddle. The matter, I suspect, will lie between these two.

I am most nervous myself about the monkey. He broke loose the other day. I saw him escape over the next garden-wall, and drop down by the side of a middle-aged gentleman, who was setting *polyanthuses* ! The respectable man, as was prudent, took refuge in a summer-house ; and then he pulled up all the *polyanthuses*

and then tried to get in at the summer-house window! I think that—

Eh!—Why, what the deuce is all this?—Why, the room is full of smoke!—Thomas!—*[I ring the bell violently.]*—Thomas!—*[I call my new footman.]*—Tho-o-o-mas!—Why, somebody has set the house on fire.

Enter THOMAS.

Indeed no, your honour—indeed—no—it's only the chimney.

The chimney! you dog!—get away this moment and put it out. —Stay!—Thomas!—Come back, I say,—what chimney is it?

Thomas. Only the kitchen chimney, sir.

Only the kitchen chimney! how did you do it?

Thomas. I was only tuning my fiddle, your honour; and Mary, the housemaid, flung the rosin in the fire.

Where's the landlord, sirrah?

Thomas. He's not at home, sir.

Where's his wife?

Thomas. She's in fits, sir.

You'll be hanged, to a certainty!—There's a statue for you, caltiff! there is—Come, sir—come—strip, and go up the chimney directly—Strip! or I'll kill you with the toasting fork, and bury your body in the dust-hole.

[Enter the cat, with a tail as thick as my arm, galloping round the room.]

Zounds and death, what's to be done?—My life's not insured!—I must get out of the house. *[Rattling of wheels, and cries of "Fire!" in the street.]* Here comes the parish engine, and as many thieves with it as might serve six parishes!—Shut the doors below, I say. *[Calling down stairs.]* Don't let 'em in.—Thomas! The house will be gutted from top to bottom!—Thomas!—Where is that rascally servant of mine! Thomas!—*[Calling in all directions.]*—I—I must see, myself.

[Scene changes to the kitchen. The house-maid in hysterics under the dresser.]

Pooh! what a smell of sulphur! Thomas!—I remember, it was on a Friday I hired him!—Thomas!—take a wet blanket, you rascal, and get through the garret window.—Crawl up the tiles, and muffle the chimney-pot!

Thomas. *[Down the chimney.]* Sir!

One more peep *[I run up stairs]* from the window. Hark, how they knock without! Rat-tat-tat-tat! As I live, here are a dozen engines, fifty firemen, and four thousand fools! I must be off!

Thomas! [*He enters.*] I must escape. Thomas! Show me the back-door.

Thomas. There is none, sir. I've been trying to get out myself. No back-door!

[*Enter the Cook, with the monkey on her back. The knock continues.*]

Cook. Oh law, Sir! We shall all be destructed, sir!—Oh dear where is your honour's double-barrelled gun?

My gun?—up stairs. What d'ye want with the gun?

Cook. Oh sir! if it was to be shot off up the chimney, it would surely put it out.

She's right. Run, Thomas! At the head of the bed. Aw with you. Mind—it's loaded—take care what you are about.

There they go!—They have found it.—Now they are down stairs.—Why, the woman has got the gun!—Take it from her! He don't hear me.—Thomas!—She's going to fire it, as I live! Yes! she's sitting down in the grate!—Thomas!—With her bow half way up the chimney!—Bang! bang! [*Report heard.*] Al there she goes backwards!—It's all up! Here comes the soot, cart-loads, all over her!—She's killed!—No, egad! she's up and running.—Don't let her come near me.—Margery!—What's her name?—She's running towards the street door!—Margery! Why she's all on fire, and as black as a soot-bag!—Why, stop her, I say—Ah! she gets into the street. Thomas!—Margery!—Everybody! The woman will be burned to death! [*Shouts without, at noise of water.*—Ha!—[*I run to the window.*—Huzza!—The engines are playing upon her!!! Oh that footman! he is my fate and I thought it would be the monkey!

Enter THOMAS.

Come in, you villain.—Is the woman burnt?

Thomas. No, sir,—she's only frightened.

Only frightened! you unfeeling creature—but see the monkey—stop him—he's gone off with my gold spectacles.

Reader, if you have compassion, hear a man of five-and-forty prayer! I can't stay here!—where am I to go to?—If you should think—Thomas!—I must get into a hackney coach!—If you should think—Call me a hackney coach, sirrah—and ask the man what I charge for it (d'ye hear) by the week.

Blackwood's Mag.

BALLAD.

MARY, when the sun is down,
Steal unnoticed from the town,
Through the dew of daisied green,
Like a shadow dimly seen,
Unto where the lilled rill
Winds around the woody hill,—
Giving to thy lover's arms,
Truth, and youth, and sacred charms.

When the night doth darken eve,
Thou thy bower mayst safely leave :—
Thou canst have no dread of night,
Having thoughts as pure as light !
Vice may then not be a-bed,
But the wicked have a dread
Of a chaste-eyed maiden's frown,
That keeps ruder passions down.

When the bat hath tired his wing,
And the cricket ceased to sing,
And the sad, sweet nightingale
'Gins to tell her tender tale ;
Steal thy path across the green,
Like a shadow dimly seen,
Or a late-returning dove
Winging lonely to her love.

When the first star of the night
Beams with rays of ruddy light,
(Like the lashes of thine eyes
Startling sleep, that sweetly lies
As the bee upon his bed,
Nestling by a blue-bell's head,)
Steal thy way through green and grove,
Silent as the moon doth move.

When the dew is on our feet,
Then the woodland walk is sweet :
When no eye but heaven's doth see,
Then 'tis sweet with thee to be :
We have passed long hours alone,
Overseen and heard by none ;
And may wile a many more,
Till our life, not love, be o'er.

C. WESSER.

DESCRIPTION OF THE CAPTURE OF A WHALE

THE cockswain cast a cool glance at the crests of foam that were breaking over the tops of the billows within a few yards of where their boat was riding, and called aloud to his men—

“ Pull a stroke or two ; away with her into dark water.”

The drop of the oars resembled the movements of a nice machine, and the light boat skimmed along the water like a duck, that approaches to the very brink of some imminent danger, and then avoids it at the most critical moment, apparently without an effort. While this necessary movement was making, Barnstable arose, and surveyed the cliffs with keen eyes, and then, turning once more in disappointment from his search, he said—

“ Pull more from the land, and let her run down, at an easy stroke, to the schooner. Keep a lookout at the cliffs, boys ; it is possible that they are stowed in some of the holes in the rocks, for it's no daylight business they are on.”

The order was promptly obeyed, and they had glided along for near a mile in this manner, in the most profound silence, when suddenly the stillness was broken by a heavy rush of air, and a dash of water, seemingly at no great distance from them.

“ By heaven ! Tom,” cried Barnstable, starting, “ there is the blow of a whale.”

“ Ay, ay, sir,” returned the cockswain, with undisturbed composure ; “ here is his spout, not half a mile to seaward ; the easterly gale has driven the creature to leeward, and he begins to find himself in shoal water. He's been sleeping, while he should have been working to windward !”

“ The fellow takes it coolly, too ! he's in no hurry to get an offing.”

“ I rather conclude, sir,” said the cockswain, rolling over his tobacco in his mouth very composedly, while his little sunken eyes began to twinkle with pleasure at the sight, “ the gentleman has lost his reckoning, and don't know which way to head, to take himself back into blue water.”

“ 'Tis a fin-back !” exclaimed the lieutenant ; “ he will soon make head-way, and be off.”

“ No, sir, 'tis a right whale,” answered Tom ; “ I saw his spout ; he threw up a pair of as pretty rainbows as a Christian would wish to look at. He's a raal oil-butt, that fellow !”

Barnstable laughed, turned himself away from the tempting sight, and tried to look at the cliffs ; and then unconsciously bent his eyes again on the sluggish animal, who was throwing his huge

carcass at times for many feet from the water, in idle gambols. The temptation for sport, and the recollection of his early habits, at length prevailed over his anxiety in behalf of his friends, and the young officer inquired of his cockswain—

“Is there any whale-line in the boat to make fast to that harpoon which you bear about with you in fair weather or foul?”

“I never trust the boat from the schooner without part of a shot, sir,” returned the cockswain; “there is something nateral in the sight of a tub to my old eyes.”

Barnstable looked at his watch, and again at the cliffs, when he exclaimed in joyous tones—

“Give strong way, my hearties! There seems nothing better to be done; let us have a stroke of a harpoon at that impudent rascal.”

The men shouted spontaneously, and the old cockswain suffered his solemn visage to relax into a small laugh, while the whale-boat sprang forward like a courser for the goal. During the few minutes they were pulling towards their game, long Tom arose from his crouching attitude in the stern sheets, and transferred his huge frame to the bows of the boat, where he made such preparation to strike the whale as the occasion required. The tub, containing about half of a whale-line, was placed at the feet of Barnstable, who had been preparing an oar to steer with, in place of the rudder, which was unshipped in order that, if necessary, the boat might be whirled round when not advancing.

Their approach was utterly unnoticed by the monster of the deep, who continued to amuse himself with throwing the water in two circular spouts high into the air, occasionally flourishing the broad flukes of his tail with graceful but terrific force, until the hardy seamen were within a few hundred feet of him, when he suddenly cast his head downwards, and, without an apparent effort, reared his immense body for many feet above the water, waving his tail violently, and producing a whizzing noise, that sounded like the rushing of winds. The cockswain stood erect, poising his harpoon, ready for the blow; but, when he beheld the creature assume this formidable attitude, he waved his hand to his commander, who instantly signed to his men to cease rowing. In this situation the sportsmen rested a few moments, while the whale struck several blows on the water in rapid succession, the noise of which re-echoed along the cliffs, like the hollow reports of so many cannon. After this wanton exhibition of his terrible strength, the monster sunk again into his native element, and slowly disappeared from the eyes of his pursuers.

"Which way did he head, Tom?" cried Barnstable, the whale was out of sight.

"Pretty much up and down, sir," returned the cockswain, whose eye was gradually brightened with the excitement of sport; "he'll soon run his nose against the bottom, if he long on that course, and will be glad to get another snuff of air; send her a few fathoms to starboard, sir, and I promise shall not be out of his track."

The conjecture of the experienced old seaman proved true in a few minutes the water broke near them, and another whale was cast into the air, when the huge animal rushed forward length in the same direction, and fell on the sea with a tum and foam equal to that which is produced by the launch of a vessel, for the first time, into its proper element. After a lull, the whale rolled heavily, and seemed to rest from efforts.

His slightest movements were closely watched by Barnstable and his cockswain, and, when he was in a state of comparative rest, the former gave a signal to his crew to ply their oars more. A few long and vigorous strokes sent the boat directly to the broadside of the whale, with its bows pointing toward the fins, which was at times, as the animal yielded sluggishly to the action of the waves, exposed to view. The cockswain threw his harpoon with much precision, and then darted it forward with a violence that buried the iron in the body of the whale. At the instant the blow was made, long Tom shouted with earnestness—

"Stern all!"

"Stern all!" echoed Barnstable; when the obedient sea crew, by united efforts, forced the boat in a backward direction, beyond reach of any blow from their formidable antagonist. The whale, however, meditated no such resistance; ignorant of the power, and of the insignificance of his enemies, he sought only to get away in flight. One moment of stupid surprise succeeded the impact of the iron, when he cast his huge tail into the air with a violence that threw the sea around him into increased commotion, and then disappeared, with the quickness of lightning, amid a cloud of spray.

"Snub him!" shouted Barnstable; "hold on, Tom; he's not so easily got away already."

"Ay, ay, sir," replied the composed cockswain, seizing the line which was running out of the boat with a velocity that rendered such a manœuvre rather hazardous, and causing it to yield gradually round the large loggerhead, that was placed in the bows of the boat for that purpose. Presently the line stretched

and, rising to the surface with tremulous vibrations, it indicated the direction in which the animal might be expected to re-appear. Barnstable had cast the bows of the boat towards that point, before the terrified and wounded victim rose once more to the surface, whose time was, however, no longer wasted in his sports, but who cast the waters aside as he forced his way, with prodigious velocity, along their surface. The boat was dragged violently in his wake, and cut through the billows with a terrific rapidity, that at moments appeared to bury the slight fabric in the ocean. When long Tom beheld his victim throwing his spouts on high again, he pointed with exultation to the jetting fluid, which was streaked with the deep red of blood, and cried—

“Ay, I’ve touched the fellow’s life. It must be more than two foot of blubber that stops my iron from reaching the life of any whale that ever sculled the ocean!”

“I believe you have saved yourself the trouble of using the bayonet you have rigged for a lance,” said his commander, who entered into the sport with all the ardour of one, whose youth had been chiefly passed in such pursuits; “feel your line, Master Coffin; can we haul alongside of our enemy? I like not the course he is steering, as he tows us from the schooner.”

“’Tis the creater’s way, sir,” said the cockswain; “you know they need the air in their nostrils when they run, the same as a man; but lay hold, boys, and let us haul up to him.”

The seamen now seized their whale-line, and slowly drew their boat to within a few feet of the tail of the fish, whose progress became sensibly less rapid as he grew weak with the loss of blood. In a few minutes he stopped running, and appeared to roll uneasily on the water, as if suffering the agony of death.

“Shall we pull in and finish him, Tom?” cried Barnstable; “a few sets from your bayonet would do it.”

The cockswain stood examining his game with cool discretion, and replied to this interrogatory—

“No, sir, no—he’s going into his flurry; there’s no occasion for disgracing ourselves by using a soldier’s weapon in taking a whale. Starn off, sir, starn off! the creater’s in his flurry!”

The warning of the prudent cockswain was promptly obeyed, and the boat cautiously drew off to a distance, leaving to the animal a clear space while under its dying agonies. From a state of perfect rest, the terrible monster threw its tail on high as when in sport, but its blows were trebled in rapidity and violence, till all was hid from view by a pyramid of foam, that was deeply dyed with blood. The roarings of the fish were like the bellowsings of a herd of bulls, and, to one who was ignorant of the fact, it would have

appeared as if a thousand monsters were engaged in deadly combat behind the bloody mist that obstructed the view. Gradual effects subsided, and, when the discoloured water again subsided down to the long and regular swell of the ocean, the fish were exhausted, and yielding passively to its fate. As life departed from the enormous black mass rolled to one side, and when the waxy glistening skin of the belly became apparent, the seamen were that their victory was achieved.

C

ABJURATION.

THERE was a time—sweet time of youthful folly!—
 Fantastic woes I courted, feigned distress;
 Wooing the veiled phantom, Melancholy,
 With passion born, like Love, “in idleness.”

And like a lover, like a jealous lover,
 I hid mine idol with a miser's art,
 (Lest vulgar eyes her sweetness should discover,)
 Close in the inmost chambers of mine heart.

And there I sought her—oft in secret sought her,
 From merry mates withdrawn, and mirthful play,
 To wear away, by some deep still water,
 In greenwood lone, the livelong summer day.

Watching the flitting clouds, the fading flowers,
 The flying rack athwart the wavy grass;
 And murmuring oft, “Alack! this life of ours—
 Such are its joys—so swiftly doth it pass!”

And then, mine idle tears (ah, silly maiden!)
 Bedropt the liquid glass, like summer rain;—
 And sighs, as from a bosom sorrow-laden,
 Heaved the light heart, that knew no real pain.

And then, I loved to haunt lone burial-places,
 Pacing the church-yard earth with noiseless tread;—
 To pore in new-made graves for ghastly traces,
 Brown crumbling bones of the forgotten dead:

To think of passing bells—of death and dying—
 Methought 't were sweet in early youth to die,
 So loved, lamented—in such sweet sleep lying,
 The white shroud all with flowers and rosemary.

Strewed o'er by loving hands!—But then 't would grieve me
 Too sore, forsooth! the scene my fancy drew;—
 I could not bear the thought, to die and leave ye;
 And I have lived, dear friends! to weep for you.

And I have lived to *prove* that fading flowers
 Are life's best joys, and all we love and prize—
 What chilling rains succeed the summer showers,
 What bitter drops, wrung slow from elder eyes.

And I have lived to look on Death and dying,
 To count the sinking pulse—the shortening breath,—
 To watch the last faint life-streak flying—flying,—
 To stoop—to start—to be alone with—Death.

And I have lived to wear the smile of gladness,
 When all within was cheerless, dark, and cold—
 When all earth's joys seemed mockery and madness,
 And life more tedious than “a tale twice told.”

And now—and now, pale pining Melancholy!
 No longer veil'd for me your *haggard* brow
 In pensive sweetness—such as youthful folly
 Fondly conceited—I abjure ye now!

Away—avaunt! No longer now I call ye
 “Divinest Melancholy! mild, meek maid!”
 No longer may your siren spells enthrall me,
 A willing captive in your baleful shade.

Give me the voice of mirth, the sound of laughter—
 The sparkling glance of Pleasure's roving eye.
 The past *is* past.—Avaunt, thou dark hereafter!
 “Come, eat and drink—to-morrow we must die!”

So, in his desperate mood, the fool hath spoken—
 The fool whose heart hath said “there is no God.”
 But for the stricken heart, the spirit broken,
 There's balm in Gilead yet. The very rod,

If we but kiss it, as the stroke descendeth,
 Distilleth balm to allay the inflicted smart,
 And “Peace that passeth understanding,” blendeth
 With the deep sighing of the contrite heart.

Mine be that holy, humble tribulation—
 No longer feign'd distress—fantastic woe,—
 I know my griefs,—but then my consolation—
 My trust, and my immortal hopes, I know.

A FAIRY TALE.*

A SHORT time before the rising of the Presbyterians, which terminated in the rout at Pentland, a young gentleman, of the name of Elliot, had been called by business to Edinburgh. On his way homeward, he resolved to pay a visit to an old friend of the name of Scott, whose residence was either upon the banks of the Tweed or some of its larger tributaries, for on this point the tradition is not very distinct. Elliot stopped at a small house of entertainment not far from Scott's mansion, in order to give his parting directions to a servant he was despatching home with some commissions.

The signs of the times had not altogether escaped the notice of our hero. The people were quiet, but reserved, and their looks expressed any thing but satisfaction. In Edinburgh there were musterings and inspections of troops, and expresses to and from London were hourly departing and arriving. As Elliot travelled along, he had more than once encountered small parties of military reconnoitring the country, or hastening to some post which had been assigned them. Fewer labourers were to be seen in the fields than was usual at the season. The cottars lounged before their doors, and gazed after the passing warriors with an air of sullen apathy. There was no violence or disturbance on the part of the people—there had as yet been no arrestments—but it was evident to the most careless, that hostile suspicion was rapidly taking the place of that inactive dislike which had previously existed between the governors and the governed.

It was natural that, in such a state of the national temper, affairs of state should form the chief subject of gossip around the fireside of a country inn. Elliot was not surprised, while sitting at the long deal table, giving directions to his servant, to hear the name of his friend frequent in the mouths of the peasantry. It was a matter-of-course that at such a period the motions and inclinations of a wealthy and active landholder of old family should be jealously watched. But it struck him that Scott's name was always uttered in a low hesitating tone, as if the speakers were labouring under a high degree of awe. He continued, therefore, sometime after he had dismissed his attendant, sitting as if lost in thought, but anxiously listening to the desultory conversation dropping around him, like the few shots of a distant skirmish. The allusions of the peasants were chiefly directed to his friend's wife. She was beautiful and kind, but there was an unearthly light in her dark eyes.

* From "The Edinburgh Literary Journal."

Then there was a dark allusion to a marriage on the hill-side—far from human habitation—to the terror of the clergyman who officiated, at meeting so lovely a creature in so lonely a place. The Episcopalian predilections of the family of Scott were not passed unnoticed. And it seemed universally admitted, that the house had been given over to the glamour and fascination of some unearthly being. The power of a leader so connected, in the impending strife, was the subject of dark forebodings.

Rather amused to find his old crony become a person of such consequence, Elliot discharged his reckoning, mounted his steed, and on reaching Scott's residence, was warmly and cheerfully welcomed. He was immediately introduced to the lady, whom he regarded with a degree of attention which he would have been ashamed to confess to himself was in some degree owing to the conversation he had lately overheard. She was a figure of a fairy size, delicately proportioned, with not one feature or point of her form to which any objection could be urged. Her rich brown hair clustered down her neck, and lay in massive curls upon her bosom. Her complexion was delicate in the extreme, and the rich blood mantled in her face at every word. Her eyes were a rich brownish hazel, and emitted an almost preternatural light, but there was nothing ungente in their expression. The honey-moon had not elapsed, and she stood before the admiring traveller in all the beauty of a bride—the most beautiful state of woman's existence—when, to the unfolding delicate beauty of girlhood, is superadded the flush of a fuller consciousness of existence, the warmth of affection which dare now utter itself unchecked, the first half-serious, half-playful assumption of matronly dignity. After a brief interchange of compliment with her guest, she left the apartment, either because "the house affairs called her thence," or because she wished to leave the friends to the indulgence of an unrestrained confidential conversation.

"A perfect fairy queen," said Elliot, as the door closed behind her. "So you have already heard that silly story?" answered his host. "Well! I have no right to complain, for I have only myself to thank for it." Elliot requested that he would explain his meaning, and he in compliance narrated "his whole course of wooing."

"I was detained abroad, as you well know, for some years after his majesty's restoration, partly on account of the dilapidated state of my fortunes, and partly because I wished to prosecute the career of arms I had commenced. It is now about nine months since I returned to my native country. It was a gloomy day as I approached home. You remember the foot-path which strikes *across the hill behind the house, from the bed of the stream which*

mingles, about a mile below us, with that on whose banks we now are. Where it separates from the public road, I gave my horse to the servant, intending to pursue the by-path alone, resolved that no one should watch my emotions when I again beheld the home of my fathers. I was looking after the lad, when I heard the tread of horses close behind me. On turning, I saw a tall, elderly gentleman, of commanding aspect, and by his side a young lady upon a slender milk-white palfrey. I need not describe her, you have seen her to-day. I was struck with the delicacy of her features, the sweet smile upon her lips, and the living fire that sparkled from her eyes. I gazed after her until a turning of the road concealed her from my view.

"It was in vain that I inquired among my relations and acquaintances. No person was known in the neighbourhood such as I described her. The impression she left upon me, vivid though it was at the moment, had died away, when one day, as I was walking near the turn of the road where I had lost her, she again rode past me with the same companion. The sweet smile, the glance of the eye, were heightened this time by a blush of recognition. The pair were soon lost to me round the elbow of the road. I hurried on, but they had disappeared. The straggling trees which obscured the view, ceased at a bridge which stood a couple of gunshots before me. Before I could reach it, I caught a glimpse of the companions. They were at the edge of the stream, a little above the bridge—their horses were drinking. I pressed onward, but before I cleared the intervening trees and reached the bridge, they had disappeared. There was a small break in the water immediately beneath the place where they had stood. For a moment, I thought I must have mistaken its whiteness for the white palfrey, but the glance I had got of them was too clear to have been an illusion. Yet no road led in that direction. I examined the banks on both sides of the river, but that on which I saw them was too hard to receive a hoof-print, and the opposite bank was loose shingle, which refused to retain it when made. The exceeding beauty of the maiden, the mysterious nature of her disappearance, the irritable humour into which I had worked myself by conjectures and an unavailing search, riveted her impression upon my memory. I traversed the country, telling my story, and making incessant inquiry. In vain! No one knew of such a person. The peasants began to look strangely on me, and whisper in each other's ears, I had been deluded by some Nixy. And God knows what old prophecies regarding my family were remembered, or manufactured for the occasion.

"Five months passed away in vain pursuit. My pertinacity was

aning to relax, when one evening, returning from a visit to our d Whitelee, I heard a clashing of swords on the road before

Two fellows ran off as I rode hastily up, leaving a gentleman who had vigorously defended himself against their joint attack. 'Are you hurt, sir?' was my first inquiry.—'I fear I replied the stranger, whom I immediately recognised as the companion of the mysterious beauty. 'Can I assist you?'—He looked earnestly at me, and with an expression of hesitation on his countenance. 'Henry Scott, you are a man of honour.'—He paused, and immediately resumed. 'I have no choice, and I dare trust a friend. Lend me your arm, sir. My dwelling is not far from here.' I accompanied him, he leaning heavily upon me, for the shock of the combat had shaken his frame, and the loss of blood had enfeebled him. We followed the direction he indicated for nearly an hour round the trackless base of a hill, until we came in sight of one of those old grey towers which stud our ravines. 'Here,' said my companion, pointing to the ruins. I recognised the place immediately. It stood not far distant from the place where he and his fair fellow-traveller had disappeared, and had often been sought for by me, but always in vain.

Turning an angle of the building we approached a heap of stones, which in one part encumbered its base. Putting aside some dead briars which clustered around, he showed me a narrow passage between the ruins and the wall. Passing up this, he stopped at a door, and gave three gentle knocks; it opened, and we were admitted into a rude narrow vault. It was tenanted, as I anticipated, by his fair companion. As soon as her alarm at his father's return exhausted, bleeding, and in company with danger, was stilled, and the old man's wound dressed, he turned to me and related the circumstances in which I found him. His story was brief. He was of good family; had killed a cadet of a noble house, and was obliged to screen himself from its resentment by darning in ruins and holes of the earth. In all his wanderings his gentle daughter had never quitted his side.

I need not weary you with the further details of our growing intimacy. It is the common story of a young man and woman who frequently fell into each other's company in a lonely place. How tame though it may appear to others, the mere memory of three months of my life which followed is ecstasy. I saw my lady—in that unfrequented spot there was small danger of intrusion, and she dared range the hill-side freely. We walked, and talked together in the birchen wood beneath the tower. We felt our love unfold itself as their leaves spread out to the sun in the summer. There was no check in the tranquil progress

of our affections—no jealousies, for there were none to be jealous of. Unmarked it overpowered us both. It swelled upon us the tide of a breathless summer day, purely and noiselessly.

"A few weeks ago her father took me aside, and prefacing he had marked with pleasure our growing attachment, asked if I had sufficient confidence in my own constancy to pledge me to be for life an affectionate and watchful guardian of his child. He went on to say, that means of escaping from the country had been provided, and offers of promotion in the Spanish service were made to him. Your own heart will suggest my answer; and I left him charged to return after nightfall with a clergyman. Our curate is too much attached to the family to refuse me any thing. To him I revealed my story. At midnight he united me to Ellen, and scarcely was the ceremony over when Sir James tore him away, leaving his weeping child almost insensible in my arms.

"Two gentlemen, who accompanied Sir James to the ceremony, were witnesses of the marriage. It was therefore unnecessary to let any of the household into the secret. You may guess the astonishment, therefore, when, having seen the curate and me together in the solitary glen alone under cloud of night, they saw us return in the course of a few hours with a lady who was introduced to them as their mistress. Great has been their questioning, and great has been the delight of our jolly priest to mystify them with dark hints of ruined towers, hill-sides opening, and such like. The story of the Nixy has been revived too, and Ellen is looked on by many with a superstitious awe. I rather enjoyed the joke at first, but began to fear, from the deep root the folly seems to have taken, that may one day bear evil fruits for my delicate girl."

His augury of evil was well founded, but the blight fell upon his own heart. As soon as he heard of the rising in the west, he joined the royal forces at the head of his tenantry. During his absence and while the storm of civil war was raging over the land, his cherished one was seized with the pangs of premature labour. She lay in the same grave with her child, before her husband could reach his home. The remembrance of what she had undergone her loneliness amid the tempests of winter, her isolation from friends, had so shaken her frame, that the first attack of illness snapped the thread of life. Her sufferings were comparatively short. But the widower! He sought to efface the remembrance of his loss in active service. Wherever the spirit of insubordination showed, he prayed for employment. The Presbyterians learned at last to consider him as the embodied personification of persecution. The story of his mysterious marriage got wind. He was regarded as one allied to, and acting under, the influence of w

ers. He knew it, and, in the bitterness of his heart, he rejoiced : marked out by their fear and terror, as one who had nothing common with them. His own misery, and this outcast feeling, made him aspire to be ranked in their minds as a destroying spirit. The young, gallant, and kind-hearted soldier became the most relentless persecutor of the followers of the covenant. Even yet does memory, and that of his fairy bride, live in the peasant's memory like a thunderstorm, gloomy and desolating, yet not without bright flashes of more than earthly beauty.

LOCH SKENE.

BY THOMAS TOD STODDART.

LIKE the eye of a sinless child,
That moss-brown tarn is gazing wild
From its heath-fringe, bright with stars of dew,
Up to the voiceless vault of blue.

It seemeth of a violet tinge,
Shaded under its flowery fringe ;
For the dark and purple of moss and heather,
Like night and sunset, blend together.

That tarn, it lieth on the hills,
Fed by the thousand infant rills,
Which are ever weeping in very sadness,
Or they smile through their tears, with a gleam of gladness

You may hear them in a summer's hour,
Trickling, like a rainbow shower,
From yon rock, whose rents of snow
Lie shadow'd in the tarn below.
It looketh from the margin bare,
Like a headstone in a churchyard fair ;
But the heavy heron loveth well
Its height, where his own sentinel
He sits, when heaven is almost done
With the slow watch of the sun,
And the quiet day doth fold
His wings in arches of burning gold.

*There is a lonesome, aged cairn,
Rising grey through the grass-green fern ;*

It tells of pale, mysterious bones,
Buried below the crumbling stones ;
But the shadow of that pile of slaughter
Lies breasted on the stirless water,
'As if no mortal hand had blent
Its old, unearthly lineament.

A wizard tarn is grey Loch Skene !
There are two islands sown within ;
Both are like, as like the other,
As brother to his own twin-brother ;
Only a birch bends o'er the one,
Where the kindred isle hath none.
The tresses of that weeping tree
Hang down in their humility.

'Tis whisper'd of an eyrie there,
Where a lonely eagle pair
In the silver moonlight came,
To feed their young by the holy flame ;
And at morn they mounted far and far,
Towards the last surviving star.
Only the forsaken nest
Sighs to the sea-winds from the west,
As if they told in their wandering by,
How the rightful lord of its sanctuary
Mourneth his fallen mate alone
On a foamy Atlantic stone.

Never hath the quiet shore
Echoed the fall of silver oar,
Nor the waters of that tarn recoil'd
From the light skiff gliding wild ;
But the spiritual cloud that lifted
The quiet moon, and dimly drifted
Away in tracery of snow,
Threw its image on the pool below,
Till it glided to the shaded shore,
Like a bark beneath the moveless oar.

Out at the nethermost brink there gushes
A playful stream from its ark of rushes,
It leaps like a wild fawn from the mountains,
Nursing its life with a thousand fountains,
It kisses the heath-flower's trembling bell,
And the mosses that love its margin well.

Fairy beings, one might dream,
Look from the breast of that silver stream,
Fearless, holy, and blissful things,
Flashing the dew-foam from their wings,

As they glide away, away for ever,
Borne sea-ward on some stately river.

That silver brook, it windeth on
Over slabs of fretted stone,
Till it cometh to the forehead vast
Of those gorgon rocks, that cast
Their features many a fathom under,
And, like a launch through surge of thunder,
From the trembling ledge it flings
The treasures of a thousand springs ;
As if to end their blissful play,
And throw the spell of its life away.

Like a pillar of Parian stone
That in some old temple shone,
Or a slender shaft of living star,
Gleams that foam-fall from afar ;
But the column is melted down below
Into a gulf of seething snow,
And the stream steals away from its whirl of hoar,
As bright and as lovely as before.

There are rainbows in the morning sun,
Many a blushing trembling one,
Arches of rarest jewellery,
Where the elfn fairies be,
Through the glad air dancing merrily.

Such is the brook, so pure, so glad,
That sparkled high and bounded mad,
From the quiet waters, where
It took the form of a thing so fair.

Only it mocks the heart within,
To wander by the wild Loch Skene,
At cry of moorcock, when the day
Gathers his legions of light away.

For the sadness of a fallen throne
Reigns when the golden sun hath gone,
And the tarn, and the hills, and the misted stream
Are shaded away to a mournful dream.

GRANDMOTHER ASLEEP.

—"Sleeps the sleep that knows no waking."

Scott.

THE sympathy that exists between old age and childhood is one of the most beautiful and touching traits of humanity. Here "extremes meet" and mingle in blessed harmony. The old man, who has exhausted life in all its stages, seeks at last, with hoary head and bended back, the society of children, and joins in their prattle and gambols! The child, again, who is but beginning the mysterious round of life, turns, with corresponding sympathy, to "the world's gray fathers," and seeks support and protection rather from the palsied hand of old than the strong arm of manhood! Tottering infancy clings to tottering age—and age finds in infancy a boon companion!

There can be no earthly affection more pure than that of a grandmother to her grandchildren. A mother's affection may often be nothing more than animal instinct, and like all instincts have its source in selfishness; but a grandmother's love must be the perfection of disinterested attachment. It is the noblest of all passions. There is no *grandmotherism* among beasts. It is the farthest removed from self and the senses that we can conceive. It can count on no equivalent return, for long before the child has reached manhood, the grandmother must be beyond his assistance. It cannot even promise itself the hope of living to witness the result of all its tender assiduities. It can never see the little twig, which it nurses so carefully, become a full grown tree, far less can it ever reap the fruit of its labours. It plants and waters for other ages than its own.

We knew or have heard of an old woman who was left, at an advanced age, to protect and support the orphaned boy and girl of her only son. The story is a mere anecdote, but it may be worth telling, as it contains a good moral. This old woman, though born to considerable affluence, was, by the mysterious hand of Providence, fated to spend her life and her treasure in the service of others—and never did human being perform the will of her Master with more divine sweetness! Her husband turned out a profligate; and, after having exhausted her fortune and his own constitution, died of a lingering disease in her arms. Her son—an only child—was reared with the fondest care; but he followed the footsteps of his father—married young—broke his wife's heart—and finally died, leaving his two little children, a boy and girl, in the hands of his aged and impoverished mother. A life annuity of



1. The first group of people who are not in the labor force are those who are not in the labor force because they are not in the labor force.



J. Wilson : 1960

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fifteen pounds was all that the old woman had to support herself and rear the children ; but there was surely a blessing with it, for it went farther than many people's fifties, and upon it alone she contrived to maintain a decent appearance and proud independence. She rented a small cottage in the vicinity of Govan, on the banks of the Clyde ; and there, with her little orphans, and scanty means, and meek deportment, presented a picture of true greatness, nobler far than what is to be found in castle or palace.

Though her life had been one of adversity, and her best feelings had been outraged by those who were dearest to her, the original benevolence of her nature was neither soured nor diminished. She was full of divine charity—not the charity of distributing from a store of worldly superfluities—for she had not even the widow's mite to spare—but the charity which thinketh no evil and speaketh no guile, and which looks with loving-kindness on every fellow-creature. The sweetness of her disposition, connected with a knowledge of her misfortunes and difficulties, made her venerated by all the villagers ; and for her sake, her grandchildren were often fondled on the knee, or treated to little delicacies which their desolate lot in life could never otherwise have procured them. The children themselves were models of beauty and innocence—graceful, modest, and affectionate in all that they said or did, for to an originally kind and tractable disposition were superadded the valuable example and instruction of their grandmother.

Neither of the little ones had reached their fifth year, when they were destined to experience a great change in their condition. It was one night in the fall of the year, when autumn was giving way to winter, that they had gone to bed early as usual, after saying their evening prayer with their head in grandmother's lap, and receiving her blessing. Age is wakeful—and the old woman was in the habit of sitting up for hours after they were asleep, reading her bible, or plying her distaff. Sometimes the children would wake from their sleep, and receive from her tender hand a bit of bread or cup of water. Or sometimes they would start from a terrifying dream, and then her kind voice was ever near them, to assure them of safety, and soothe them into renewed repose. In one of those frightful dreams, to which even the most innocent-minded, carefully nurtured, and healthy children are liable, Catherine, the eldest child, had wakened, and cried with a scream for her grandmother. But her cry was not, as it ever before had been, responded to on this occasion by her assiduous and watchful guardian. She repeated her cry ; but grandmother came not—spoke not. Her little brother was wakened by her agitation, and then she had confidence to open her eyes and look about the apartment. There she saw

grandmother sitting apparently sound asleep in her chair. He distaff lay at her feet, and her cruise was nearly extinguished, but the fire still burned briskly, and a full moon shed its hallowed light through the lattice.

"O waken, grandmother! and come to me, for I have had a fearsome dream," cried the poor girl.

"Grandma is asleep, and will not waken," said her little brother.

The stern silence of the old woman was so unusual, that, after repeated cries, the children in alarm jumped from bed, and ran to their grandmother's knee.

"Waken, grandmother, waken! Speak to me! Kiss me!" cried Catherine, getting more terrified.

"Kiss sister, grandma," said the little boy, "and we will say our prayers.

"Listen, grandmother! I saw a ghost in a winding-sheet in the minister's pulpit, and all the kirk-yard was crowded with ghosts—and it was always your face that I saw—that face!—O grandmother, will you not speak?"

"Speak to sister, grandma, for she is frightening me," said the boy.

"Speak! speak!" repeated the girl. "And kiss me! And here is little Willy to kiss too! Only speak, and we will be good children."

But, alas! that ear was now deaf which had ever been open to their cry, and that voice now dumb, which had ever spoke in tenderness to them. She, who had all her life ministered to the want of others, and had hung in undecaying love over the death-bed of an undeserving husband and son, had died without a kind eye to watch her, but the eye of HIM who neither slumbers nor sleeps!

It was long before the forlorn orphans could comprehend their situation, but when the dreadful truth came across their minds they clapped their little hands, and screamed in terror and dismay. There was no house beside them; the frightful churchyard stood between them and their nearest neighbour; yet they could not stay within, but rushed to the roadside, and wailed beneath the silent face of heaven. At that moment the hand of mercy was upon them, and their deliverance was wrought even from the depth of their desolation. A gentleman passing on horseback was attracted by their cries, and inquired into the cause. He proved to be one of the princely merchants of Glasgow, with a heart as liberal as his means were unbounded. The case was fitted to his generous spirit. He not only gave immediate help, and saw the grandmother decently interred, but took the little ones under his own roof, and reared them, without distinguishing them from his own family. Thus was good

at out of apparent evil, and when the hand of Providence
 d to fall heaviest on the orphans, it was but "tempering the
 to the shorn lamb," for had the grandmother been carried
 under ordinary circumstances, the fate of the grandchildren
 : have been very different. The result of the matter is not
 ast pleasing point of the anecdote, for Catherine is at this
 the happy wife of her benefactor's eldest son, and her brother
 acts an important branch of his business in a foreign land.

W.

TO A CAGED SKY-LARK.

SELF* lies hid in all our feelings,
 All our doings, all our dealings,
 All our thinking, hearing, seeing ;
 Ev'n the things that round us stir are
 But the echo or the mirror
 Of our individual being !

Therefore in the scenes that meet us,
 Therefore in the sounds that greet us,
 Something kindred seems to glisten,
 Or to breathe a tone, that reacheth
 Deep into the heart, and teacheth
Lovers that Wisdom's self might listen !

Hence, sweet bird, whom thoughtless mortals
 Lured from yon celestial portals,
 Here in slavish bonds to languish,—
 Hence, as in thy cell thou singest,
 Many a moral charm thou bringest
 To beguile my bosom's anguish !

There thou trill'st in grated prison,
 Blithe and bold, as when uprisen
 Whilom on the morning's pinion,—
 As when earth, and air, and ocean
 Seem'd to share thy sweet emotion,
 Seem'd to own thy mild dominion !

As intensely thou'rt adoring
 Nature's God, as when high-soaring
 Thou hast sought his glorious temple !

* meaning of this word has become so perverted that it may be requisite to state, that
refers our existence as Individuals—and not a seeking after personal aggrandizement as
 ally thought to do—

Praises flow from thee as grateful,
Now life's cup is low and hateful,
As when stored with blessings ample :

Oh ! that thus the bard—neglected,
Friendless, homeless, unprotected,
Gall'd with wrongs yet unresented,
Wrongs his better self despiseth,
Though his feebler nature riseth
Writhing still, and discontented—

Oh ! that he were thus pervaded
With the past ! were thus persuaded
Of his proper sphere and powers !
Oh ! that he could sing as sweetly !
Oh ! that he could praise as meetly,
Him who sendeth adverse hours !

Yes ! in every scene that meets me,
And in every sound that greets me,
Something kindred seems to glisten,
Or to breathe a tone, that reacheth
Deep into my heart, and teacheth
Lore that wisdom's self might listen !

J. M.*

AN ADVENTURE AT SEA.

It was somewhere near the middle of the ocean, on our homeward passage from Jamaica, that we fell in with the wreck of a vessel, and several poor souls clinging to the rigging.—The weather, for some days before, had been rough, with hard gales from the N. N. E., and our ship being heavy laden, we were much afraid that she would founder. For a time we gave ourselves up to despair, seeing nothing around us but certain death. We drove at the mercy of the tempest, without being able to set a stitch of sail, and we expected every moment that our masts would go by the board. Several large seas broke over us ; one of which carried away a boy and two seamen, as well as our best boat, upon which we mainly relied for assistance, in case we had been forced to leave our vessel. When we were in the greatest extremity, however, and every one on board, like the seamen in the ship of Tarshish, was calling upon his God, the storm suddenly abated, and the wind, veering round to the S. W., blew a brisk and steady breeze.

* We have much pleasure in laying this highly beautiful piece before our readers. It is the production of a young gentleman of Glasgow, at present residing in Holland.—Ed.

ne days' sail, the man at the mast-head, one evening, 'On deck there! Breakers a-head!' and the vessel, then going at the rate of ten knots an hour, was imminent to. The old seamen said that no breakers were that part of the ocean, and that they had sailed in that way times, and had never seen any. The captain took it, and going up into the fore-shrouds, soon found that all of a vessel, half sunk, and part of a mast standing, and had mistaken for rocks. He looked sulky when he ordered us to proceed. As we approached the wreck, the people upon it making signals to us with handkerchiefs; and the captain having gone below in minutes, the mate hoisted the English jack as a token observed them; but the captain, when he came again was angry with him for so doing, and ordered the jack to be hauled down, at the same time telling the mate, that if he again without orders, he would punish him for his disobedience. Our captain was a hard man, and when he was out carried it with a high hand both to his officers and crew. When we came alongside the wreck, we discerned that the men, who were clinging to it, were pale and sickly, and that they had been some days in that situation. It is possible that the vessel had suffered in the same tempest from which we had escaped. They stretched out their hands towards us, and were delighted with the prospect of deliverance; and one of them came up to us and told us they were from Quebec—that their number was small—and that they were the only survivors of the vessel. Our captain replied that he could not take them up, for they had a long voyage themselves, and would soon be on shore for want of provisions. "But some other vessels are bound to this coast, and will relieve you." The poor man then cried out, "O! for the love of God, do not leave us here. We have been waiting for nights and for days, but no ship has come to our aid. We are dying of hunger and cold. Our shipmates are all dead and buried in the waves, and we are alone and helpless in the wide ocean, and we have no one to comfort or save us. We are men and Christians, have mercy upon us, and do not leave us here!" His companions then raised their voices, and made supplications and entreaties to his so piteously, that every man in our vessel was moved by sympathy and commiseration except our unfeeling captain. He stood upon the quarter-deck, and looked upon the wretched wretches with coldness and indifference, sometimes whistling a tune, and sometimes giving directions to his crew. He saw not the scene of misery which lay before him.

The mate then went up to him, and asked whether he would hoist out the boat, but the captain swore that he would not shorten sail, or hoist out his boat, to save all the lubbers that ever stepped between stem and stern. "By heaven, Morris," said he, "we have mouths enow already, and we will not have a biscuit a-day to each, by the time we make the Land's End." The mate, who was a humane man, and a methodist, said, "We have received mercy ourselves from the Highest, and how can we deny it to others who are our fellow-creatures, and the beings of His hand? Let us save these unhappy men, that we ourselves may be saved in the time of need—for by what measure we mete, it shall be measured unto us again." But this only enraged the captain more. He cursed the mate for a canting scoundrel, and swore if he did not keep quiet, and mind his own business, he would have him started up with a rope's-end. The mate saw it was needless to remonstrate any longer—so he left him, and walked away.

It was mournful to hear the cries of the poor men, when they saw we were deserting them. They cried out, and entreated mercy in such heart-rending accents of distress, as would have moved the compassion of a savage. Greatly did I regret that our crew did not then take the command of the ship into their own hands, and rescue the sufferers—but such was our habitual reverence for our captain, and so much were we lost in astonishment at his strange and inhuman conduct, that we were utterly incapable, at that moment, of acting otherwise than in obedience to his will.

They continued to call after us till we were far past them, and their voices were lost in the whistling of the wind. I kept my eyes fixed upon the wreck, where my fellow-creatures were struggling for existence, till the intervening waves hid it from my sight.

The breeze now freshened, as the darkness of night approached, whereby we were obliged to close-reef our mainsail and topsails, in order that we might be prepared for the worst. It was my turn at the helm that night, and my thoughts often wandered back to the poor wretches we had left behind, and I thought they must soon perish in the waves, for the sea was now running high and dangerous. The crew had all gone below, except the watch, who went on the fore-castle, looking out a-head, and managing the rigging. It was sometime past midnight, I think, when I heard the captain bawling as loud as he could, "About ship!" and at the same time he came running towards me, followed by the mate, and taking the wheel out of my hand, turned the ship's head round to the wind in a twinkling. "We must go back," said he to the mate, "and save these poor men on the wreck—I cannot sleep for thinking of them." The mate looked mournfully out to the sea—then shook his head—but remained silent.

As we had now a strong breeze in our teeth, and as our ship was deep, and did not lie near the wind, we beat about for a good while and made but little of it. A clouded moon shone out upon the sea, and showed it heaving in a strange and tempestuous manner, so that we could not hope that the wreck would hold together for many hours. All this while, the captain walked restlessly about the deck, with his nightglass in his hand, frequently looking out a-head, and appearing to be in great agitation of mind.

"It is going of a fool's errand," said the boatswain, "to seek for these poor fellows. Their last day's cruize is over I'll warrant them, and all we can do for them now is to hope that they have got into snug and quiet births aloft, in a better harbour than the one they have left here." "Amen!" said the mate. The captain turned away from them, and his feet struck hard against the deck, as he paced it irregularly fore and aft.

It was noon next day ere we reached the place where we conjectured the wreck had been, but not a vestige of it remained. The air was now clear, and the sea stretched far and wide, but nothing was to be seen to indicate either that the unhappy sufferers still existed, or that they had been entombed in the waves. The mate and some of the more experienced seamen advised that we should forthwith proceed on our voyage, as it was impossible that the wreck could have outlived the tempest of the night; but the captain was now as anxious to save the lives of these poor men, as he had before been averse to it. His conscience seemed to reproach him for his inhumanity, and he seemed to feel that he would one day be made to account for the sufferings of his fellow-creatures, which he had refused to compassionate. Even when he acknowledged that there was no hope of meeting with the wreck, still he persisted in the search, and a considerable time was spent before he consented to quit the spot. We beat about for several days, but at length we were obliged, with heavy hearts, to stretch away on our course.

The captain, during the rest of our voyage, seemed much disturbed in his mind. Sometimes he was observed to steal out of his cabin at night, and stand at the bows of the vessel, as if watching for a sail, till morning.

After we had arrived in port, and discharged our cargo, I quitted the ship, as did the whole of my comrades—for we liked not to sail any longer with our captain. He, however, in a short time set out again for Jamaica—but he was never afterwards heard of.

Whatever may have been his fate, it is certain that he never reached the end of his voyage.

THE MIGRATIONS OF A SOLAN GOOSE.*

"WELL, Bryce," said Mrs Maxwell one day to her housekeeper, "what has the gamekeeper sent this week from Maxwell Hall?"—"Why, madam, there are three pair of partridges, a brace of grouse, a woodcock, three hares, a couple of pheasants, and a solan goose."—"A solan goose!" ejaculated the lady; "what could induce him to think I would poison my house with a solan goose?"—"He knows it is a dish that my master is very fond of," replied Mrs Bryce. "It is more than your mistress is," retorted the lady; "let it be thrown out directly before Mr Maxwell sees it."

The housekeeper retired, and Mrs Maxwell resumed her cogitations, the subject of which was how to obtain an introduction to the French noblesse who had recently taken up their abode in Edinburgh. "Good heavens!" said she, as she hastily rung the bell, "how could I be so stupid?—there is nothing in the world that old Lady Crosby is so fond of as a solan goose, and I understand she knows all the French people, and that they are constantly with her.—Bryce," she continued, as the housekeeper obeyed her summons, "is the goose a fine bird?"—"Very fine indeed, madam; the beak is broken, and one of the legs is a little ruffled, but I never saw a finer bird."—"Well, then, don't throw it away, as I mean to send it to my friend Lady Crosby, as soon as I have written a note." Mrs Bryce once more retreated, and Mrs Maxwell, having selected a beautiful sheet of note paper, quickly penned the following effusion:

"My dear Lady Crosby, permit me to request your acceptance of a solan goose, which has just been sent me from Maxwell Hall. Knowing your fondness for this bird, I am delighted at having it in my power to gratify you. I hope that you continue to enjoy good health. This is to be a very gay winter. By the bye, do you know any one who is acquainted with the French noblesse? I am dying to meet with them. Ever, my dear Lady Crosby, yours
M. MAXWELL."

Lady Crosby being out when this billet reached her house, it was opened by one of her daughters. "Bless me, Maria!" she exclaimed to her sister, "how fortunate it was that I opened this note; Mrs Maxwell has sent mamma a solan goose!"—"Dreadful!" exclaimed Eliza; "I am sure if mamma hears of it she will have it roasted immediately, and Captain Jessamy, of the Lancers, is to call to-day, and you know, a roasted solan goose is enough to

* By one of the Authors of "The Odd Volume," "Tales and Legends," &c.

contaminate a whole parish.—I shall certainly go distracted!”—
“Don’t discompose yourself,” replied Maria; “I shall take good care to send it out of the house before mamma comes home; meanwhile, I must write a civil answer to Mrs Maxwell’s note. I dare say she will not think of alluding to it; but, if she should, mamma, luckily, is pretty deaf, and may never be a bit the wiser.”—
“I think,” said Eliza, “we had better send the goose to the Napiers, as they were rather affronted at not being asked at our last musical party; I dare say they will make no use of it, but it looks attentive.”—“An excellent thought,” rejoined Maria. No sooner said than done; in five minutes the travelled bird had once more changed its quarters.

“A solan goose!” ejaculated Mrs Napier, as her footman gave her the intelligence of Lady Crosby’s present. “Pray, return my compliments to her ladyship, and I feel much obliged by her polite attention. Truly,” continued she, when the domestic had retired to fulfil this mission, “if Lady Crosby thinks to stop our mouths with a solan goose, she will find herself very much mistaken. I suppose she means this as a peace-offering for not having asked us to her last party. I suppose she was afraid, Clara, my dear, you would cut out her clumsy daughters with Sir Charles.”—
“If I don’t, it shall not be my fault,” replied her amiable daughter. “I flirted with him in such famous style at the last concert, that I thought Eliza would have fainted on the spot. But what are you going to do with the odious bird?”—“Oh, I shall desire John to carry it to poor Mrs Johnstone.”—“I wonder, mamma, that you would take the trouble of sending all the way to the Canongate for any such purpose; what good can it do you to oblige people who are so wretchedly poor?”—“Why, my dear,” replied the lady, “to tell you the truth, your father, in early life, received such valuable assistance from Mr Johnstone, who was at that time a very rich man, as laid the foundation of his present fortune. Severe losses reduced Mr Johnstone to poverty; he died, and your father has always been intending, at least promising to do something for the family, but has never found an opportunity. Last year, Mrs Johnstone most unfortunately heard that he had it in his power to get a young man out to India, and she applied to Mr Napier on behalf of her son, which, I must say, was a very ill-judged step, as showing that she thought he required to be reminded of his promises, which, to a man of any feeling, must always be a grating circumstance; but I have often observed, that poor people have very little delicacy in such points; however, as your papa fancies sometimes that these people have a sort of claim

on him, I am sure he will be glad to pay them any attention that costs him nothing."

Behold, then, our hero exiled from the fashionable regions of the West, and laid on the broad of his back on a table, in a small but clean room, in a humble tenement in the Canongate, where three hungry children eyed with delight his fat legs, his swelling breast, and magnificent pinions. "Oh, mamma, mamma," cried the children, skipping round the table, and clapping their hands, "what a beautiful goose! how nice it will be when it is roasted! You must have a great large slice, mamma, for you had very little dinner yesterday. Why have we never any nice dinners now, mamma?"—"Hush, little chatter-box," said her brother Henry, a fine stripling of sixteen, seeing tears gather in his mother's eyes. "My dear boy," said Mrs Johnstone, "it goes to my heart to think of depriving these poor children of their expected treat, but I think we ought to send this bird to our benefactress, Lady Bethune. But for her, what would have become of us? While the Napiers, who owe all they have to your worthy and unfortunate father, have given us nothing but empty promises, she has been a consoling and ministering angel, and I should wish to take this opportunity of showing my gratitude; trifling as the offering is, I am sure it will be received with kindness."—"I am sure of it," replied Henry; "and I will run and buy a few nuts and apples to console the little ones for losing their expected feast."

The children gazed with lengthened faces as the goose was carried from their sight, and conveyed by Henry to the house of Lady Bethune, who, appreciating the motives which had dictated the gift, received it with benevolent kindness. "Tell your mother, my dear," said she to Henry, "that I feel most particularly obliged by her attention, and be sure to say that Sir James has hopes of procuring a situation for you; and if he succeeds, I will come over myself to tell her the good news." Henry bounded away as gay as a lark, while Lady Bethune, after having given orders to her butler to send some bolls of potatoes, meal, and a side of fine mutton, to Mrs Johnstone, next issued directions for the disposal of the present she had just received.

"La, madam!" exclaimed Mrs Bryce, as she once more made her appearance before her mistress, "if here be not our identical solan goose come back to us, with Lady Bethune's compliments! I know him by his broken beak and ruffled leg; and as sure as eggs are eggs, that's my master's knock at the door!"—"Run, Bryce! fly!" cried Mrs Maxwell in despair; "put it out of sight! give it to the house-dog!"

Away ran Mrs Bryce with her prize to Towler; and he, not

lecting that he had any favour to obtain from any one, or that
 and any dear friends to oblige, received the present very grate-
 and, as he lay in his kennel,

“ Laxly mumbled the bones of the dead ;”

ingloriously terminating the migrations of a solan goose.

A PRIZE !

I won—it was not worth an hour
 Of the lifetime thrown aside—
 Of feelings that rose in their day of power,
 A deep desponding tide !

I won a heart—a feeble thing,
 Where passion never came
 To raise the tone of another string
 Than the solitary same.

It knew not strong ambition, sought
 No other joy above
 The transient and the trembling thought
 Of its requited love ;

Its passion was in this ;—no more—
 It could not bring to bear
 The birth of one new feeling o'er
 The little that was there.

And she was one whose very brow
 In its deep beauty rose,
 Like an altar where an angel's vow
 Might sacredly repose.

Yet there was wanting all—the spell—
 The wizard of the dream—
 The soul that gifted the silver shell
 With the tone of its native stream.

She's but a play-thing to caress,
 A jewel for the wear,
 What worth is woman's loveliness
 And no emotion there ?

T. T. S.

OUR FISHING COAT.—A MAY-FRENZY.

In the year 1826, out of the shop of Gibson and Craig, South Bridge, was bought a quantity of moleskin; in the same year, under the directions of an eminent master-tailor in the vicinity, was fabricated out of this same moleskin—a coat. Be it known this coat was neither for ploughman, carter, nor resurrectionist; notwithstanding the insolent allegations of a Prince's street puppy, foreman to my worthy tailor, whom I happened to overhear cheapening my character down to one of the above three very respectable professions. The impertinence of the joke was truly laughable, and were it not for the slender capability of the gentleman's spindle-shanks, the single hair-breadth of further provocation, which was offered me, in a sort of double hem as I turned back upon the offender, would certainly have been followed up with a most summary castigation. Thanks to my forbearance! Mr St Valentinian Snip is alive,—and this good I must say of him, that for the only time in his life—he has stitched a coat for me, which has defied the wear and tear of four successive summers, and has now entered, good as new, upon a fifth. Oh, my moleskin fishing-coat! inelegant as is the form that wears thee,—and shaped as thou art to clothe the shapeless, with huge pockets dangling from thy unwieldy flaps, whose immensity is as the wings of some gigantic heron—wading breast-high the clear and solitary pool—never shall I forget those kindly services, paid by thee to the else cold and comfortless being, who claimed thee for his own. How often have sun and tempest, rain and cold struggled for one hard pinch,—and only turned aside, when baffled by that impenetrable shield wherewith thou givest guardianship to my grateful shoulders! and many is the tale to tell, of those magical powers that gift thee in the very day of slaughter,—when destruction cometh upon the nation of fins, and the bull-trout lieth down amid a host and expireth with a myriad. Robe of that mighty magician! who waveth his wand of power on the mirror of St Mary's Loch, and speedily to its surface arise the mysterious legions of whose existence none knoweth,—but they come with a gurgling of many waters, and foam, and tumult—suffering their little shapes to be drawn forth to the fatal margin and transferred to the coffin of an ozier creel—

“ Whose faded willows weeping still,
Tho' rooted from that holy rill,

Where mournfully they grew,
Sigh to evening's breezy breath,
Passing, like a last adieu
Thro' the prison bars of death!"

Well thou deservest a summer rhapsody—most affectionate coat! for all that over thy sleeves and adown thy skirts are traced, horrible to mention! gouty of gore. Ladies! be not afraid. I am no butcher—You may trust me with a thousand hearts—hearts pure in their innocence—not one bud would I blight of all those many affections, which ripen into love—nor would I cast coldness on one emotion, gazing out for a kindred sympathy in him, whose only return alas! must be—

"The warm philanthropy that feels for all."

My fishing-coat was not made for courtship;—it wants the *je ne sais quoi* of a cut—the fantasm of a colour—the delicacy of texture; in short, it is enough to frighten away the senses of any of those fair charmers, so continually haunting this dream of existence. "Oh, the monster!" was the salutation of a young lady on the banks of the classic Yarrow—as I was in the very act of landing a beautiful three pounder, whose magnanimous exertions were too fatally miscalculated, and it came sick and water-logged—with its galaxied sideturned up over the pebbles, and the bright fins quivering in gold—with a slight and powerless effort, once or twice repeated, to regain its ancient element—till it lay at full and magnificent length, half way up the grassy bank. Whether the word monster was applied to me in consideration of my coat, or the sad act of cruelty I was perpetrating, I know not;—but surely, with regard to the noble creature, lying in all its glory of colours about to expire—little was there to insinuate—beyond that spiritual beauty which seemed to have destined it as the king-genius of the waters.

A laughing and lovely girl she was,—one of Nature's own—that overlooked my deed of triumph, and spell-bound, I watched the wanderings of her romantic eye, as she stood with a comely, perhaps love-distracted youth, surveying the half-wild and half-fertile hills, that rose by crag and slope on either side, as if to wall in the green and sunny vale, blessed and hallowed by her light footstep, as it hardly crushed the blue bloom of the violet, whose tender flowers stole forth in humble tufts and wooed the passing insect to a moment's repose. The vision is gone for ever!—the bright soul-impressing features of that gentle girl! and only their memory lives, unapproached by time—a dear, cherished memory, as of one

I loved, gone down into the dust; and who knows but such
be the fate of her.

Lost to the tremulous gaze of him
That loved and lingered on the fading dream?

Here comes our friend the Shepherd—the Ettrick Shepherd—why not the shepherd of Yarrow?—Yarrow is a stream poetical than Ettrick; it descends full from its source, from loch—not a lake, for a lake there is a mere fag-end to brook, but a wild and gleaming plain of water—without starting out of its solitary depths, that seem, in all their calm as ever; for the breeze but hardly agitates the surface followed by a long grey spread, like a spider's web cast over—till broken once more and again by another fleece of sun-touched as if each bore a diamond-gift to offer in contrast the moaning pebbles that form its old unaltered margin. Mr —, hoo's a' wi' ye?—hech, man! but I've had a glory—here's twa o' the maist splendid cratur's that ever swam in—baith yellow-fins. I'm just gaun up to tak a throw in the lake; its the bonniest bit for trout about the Loch, it, and I land meadow foot. I'll up to Tibby's the nicht, and we'll day the morn at Winterhope burn." Behold us on our way the hills, the Ettrick Shepherd and I, early next morning terhope burn. Summerhope leads to Winterhope,—and the hags between look something like a remembrance of the Cold, gusty, and fretful is the wind, casting out from its morsels of hail; and the masses of gray mist sweeping along, remind us of that forcible description of the neglected

"The wind is forth, he is gray and cold;
You would think he comes from ruins old,
In a ragged mantle clad;
The brand on his brow is written, 'mad!'
Like the ghost of the murderer Cain,
Stricken at heart and scorched at brain;
On his forehead, pale and proud,
He swathes a bandage of hueless cloud
To hide the void—the emptied urn
Of vision that may no longer burn.
You may guess by his footsteps lone,
He is blind as a very stone;
For they list not where they lead,
And mock and sport at their master's need,
Dragging the outcast grey-beard on,
Albeit he wists not they are gone!"

Now we are toiling up thro' the dark heather. How

the one-eyed Juno scents the mountain breeze! a right capital point she hath, in good faith! but away whiffs the moor-cock as we pass.—Hang the game-laws! but no fowling-piece have we, to play pop at the startled bird;—our keen eye and steady hand never miss, and who knows how many brace we can bag up in the huge flaps of our immortal fishing-coat? When school-boys, we were wont to pop at butterflies, and that most musical of all living things—the big humble bee—pop—nay, our old rusty pistol, whose dog-head knew but one step to full-cock, and whose barrel, thinner at edge than a thimble, required a regular sweeping from rust and gun-powder before commencing another shot,—well we remember,—was accustomed to be loaded full to the mouth, one part with coals, another with saltpetre, and a third with a blest composition, coarse as pease, and all three headed with a broken marble, and that most villanous of iron fabrications—a cuddy-heel! But enough—here we are at a sheep-fence, wet and shivering, both under one plaid attempting to mend a broken rod, whose top by some unlucky accident is rendered useless. Are any of our readers gatherers of relics? let such as are, away to the spot!—they will find a five-inch piece of whale-bone appended to as much of hickory bearing a brass ring, all of which belonged to the immortal James Hogg of Altrive Cottage, and is now lodged between two blue stones—the only blue-stones built up in the only sheep fence, that lies precisely three hundred paces from the banks of Winterhope burn, three miles above its junction with the Meggat. Who could wish for more precise information, when we add, that Meggat runs west into St Mary's Loch, Selkirk-shire, Scotland? But we are righted—the rod is none the worse for the loss of ten inches;—it was made by Bailie Grieve, Peebles—a tie-rod, worth five hundred of Phins'—which are always snapping at the virils under the weight of a tiny par, which it defies patience to shake off.—How the fish arise! one, two, three, four at a time!—their yellow bodies shining through the dark amber, till dragged, in merry agony, half dancing and half writhing ashore. Ah! but the quaich and the real Glenlivet! and again we go to it, more savage than ever. Long ago my creel is full—cram-full, and now my pockets groan. Throw after throw, and the rod bends with destruction. But my shoulders ache, and that gaunt fiend hunger throbs wild within. We are at Meggat-foot, and down upon the green meadow is emptied the host of the Philistines—dozen by dozen—a mighty number!—Here are mine, in all 157; eleven pounders and fifty half-pounders—the rest, good trout, no pars, no fry, no bratlings;—all plump and beautiful!—“a dainty dish to set before a king!” And then Mr Hogg's! he falls short, by a fourth; but *he is a capital fisher, only I fished three-fourths of the way before*

him, which fully accounts for the deficiency; albeit, had I taken the rear, I should certainly have fished more at my ease, instead of hurrying down three leagues before him

“ At venture intervals, pursuing sport.”

But, hark to the music of the frying-pan!—smoking hot appear the savoury mess—true dish for a sportsman! His own game! Es chew beef-steaks in the country!—they smell of the shambles and the Rainbow—bring me a dish of ham and eggs and Irish-stew, with a fresh pancake rolling in cream, and a gulph of the real; and now—we are not tired,—we have only waded, half in moss, half in water, a score of miles,—bring my pike-rod;—fifty yards leads us to the margin of the Loch of the Lowes. A lovely evening it is!—the mist is gone from the green hills, and the wind is driven away for a deep, holy calm;—only the crow of the moorcock and the shrill plaint of the curlew are heard in the distance, and the water-heron throws back his crest and waves his wide wings, homeward bound, to some tall residence in rock or tree. 'Tis of kingly crimson, that cherub cloud! and often it pauses, or seems to pause in that heaven of azure,—like the spirit of a child gazing for it bereaved mother, and shedding tears, joyous the more, because tear of hopeful grief,—that would fain exalt that time-bound mother to its own happiness—to sing anthems together before God. The sun is gone down from view—but still he shines;—for the tops of the highest hills are all glorified—all glad: and down on the lake below is a lingering shadow, without outline, for it fills up the whole space of waters—shore and all—a grey not threatening feature of coming darkness.

“ Help! hither!”—how he tugs, like a chained tiger, and whirr goes the pike—full thirty yards “ at one fell swoop”—arises the giant pike, two stone weight, broad and fierce, his tail lashing the waters,—slow he turns, half dragged and half ing, as if expecting revenge; but now he sees the margin, and—give line, he is off—no, here he floats, sullen as a captive war—You may grasp him by the gills—beware of his teeth, the sharp and bent backward, and lie in a hundred rows all do throat. Such a fish!—you might find a Jonah within,—p Jonah was a small man measuring somewhat less than four and well-doubled, like a cobbler or a tailor—the young fish hobbled up with a reeking goose on that eventful day that to birth my well-beloved, well-seamed fishing coat. Oh! a paragon for a tailor—thread and needles from head to tail long sallow sickly complexion—like the ghost of a cough—

If breeched, half trowed ; for the matters were of a nonde-ind—looser and looser waxing as they ascended—their own forming the paunch, and suspended on one side by a dirty coloured ribbon—on the other by a red string daubed all with ink and sealing-wax—a pair of Scotch gallowses. But to lie down, Juno, and hang your snoring ! Of all mortal animals, we love the snorer least ;—we have heard him named the dreams, whose music pouring out its divine monotony, is a range of stirring fancies, showered by heaven or oozing and horrible from the pit of perdition—the vagaries of that that ascendeth for ever and ever ! Away with the idea—never is nature's abortion—hog-nosed—boar-eyed, and fond to of his reeking sty. Forgive me, Juno ! thou art a kind, animal—"sagacious of our quarry from afar." Our eyes vary—Gentle reader !—we have more to say ; only let us sleep.

" To-morrow—first of all brings purposes,
Then it brings actions, then it brings regrets,
And night, and sleep, and dull oblivion,
Close it."

hanging-coat is off.

T. T. S.

TO AMY.

I SOMETIMES think, my tenderest one,
If Death should make his bride of thee,
No deeper, darker robe of woe
The Fates could weave for me.

Then Earth would be a wilderness,
And life a flowerless waste of years,
All blighted by my burning sighs,
And wither'd by my tears.

At times, when I have heard thee sing,
I trembled at each thrilling tone ;
I've seen a sunshine in thy smile
I could not look upon.

The rose, that quivers on thy cheek,
Methinks would scarce a breeze defy ;
Too much of Heaven is in the sad,
Soft meaning of thine eye.

Hast thou not mark'd a pallid shade
 Across my brow, like madness, steal?—
 O! when I think upon the dead,
 Thou know'st not what I feel!

Nay, do not weep!—It may not be,
 For I am ever boding ill;
 Long yet may be thy lot below,
 To be beloved still.

Still shalt thou send with me above
 Thy spotless spirit's sacrifice;
 Pure as the first fond breath of spring,
 Or light of infant eyes.

And thou shalt give me songs once more,
 Each soft and spirit-soothing strain
 We used to love in dearer days,
 And make me young again.

Thy smile shall sun the grapes of joy,
 To fill my cup when I am sad—
 Thy hand shall press the wine of love,
 To cheer, and make me glad.

Still shalt thou from thy window gaze,
 And woo me with thy looks afar,
 And at the twilight draw me home,
 My love! my evening star.

T. B. J

SONG OF THE SCOTTISH MAIDENS,

AT THE BATTLE OF BANNOCKBURN.

HERE comes your lordly chivalry
 All charging in a row,
 And there your gallant bowmen
 Let fly their shafts like snow.
 Look how yon old man clasps his hands,
 And hearken to his cry—
 "Alas, alas, for Scotland,
 When England's arrows fly!"

Yet weep, ye dames of England,
For twenty summers past
Ye danced and sang while Scotland wept—
Such mirth can never last.
And how can I do less than laugh,
When England's lords are nigh?
It is the maids of Scotland
Must learn to wail and sigh;

For here spurs princely Hereford—
Hark to his clashing steel!
And there's Sir Philip Musgrave,
All gore from helm to heel;
And yonder is stout d'Argentine;
And here comes, with a sweep,
The fiery speed of Gloucester—
Say wherefore should I weep?

Weep, all ye English maidens,
Lo, Bannockbrook's in flood!
Not with its own sweet waters,
But England's noblest blood.
For see, your arrow shower has ceased,
The thrilling bow-string's mute;
And where rides fiery Gloucester?
All trodden under foot.

Wail, all ye dames of England,
No more shall Musgrave know
The sound of the shrill trumpet—
And Argentine is low.
Thy chivalry, proud England,
Have turned the rein to fly;
And on them rushes Randolph—
Hark! Edward Bruce's cry.

'Mid reeking blood the Douglas rides,
As one rides in a river;
And here the good king Robert comes—
And Scotland's free for ever.
Now weep, ye dames of England,
And let your songs prolong
The Bruce—the Bruce of Bannockburn—
In many a sorrowing song.

THE SON OF ANNAWAN.

AN INDIAN FRAGMENT.

I.

NATURE was gay in the Valley of Flowers—the leaves were b to bud, and birds sung their songs of love in the cedar-grove.

white man sat in his cabin-bower, when towards him car warrior of the wilderness, leading his mate; and on her b there hung a little child. It was a lovely flower, in the young n of its days, and in the rosebud of its beauty. These dark-skin children came to beg of the white man—pity-pleading is the a they wear. They have come from afar, for their feet are bleed they are sorely a-hungered, and their hearts are almost broken

Thus spoke the spirit-stricken Indian warrior, drawing up tall proud form, and pointing to the sun. “Brother, behold Great Star of Day! thrice hath it faded into the waters of the v since I or mine have tasted the bread of life. Wilt thou give food? wilt thou bless my child and the mother of my children

“Begone!” scowled the white man,—“begone, and earn bread by the sweat of the brow!”

The soul of the warrior kindled within him, and he stood still, like the blasted tree on a barren moor. At length he spoke. “You bid us labour; but where are our Indian lands? ye have stolen from our race their pleasant pastures. The vines which I planted overshadow your cabin; you grow your corn over the graves of my people. Yes! we had lakes and hunting-grounds in our days,—ere the foot of the white man was printed on our sands—your axe resounded in our forests, plenty ranged our fields, swam our floods. Then the sky was always bright on our calm and the Onondagas were happy. No more the sleeping conqueror brought ashore on the barbed spear, and we never meet in the forests the bounding deer, the beauty of the wild. And now our tribe are wanderers, and now my father’s son must bow at the feet of a stranger. Ye have not left us a remnant of joy. Your plow has gone through the land of my love and of my Father’s bosom. Ye dwell above the ashes of our homes. Why is the eagle’s blood red as the leaf in the Moon of Falling leaves? who fed the wolf of the wilderness? whose bones are in the tangled jaw of the panther? Alas! my race are passing away like leaves beneath the harvest moon. For me I am old and feeble now. Who lives ever? The palsied hand soon ceases to bend the pride of bow

the growing mist of age soon gathers on the bright eye of truest aim—the once firm step is soon missed on the lone path of the hunter—and the heart of many days grows weary with beating. I wish that I had died in the morn of life, in the battles of my youth.—I have been a hunter of the wild—a warrior of the waste, and can bear hunger: but this fond mate of mine, and this little one, have they a warrior's spirit? Bless them, and give them to eat. O bless this bird of my bosom, and shed the tears of mercy on this young rose of the wilderness, that is born to bloom among the thorns of grief!"

But to this petition the white man gave no heed. Then said the resigned son of the forest,—“But I will not mourn, nor let the bow of my spirit break!—will tears make flowers to grow, or will sighs nourish corn?”

Still the white man was unmoved—he heeded not the tears of the mother, nor the innocent smile of the infant on her bosom. But amid the young ones who played around the cabin-door, there was a little girl—a tender fawn of a few moons—a cherished rose that would soon be blossoming in the bower of domestic love. Her dove-eyes wept—her gentle heart was heaving. She knew the dark-skinned mother loved her young. Her eye was as the little blue-flower which she gathered in the glades—her skin was as the water-lily, or the sunset touching the white folds of the clouds of evening. This mountain-flower looked up to her stormy sire, while the drops of feeling trembled in her eye. “O, Father!” said she, “bid the red children sit beside our fire, and eat our bread, lest they faint and die!” she threw her tendril arms around his neck, beseeching him. “Father, you say you love me—then bless them for my sake!” There was a little bright-haired boy playing by her side, who also joined in this generous prayer. The old tyrant was moved. The Indians entered the lodge with joy. Willingly did the little maiden and the bright-haired boy tend the strangers. They placed the faggot on the fire. Ripe were their berries, and sweet the roasted corn. The strangers eat and were satisfied; and with handfulls returned to their forest-homes. As they went, they looked up to the Great Spirit with gratitude, and back to the home of the kind-hearted children, with a blessing.

II.

Many years passed away; and that happy girl and boy, who blessed the wanderers, had reached the noonday of life. The leaves had fallen and faded many times, and the forest flowers had often bloomed and died in the prairies, when at length they were living on in wedded bliss, as happy-hearted as their sunny clime. Their cottage was far away from the scenes of childhood, on a sun-loved

hill, and beside a rattling brook. He was now a hunter of the forest. One evening the eye of the fond wife wandered wistfully over the features of her youthful mate, as he prepared to go to the wood. Fond creature! a strange prophetic fear came over her spirit. The night before she dreamed of the savage war-whoop, and heard the cry of death, and wakened with a scream. He comforted her in vain before he went away. He takes his arrows, bow, and hunter-spear: but ere he go—one salute of love to his forest-dove, and one kiss to their little pledge of affection; and swift as an arrow from a warrior's bow, away he hies to the forest.

The shadows of evening began to fall—she looked towards the forest-entrance, but her lover comes not yet. The flowers are dim, the song of birds is gone—and still he is not near. The last day-beam which lingered on the twilight's garment-fringe is passed away, and darkness settles on the dun mountains of Alleghany.

The sun of her spirit too has gone down. With her child in her arms she wandered out by the bank of her own silver river—the murmuring Merrimak. It led her in the woodward path. The moon, the friend of mourners, shone on her wanderings, while the stars shed their sympathetic influence on her heart. The wandering breeze, and the bird of night, and the mournful owlet, alone disturbed her pensiveness. The deepening shadows of the distant trees often deceived her eye, and sported with her fancy; and more than once she deemed she saw a figure spring from out the forest—but it went away.

She had wandered a good way when she thought of returning, and turned towards her white cottage.—But, alas! what lurid light is this! her cabin is in flames. She began to run towards it, when lo! there stood before her the enemy of the white men, one of the panther-footed children of the wood. She clasped her babe in an agony. “My hunter boy, we shall meet again in the land of love.” One hand of the Indian was raised, while the other held her by the hair—his war-knife was gleaming in the moon. He gazed in the pale face, and his arm fell down as if paralyzed and unable to strike the blow. She swooned away; and when she waked it was not beneath the moon, but in a lonely cave of glittering spar: she lay with her babe at her breast like a panting deer far from the water-brooks. Over her was gazing in her face a dark man, leaning on his bow.

III.

But where is her love? As he returned homewards there rushed from a hiding-place a party of the Red Men. One seized his rifle, while with his tomahawk another struck him to the ground. After

recovering, he found himself lying beneath a walnut-tree. He looked up, and one of the enemy approached and addressed him—with compassion in his countenance. "Listen to me, and answer. When thou wast young, and couldst scarcely bend a sapling of a first season, was thy dwelling far away from this? and was there a little bird dwelt in thy bower—and was she young and beautiful as morn?"

The pale-face wept; for he remembered the dreams of youth, and her who was the Star of his cabin—"Alas!" said he, "beside the murmur of a far-off rill I spent my dreams of boyhood. 'Tis three suns' travel from this place; we called it the Valley of Flowers. And there was a little maiden there who was my light of life, and now she is the mate of my bosom. But, alas! I fear that when I am not near to help, your red band have stolen her away, with the little bird she cherished. O tell me if you know whether she is safe in her home?"

The Indian wondered at the love and truth of the spirit-wrung youth; he pitied him, and cut the shackles from his bleeding feet. "My wife!" exclaimed the husband in agony. "Thy bosom-bird," returned the Indian, "sits on another bough, and pines for thee. She shall briefly mourn. Go:—I will lead thee to her couch of loneliness. Ye shall sing the song of happy lovers there. I come to give thee eagle-wings and feet as of the panther.—But ere thou depart, listen to my tale. Now it is many, many moons ago—yon sturdy oak was then but a little child—when I, the son of Annawan, was driven to beggary. The storm-god shook the grapes at my door; there were no berries to gather in the moors, and our hunting-ground yielded no prey. I went to the cabin of the white chief; but with a face dark as Lake Huron in the day of storms, he would have driven me rudely from his door. He said, 'Thou art an Indian—we have no mercies for thee or thine:—go, labour!' How could we toil? we had no field; my wife and babe, what could they do but weep? But lo! beside a bank of flowers there played a little girl—a gentle forest-maid—a tender tree which would be beautiful in a few moons. She threw her tendril-arms around the white man's neck and wept, and prayed, to give us bread. A little boy also joined in the petition. They gave us to eat. The son of Annawan was fed; his dove, his babe, was fed. Thou art that gentle boy, and thy forest-dove is that gentle girl, who blessed the children of the wilderness, when they were tossed like red leaves in the waste. And dost thou think that a single crust of bread, a cup of water, a pitying tear from the pale face shall ever be blotted out from the records of gratitude? are they not all written on the green leaf of my memory? A single drop of mercy from thee hath

I.

wiped away the remembrance of a thousand wrongs. And this hath saved thee in this hour of peril. Behold around thee the smoke of scattered cabins—list to the shrieking families—they cry for their young ones slaughtered in their sleep. Dark and deadly is the revenge of the Onondagas. It was I who burnt thy home,—for this I mourn. I knew not whose it was, till I made captive thy distracted bride, and discovered it was she who blessed me and mine;—and now she is safe from all alarms, and waiteth for thee. Shall it be said I lifted my arm against the one that gave me a blessing?—Ye wiped those eyes that are the light of my cabin. Ye fed my boy who now bends the bow, and will delight in the war-cry on the hills; when his father is passed to the land of souls. But tremble not, O pale-face! for he shall not harm any of thine. Thou mayst leave thy lodge without a latch, and sleep sound as a little babe. Thou mayst plant thy corn, and when the leaves begin to fall, gather it in. Fear not the war-cry nor the twanging of bows. Thy arrows may rust and thy bow-strings rot in the mildew of sloth. Lo! the war-vulture shall depart, and the dove of peace dwell with thee; The son of Annawan, the fleet of foot, shall hurt thee when the birds cease to sing; and when the Great Star forgets to rise, the son of Annawan shall forget thee. Tell the Fair Hair—the Star of thy cabin, that it was a mourned hour when I set the fire-brand to her unknown bower; but the beaver-skin will soon be in its prime; and when the Flower-month passes, the otter shall be worth an arrow. Then from the wood shall I return in triumph with my Hunter boy; we shall bring our spoils to the Fair Hair; we shall repair her lodge and beautify her home.”

So saying, he led the white youth to the cave of glittering spar; and with eagle-gladness, he flew to the embrace of his wife and little child.

O pleasant now the cabin grows in which they dwell, and pleasant is that valley of the wilderness. Fearless now the hunter ranges the woods, where once the Red Men rushed forth. Buried is the knife and tomahawk, once whetted for him; and where the shriek of widows wailed, is heard the dance of maids—is waked the song of lovers. The flowery robe of the hills is not stained with blood, and the war-whoop is sleeping upon that Indian shore.

T. B. J.

BEGINNING THE WORLD.

It would be difficult to imagine a more unhappy animal, than he who is encumbered with an imposing establishment, while his supplies are uncertain and scanty. The truth of this I had occasion to experience some years ago, when I first began the world. The little fortune which my father left me, was all expended in obtaining a procuratorship, and in furnishing, after the best models, a flat in Queen street, where I placed two red-haired clerks upon a pair of three-legged stools of unusual elevation, and seated myself in a leather-encircled arm-chair, with the absurd expectation of being called upon by clients. *Clients!* Not the shadow of one darkened my beautiful white-washed walls. The glaring brass-plate on the door (something about the size of a shovel,) with its hospitable "COME IN," was misanthropically disregarded. It seemed as if litigation had ceased with the opening of my rooms; and I began to think seriously of Edward Irving's millennium. To me, a client was as the mammoth among quadrupeds, or dodo among birds—extinct. I had not even the satisfaction of possessing a *petrified* one, nor could I trace the *remains* of any among all my curiosities.

To increase my embarrassments, I was on the eve of getting married. It is charitably said of the devil, that he finds work for the idle; so I, being utterly unemployed, was tempted to fall in love with a young lady belonging to Berwick. My last ten guineas were expended in paying her a visit, and in receiving her formidable "Yes."

"Next month is May, Arabella," I said—(her name was Arabella Farquhar, and it seemed formed, with its number of Rs, to stifle the Berwickers)—"It is unlucky, you know, to marry in May; but I cannot wait a day longer than the first of June."

"The glorious first of June," said she, smiling, for, in addition to her other attractions, she had a playful humour;—"would you not, as a west-country radical, prefer the 'ever-memorable days of July?'"

"Nay, in love I have no politics."

"That is, you are im-politic in love."

"I am desperately in love, which is all I know," returned I, enforcing my affirmation with a kiss.

The respect which I paid to the old superstition regarding May marriages was occasioned by the circumstance, that I had no hopes of raising money for my purposes *before* the first of June. These hopes, as the reader will see, were built on a very questionable

foundation. The only relation left me in the world was my maiden aunt, Mrs Thomson, of Cockleshellhall, near Musselburgh. I call her *maiden*, for I cannot consider her in any other light, although it is undeniable that she had once been married. She was a woman of untold wealth and inconceivable parsimony. When young, her fortune was but forming, and her face was then even less attractive (if I may judge from a portrait taken at twenty) than when time had disguised it; so she was left to live to the alarming age of forty-five without an offer. At that period, however,—her fortune, by dint of parsimony, having increased to a reverential amount—a certain Mr Thomson, compassionating her state of single blessedness, “threw himself at her feet,” and was, to the infinite consternation of all her living relations, accepted.

The marriage of any young lady of forty-five furnishes food for scandal; but in this match there was nothing prominently absurd, indiscreet, or inappropriate. Mr Thomson was an ancient widower, of respectable character, and well to do in the world. He had been provost from time immemorial of the little burgh in which he resided, and was therefore happily distinguished from the innumerable tribe of Thomsons by his title of honour. Like Macbeth, “he had no children,” and considered himself to stand in need of a wife, to warm his slippers, when “fallen into the sere and yellow leaf.” But Death interfered with his self-indulgent perspectives. Scarcely was the honeymoon over, with all its indescribable annoyances, when, one morning, after breakfast, as Provost Thomson was standing with his back to the fire, he stopped abruptly in the midst of a laugh at one of the quaint jokes for which he was famous, and sitting down in his chair, gave a groan, and expired. Apoplexy was the cause assigned for this appalling event.

My poor aunt was exemplary as a widow, with her tears and her crape, even for a longer period than the rules of society demand; and her sympathising relations were, for several months, eager in watching any demonstration of connubial affection that might become visible under her weeds of woe. Their anxiety was absurd; for no one, with a notion of affinities, could outrage his imagination so far as to consider her, for a moment, in the light of a mother. She belonged naturally, constitutionally, and entirely to that highly respectable class of capitalists—old maids. It was but a presumptuous blunder of the Provost, to endeavour to remove her from the sphere where Providence had placed her; and though he had been Blue Beard himself, and lived half a century, he *could never* have moulded her to the accommodating shape, bearing, and appearance of a wife. As it was, the little mouth of con-

nubial bliss made no impression on her. It merely changed her name, not her nature; and in doing so, I believe, it accomplished all that she wished; for to be called Mrs Provost Thomson, instead of Miss Brown, was the temptation that induced her to commit matrimony. Uninstructed by the frightful termination of her connexion, the infatuated creature continued to hug her treasures, and even to add to their accumulation with tenfold voracity. The property which the will of the provost left her, only whetted her appetite for more; and by the time she had reached her 60th and 1 my 25th year, her fortune was calculated to exceed half a plum, or, in more figurative language, 50,000*l*.

If there were any one towards whom she entertained a kindness, it was my own ungrateful self. I was, in fact, her factotum; for from my fifteenth year, being no penman herself, she entrusted me with drawing out all her receipts for rental. For this purpose, I regularly spent a day or two with her every Whitsunday and Martinmas; and in return for my attentions, I regularly received from her (*mirabile dictu*) a five pound note! This was the only pecuniary enormity of which she was guilty during the year; and to do her justice, she gave it, I believe, out of an habitual regard for me, while she would inwardly soothe her outraged parsimony by the reflection, that no man of business would do what I did half so cheap. On the faith of her gift, many a sanguine young man would have anticipated the heirship of all her property; but I confess I never was so preposterous in my expectations, for I felt too distinctly that I was born with the wooden spoon in my mouth. Independently of this, I knew she read the Missionary Magazine, and spoke occasionally with an alarming interest of the New Zealanders, so that, if ever she had the fortitude to make a will, the cannibals of the South Sea Islands would in all probability be the favoured few. Her health, besides, was good; her hold of the world tenacious; so that even if I did entertain any hopes of succession, the day was too distant to interest me much. At all events, no future prospect could relieve my present difficulties, or put it in my power to consummate my own and Arabella's bliss. A bold stroke was necessary—"a bold stroke for a wife"—and the necessity suggested one. Insane as it may appear, I absolutely resolved to ask from my aunt, when I went in May to draw out her Whitsunday receipts, *the loan* (believe me) *of a thousand pounds!*—and upon the success of that request I relied when I proposed the first of June to my dear Arabella, as our day of marriage.

This resolution of attacking my aunt I did not come to without *severe reflection*. I procured a copy of the Eccentric Biography, and carefully studied the lives of all the misers therein contained,

so that I might inform myself as to their weak or assailable points. But I found them all cased in triple steel—no crevice in their iron mail through which a spear could be insinuated—no opening through which their heart could be touched. They were not even like the alligator, vulnerable in the belly—neither puddings nor praise affected them. The only way in which they could be attacked with any prospect of success, was by a coup de main. Old Elwes, I discovered, though he would not part with a penny to save his most miserable soul, sometimes gave thousands in loan on trifling securities. “Upon that hint I spake.” I saw the absurdity of attacking the “penny wise” feelings of my aunt, and resolved to rest my chance of success on her “pounds foolish.” A small sum would, I felt, rouse all her customary power of resistance; but the demand of A THOUSAND POUNDS STERLING was too appalling to be resisted by mortal miser. The enormity would paralyze her energies, and leave her helpless in my hands. It would be an appeal for which her imagination had never, in its most daring flights, prepared, and she would sink submissive under it, overwhelmed by its boldness and grandeur. Not, I confess, that I anticipated an entire acquiescence in the extent of my demand; but to ask a thousand, I calculated, would secure at least five hundred. By aiming at the stars, I would reach the clouds. If she succeeded in reducing my request to five hundred, or, still better, to four hundred and ninety-nine, she would lose sight of every thing else in self-congratulation at her adroitness in mitigating the calamity.

It was no part of my plan to “go about the bush” in the matter. That would have alarmed her, and put her on her guard. My object was to attack her openly and unexpectedly; for any other method would have argued a misgiving on my part, and infused her with courage to resist. Accordingly I had no sooner reached Cockleshellhall, and gone through the usual congratulations, than I prepared to open my attack. My aunt speedily gave me an opportunity.

“My dear nephew,” she said, with her usual emphatic monosyllables; “it is so fortunate that Whitsunday happens at *this* time, and that you *have* come a day sooner than usual, for do you know I have got *two* ladies staying with me, who are dying for a gallant!”

“Indeed! then I am fortunate in more ways than one, for I was just remarking to myself as I came up the avenue (*which, by the by, I see you have greatly improved*) that it was as well that I *required* to visit you at this time, as it saved me the trouble of *writing you, by post, for the loan of a thousand pounds, of which I happen to stand at present in need.*”

I said this in as indifferent a matter-of-course manner as I could assume, although I believe my voice *did* falter a little, for I thought of poor Arabella. But the manner of speaking is not so important as the matter, notwithstanding all that elocutionists may say. A thousand pounds is no trifle, pronounce it as you will. It made my aunt gasp, as if I had pitched a tub of water in her face, or as if I had placed her in an elevated shower bath, with a thousand holes in its drainer.

"A thousand pounds!!! You're surely demented, John."

"Indeed, aunt—if it would not be rather encroaching on your goodness, two thousand would be more convenient for me than one. But a young man is the better of being stinted a little when beginning the world."

"Two thousand!! Beginning the world, John! Have you not begun yet?"

"Now, aunt, that is too bad. You cannot but know what it is to begin the world. Would you have me to believe that you never were so foolish yourself as to marry?"

"Marry! Are you going to marry?"

"I am going to follow your good example, aunt, in that particular."

"Me! you should rather take warning from my misfortune. Nay, it is unfeeling in you, John, to allude to the matter" [I knew it was the subject upon which she loved especially to dilate]—"when you know the manner in which my poor dear husband was taken from me. Think, John, of only twenty-eight days married!" [Here she took out her handkerchief.] "We had just got all the garavidge and expense of the daft days over, and I was remarking that the veal pie might hae been better *hained*, and served langer as a decency for our breakfast table, when the poor dear provost, who was standing joking with his back to the chimney, and the tails of his coat in his arms, gied a sudden jerk into the elbow chair, and before I could turn round, was a corpse! Never married woman was tried like me!"

Here she fell into appropriate sobs, which I did not dislike, for women are said to be most accessible when they have the tear in their eye.

"Do not distress yourself, my dear aunt," I said, "about that sad affair. You proved during your short wedlock, I have reason to know, all that a husband could wish, and let it be a balsam to your grief, that it is not embittered by self-reproach. As to my own marriage, I have only to pray"—

"John, John, you speak as if you had completed all your arrangements, and had only to send for the minister. What madness is this!—and who is your wife-to-be?"

"The unfortunate lady whom I have selected as my victim, and who is so far lost to herself as to approve of my choice, is irreproachable in character and descent, unequalled in beauty, and almost as poor as myself."

"Well, well, if you and she choose to make beggars of yourselves, I leave you to your own delusions. It is no concern of mine."

"How, my dear aunt? Do you mean to say that you will so far disoblige me as refuse to grant my small request?"

"Small request! The boy's in a creel! You imagine, surely, that I am wallowing in wealth."

"Far from it. I know in these hard times you have come to many losses, and must have enough ado to make the ends meet. Still, I am presumptive enough to hope, that you *will* make a struggle to oblige an old friend—the son of your only brother William, who was your own little Billy when a child, and whom the hungry sea devoured in his prime of manhood."

Here were two hits—one on the side of her parsimony, and the other on the side of her affections. Like all wealthy misers, she was very anxious to be considered poor, and rejoiced to be consoled with on her "losses." She, besides, entertained a deep regard for the memory of my father, who was shipwrecked on his way from Quebec, whither he had gone to purchase timber. He was her only brother, and, being six years younger than herself, had secured the affection of her girlhood before her heart got hardened and polluted by care and avarice. Deeply as she seemed to mourn the loss of her "poor dear provost," *that* was but the mockery of woe compared to the untold tenderness with which she ever reverted to my poor father's fate. The name of the one was a mere signal for her to display the widow's flag of distress; the name of the other was connected with all her sweetest and holiest emotions, for it renewed, in the silver light of memory, the young days of her life, when she used to toss her little brother in her arms, or roll with him, in boisterous glee, among the grassy knoves.

"John," she said, after a pause, "you must be conscious that I have ever taken a deep interest in your welfare, for your own sake, and still more for the sake of him—my poor brother—who sleeps at the bottom of the Atlantic sea. But I am shocked, John—really shocked—at the extravagance of your demand, and wonder any young man of discretion, like you, should be so absurd as to think of marriage before you have established yourself in the world. See *how I did* in the matter. I waited till——"

"O aunt, aunt!" interrupted I, delighted at the turn matters were taking, for if the woman who deliberates is lost, so also is the

woman who begins to "argufy"—"O aunt, aunt! do not, I beseech you, balance my conduct with your own, for though it were a thousand times more blameless, it would never come up to your standard. I am but a poor, ever-blundering, ever-resolving fool, that can lay claim to no quality beyond good intention: you, on the other hand, have led a life of unswerving virtue, and are guiltless even of the slightest impropriety."

"If that be your opinion, it became you certainly to seek my counsel before you involved yourself in so important a matter as matrimony. And indeed, John, to tell you the truth, circumstances have led me, within these two days, to think of the very subject; for there are at present, as I informed you, two ladies staying with me, one of whom has so interested me by her excellent qualities, that it has more than once crossed my mind she would make a fortunate match for you, if your circumstances permitted."

"Alas, aunt! all people see not with the same eyes—and I, at all events, am irrevocably engaged."

"E'en drink, then, as ye brewed. Since you can do without my advice, you can do without my money."

"Are you not getting rather unreasonable, Mrs Thomson?"

"Are *you* not getting excessively impertinent, Master John Brown?"

"Nay, nay—let us not quarrel about a trifle. You surely would allow me some degree of suffrage in a matter so personally interesting as the choice of a wife?"

"I wish to meddle with no man's affairs. But for the sake of him—poor William—your father—I cannot but take an interest in your welfare; and if you had made a reasonable match with a young lady of whom I could approve, I will not promise but I might have helped you a little until your business were established, with the understanding that I would receive a legal per centage for what I might advance."

"Then, my dear aunt, I feel assured you have but to see my choice to be pleased with her. Such beauty—wit—virtue"—

"Pooh! I doubt she is some low person, or you would not insist on these things. Is she of a good family? Has she any money, or the prospect of any? That is what I wish to know."

"Her family is irreproachable; for her father can trace his genealogy as far back as the days of George the third, and none of them ever suffered under the hands of the hangman. As to her wealth, she is possessed, I am happy to say, of a great many properties: she has a well-furnished memory—an excellently-cultivated understanding—a superb imagination—a brilliant wit—and an unbounded

store of affection; not to mention the lustre of her personal possessions—her pearly teeth and diamond eyes.”

“It is too much your habit, John, to speak slightly of serious matters. These qualities I hold not the value of a pin’s point, unless they are accompanied by the three indispensable P’s to the character of a good wife—Prudence, Piety, and Property.”

“And is your favourite up-stairs possessed of these qualifications? Tell me, aunt, who is *she*?”

“The lady up-stairs is a comparative stranger to me, but I am mightily pleased by what I have seen of her. Your old acquaintance, Mrs Smith of Berwick, brought her. She is a Miss Farquhar, and belongs herself, I believe, to that quarter, although Mrs Smith tells me she has some prospects of finally settling in your own town of Glasgow.”

“A glass of water, if you please. Tush!—I am quite well, aunt. A mere momentary qualm.—And now I have to reproach you, as well as myself, for leaving the ladies so long to themselves by our idle chat, on a subject which can be talked over again. We must, for very decency, go up stairs. Please introduce me. It is cruel to delay another moment.”

As my aunt ushered me into the room, with the formal explanation of “Mr Brown, my nephew, from Glasgow,” Arabella, who was sitting at a work-table with Mrs Smith, suddenly started, and a deep blush suffused her neck and forehead. While bowing, I contrived to place my finger on my mouth, to indicate I wished no recognition. Mrs Smith seemed to understand this intuitively, for although it was through her I had originally become acquainted with Arabella, she spoke of us as entire strangers. Arabella herself looked uneasy and discomfited; for, with all her talents, such was her natural candour, that she could not support the slightest approach to dissimulation. I myself acted my part but indifferently, and after several blundering attempts at conversation, speedily sought to compose my nerves by a solitary walk in the garden.

While chewing a green twig in a profound reverie, I was attracted to a summer-house by a whisper and a wave of the hand. It was Arabella herself.

“I have followed you here at some risk,” she said, “for I have been burning to tell you that I have no hand in this base rencounter. It was that odious Mrs Smith who decoyed me hither, and I knew not that Mrs Thomson was your aunt till this forenoon. What must you have thought of me?”

“I am infinitely obliged to Mrs Smith”—

“Nay, do not provoke me, for indeed I am ready to sink with *shame* and vexation at the vulgar and mean-spirited plot into

have been led. Your aunt, I see, is a woman of illiberal and contracted habits ; and Mrs Smith, with her natural delicacy, brought me hither, under false pretences, to your favour. When I understood this, I could have torn the body to pieces."

"A small dose of prussic acid would perhaps be more advisable." trifling, John. I am serious. Go to your aunt immediately and tell her the circumstances under which we stand. I am in this state of duplicity no longer."

"I am ever and ever noble-minded ! To you, as to an angel of light, my poor earth-bound propensities ever look for exaltation. Deeply as I pity my aunt's illiberalities, henceforth shall I strive for deserving so speedily your worth. It were in my present to deceive her, by affecting to follow her counsel ; my addresses to you—nay, start not ! I cannot do it, for your sake, and dare not do it, for yours. If my own soul were to descend to such meanness, it were unworthy of worship."

"I sought my aunt with all haste, and told her explicitly that her favourite Miss Farquhar was no other than my beloved."

Whether charmed by my candour or by the reciprocity of interest, I know not, but my aunt behaved on this occasion in a manner worthy the sister of my father. Her assistance not only exceeded my expectation, but exceeded my original demand. She went so far as Glasgow, to patronize with her personal presence the wedding. Nor had she ever reason to regret her generosity in her declining years, Arabella administered to her as like a daughter, and our first-born little boy, William, once more, her long-smothered affection, so that the latter part of her life were benignant and blessed as those of its commencement. While living, she would scarcely allow the little out of her sight ; and on her death she proved the extent of her affection by leaving him all her immense property, at my disposal from the age of twenty, with the exception of only five thousand pounds to be sent to the South Sea missions, and a handsome annuity of five hundred guineas, which, with some trifling assistance of our own, was the support of an old housekeeper who had got blind and infirm in her service.

W.

AN OMITTED CHAPTER

OF

A WORK BUT LITTLE KNOWN.*

——“A leaf that's doubled down in Memory.”

The Album of the Heart.

——“Aback!

I will have space, that this swollen heart may heave,
 Uncrush'd by crowds,—uncased in custom's thrall!
 I'll not be elbowed in this peopled world,
 While in Eternity there's standing room!”

*The Hurricane.**London, February, 1822.*

—I SAID to myself—nay, almost swore it—that I would not seek to see, but rather shun her—for a week to come. 'Tis two days since that,—but two short days; and I have seen her—yea, have drunk delicious poison from her looks, and tasted also a far bitterer draught.

At mid-day I waited at her dwelling, ostensibly to see her brother, ere he departed on a journey which he proposed, upon the morrow, setting out on. The waiting-maid alone was in the house, and of her I asked after the health of ——, and left my name as an inquirer for her brother. This was not enough. Night found me climbing anew that flight of steps which leads to her apartments. There was a perceptible tremble in the knock I gave. A door near her apartment jarred upon its hinges, and was closed again. 'Twas then her mother or herself who was approaching. The step was light—'twas she! The hand of welcome was extended,—but it was the hand which, at the threshold of her door—*all*—every guest,—such is her frank and kind demeanour,—might hold as I did. Does each rude palm tremble thus, thought I, when it experiences this gentle pressure? She had been ill when last I saw her; was it wonder, then, that I eagerly asked how she did, in a tone far different from that which commonly accompanies the daily question, that requireth no answer, or but one like itself—“*of course*”—Such answer she gave—“she was quite well.”—Quite

* Few have seen the *New Pygmalion* of that searching and powerful writer, the late William Hazlitt; yet it was by far the most impassioned of his works. Whether the above really formed a portion of the original *Ms.* admits of doubt; but at least the writer has aimed at imitating some of the characteristics of that publication.

well! What! in two days recovered? In two days restored to robust and perfect health? What wrought the cure? The Doctor?—Ay—the *Doctor*—but not his prescriptions—not his preparations—but his *presence*. Or was it that the question, ay, even in its eager tone, fell idle on ears filled with the echo of the honeyed words of praise which lips beloved had dropped into them! Yes—it was so;—and all that which, to others, hath a melody, the tone of sympathy—the sound of interest and kindness, was from any one but him, the jarring gibberish of an unknown tongue;—the harshness of rude notes that own no unison with the soft chords which yet reverberate to the touch of love!—or but as the breathings of the idle wind, which, where it listeth, bloweth, and who is there that heedeth it?—Unasked I entered the parlour. As the door receded from my touch there was no sound of voice heard to say welcome. Was she then alone? Was I so fortunate as thus to see within my grasp the long-prayed-for opportunity? Deceitful hope! Miserable, miserable disappointment! *He* was there—*he*, *he* whom I will not name, and cannot—dare not hate;—and yet unhatingly must envy! Count me your ransoms, Captive Princes;—Reckon me your debts, proud—prostrate Nations;—Tell me your wealth, pale Avarice—wan hoarders;—Sum, sum the dreamings of El Dorado riches, ye architects of Fancy, and arithmeticians of Imagination;—say, ye pale tremblers by the furnace gleam, ye hoverers o'er the alembic,—watchers of projection's moment,—say how much your stone, the touch of which makes gold, would turn of lead into the yellow ore,—and I will answer, more—yea, ten times told, than all your made-up sums, were I their master, would I give to be *that he*; if that he she loves him but the tithe that I do doat upon her:

Did I turn pale when I beheld him? Yes. Did my tongue falter, and my breath come thick, like Macbeth's fancies, when I tried parlance?—Did it? Did it not!—There was emotion in my finger tips—feeling in every hair, that had the chill of the damp clamminess which forced its way through each pore upon my brow.—Yet I did talk—but it was wildly; and I durst not look at her fond glances, as they shot across the narrow space that severed him and her.—Ah! then the marble of that sculptured mantel piece, on which my head was rested, seemed less hard—and oh! it was less cold methought, than Fate—*my* fate!

There was conversation—I was absent; there was argument—I was dogmatical; there was wit—I was dull; there was pleasure, and I was in pain.—Pain—pain!—why, we have pain when we are hungered: are in pain when our fingers bleed—then what poor *puling 'tis to call that bondage pain* which then I sat beneath; that *which quivered on my lips,—beat in my pulse, and trembled in my*

hand.—'Twas agony. Yet seemed I calm—calm as the weltering wave—huge, like Leviathan, which heaves, but makes no noise—rolls on, yet has no foaming crest, or wreck-strewn head to mark its silent sweep.

Lacking ought to say, I carelessly observed that this was my day's second visit. "Ay"—was the answer—"were you here before? Oh! by the bye—the girl said you were!"

That question—that cold question, and that "by the bye"—that reminiscence of a thing forgotten, how did it stamp despair upon my soul, and turn the very ore of hope into a coin where disappointment's image grinned; and its cold superscription, while it told me that "all—all is vanity," gave currency to that with which the debts of love's fond promises were cancelled.

Mother and brother entered—I was rooted to the chair, which, but for their coming, I should have risen to leave. Their seating themselves offered—and 'twas seized by her—the opportunity of placing herself near—nearer—*him*. Stories were told, to which I seemed to listen. What were they? I cannot tell, for I could not hear—no, nor sit still.—I rose, but I knew that my rising would call *him* up also, and I—(oh! midway in passion's wild career, how glorious 'tis to make your reason turn, and, taking up one point, stand rooted there—calm as the rock amid the rushing stream; yea, from that station beat the assailing elements of wild emotion, which course on—when baffled there, and, though they near the goal of madness, leave that spot behind them, amid the mind's waste scatheless!)—I,—for I knew that I must quarrel with him,—resolved that he should wait behind me—and he *did* so.—I *made* him.—I dreamt he had insulted me—or wished he had,—I burned to stab him, or to be stabbed by him,—the latter rather;—and had done it, if that the weapons of a warmer clime, where the hand answers to the passions' will, and wears its strength but for the heart's command, had hung about me, and he had been calm—proudly and coldly calm in his fair triumph—and had followed me.

Few were the *vales* that detained me,—cold the hands that pressed themselves to mine;—(She did not proffer hers;—)hurried the step that bore me to the door.—She did not now place kindly on my shoulder that cloak she hallowed with her touch, till that Elijah's mantle was, for inspiration's power, a frozen drapery to it.—She did not (she was wont to do so) accompany me to the threshold where she welcomed me.—No!—no!—there was not there that look which made me turn and turn upon the landing place, and linger on the steps.—What then were *steps* to me? One *dash*—one whirl—and rush and shock, and I was on the ground, and in the air—the free unvalled-up air—beneath the peaceful and

nate stars that have their gentle courses in the sky. Yet it breathe. There was a dew, the first fresh dew of spring and air, and moistening the wind. Yet was I parched as if I had enwrapped me. There was a fire within which all on Hermon could not quench. The flame leaped up my head as it touched my lips, it withered them. My tongue against my dry rough teeth, and there was not a damp of moisture on my frame, save where one drop on either temple quivered; it fell (cold as her heart to me).

along the crowded streets, and silent lanes which lie between her home and that of the friend nearest, asked a time so short, as it passed away, its pinion left no mark on memory's page. Hunger is pain—but thirst—thirst—thirst is agony.—A pitcher in the house of ——— a pitcher stood—a grasp—a drop—but one small drop of hot and heavy water;—as the Vampire's, or the earth-stained Goul's—a tottering wave—heave of the heart so laboured and so deep that it cracked—(would they had broken rather!) and one weak mortal is all I know about, or felt till life—as with a gasp it returned; and the pulse, which had paused resumed

hath not felt the dotardness of words?—Who that in the furnace heated up with passion's furnace glow, hath ever ineffectual and distil the mightiest might of language to some more forceful, will not own her weak, the very essence of human tongues is for the purposes that speech was made? In imagination but the metal bar, and it will coin for its content.—I struggled—battled—conquered.—I could not say whirlwind of Passion, "Peace, be still,"—or "Listen to the voice of the Reimkenner," but I reefed my canvass, nay, cut the board—tied myself to the rudder—and now ride, the gale sweeps past me, in the shelter of philosophic tranquility—I willed to be firm; I remembered that I was a man—SO,—CALM.

T. A.

TIME'S CHANGES.

THERE was a child, a helpless child,
Full of vain fears and fancies wild,
That often wept, and sometimes smiled,
Upon its mother's breast;

Feebly its meanings stammered out,
And tottered tremblingly about,
And knew no wider world without,
Its little home of rest.

There was a boy, a light-heart boy,
One whom no troubles could annoy,
Save some lost sport, or shattered toy,
Forgotten in an hour ;
No dark remembrance troubled him,
No future fear his path could dim,
But joy before his eyes would swim,
And hope rise like a tower.

There was a youth, an ardent youth,
Full of high promise, courage, truth,
He felt no scathe, he knew no ruth,
Save love's sweet wounds alone ;
He thought but of two soft blue eyes,
He sought no gain but beauty's prize,
And sweeter held love's saddest sighs,
'Than music's softest tone.

There was a man, a wary man,
Whose bosom nursed full many a plan
For making life's contracted span
A path of gain and gold ;
And how to sow and how to reap,
And how to swell his shining heap,
And how the wealth acquired to keep
Secure within his fold.

There was an old, grey-haired one,
On whom had fourscore winters done
Their work appointed, and had spun
Their thread of life so fine,
That scarce its thin line could be seen,
And with the slightest touch, I ween,
'Twould be as it had never been.
And leave behind no sign.

And who were they, those five, whom fate
Seem'd as strange contrasts to create,
That each might in his different state
The other's pathways shun ?
I tell thee that, that infant vain,
That boy, that youth, that man of gain,
That grey beard, who did roads attain
So various,—They were One !

HENRY NEALE

DRAWN FOR A SOLDIER.*

"Arma Virumque Canoe."

was once—for a few hours only—in the militia. I suspect I in part answerable for my own mishap. There is a story in Miller of a man, who, being *pressed* to serve his Majesty on a lower element, pleaded his polite breeding, to the gang, as a ground of exemption; but was told that the crew being a set of unmannerly dogs, a Chesterfield was the very character wanted. The militiamen acted, I presume, on the same principle. Their customary schedule was forwarded to me, at Brighton, to fill up, and in a moment of incautious hilarity—indeed, perhaps, by the absence of all business or employment, for pure pleasure—I wrote myself down in the descriptive column *Quite a Gentleman.*"

The consequence followed immediately. A precept, addressed to the High Constable of Westminster to the Low ditto of the parish of St M——, and endorsed with my name, informed me it had turned up in that involuntary lottery, the Ballot.

At the sight of the Orderly, who thought proper to deliver the document into no other hands than mine, my mother-in-law cried, my wife fainted on the spot. They had no notion of any distinctions in military service—a soldier was a soldier—and they imagined that, on the very morrow, I might be ordered abroad to *dash* Waterloo. They were unfortunately ignorant of that benevolent provision, which absolved the militia from going out of the kingdom—"except in case of an invasion." In vain I represented

we were "locals;" they had heard of local diseases, and might there might be wounds of the same description. In vain I explained that we were not troops of the line;—they could see no objection to choose between being shot in a line, or in any other place. I told them, next, that I was not obliged to "serve myself;"—but they answered, "'twas so much the harder I should be obliged to serve any one else." My being sent abroad, they said, would be the death of them; for they had witnessed, at the embarkation, the Walcheren expedition, and well remembered "the misery of the soldiers' wives at seeing their husbands in *transports*!"

I told them that, at the very worst, if I *should* be sent abroad, there was no reason why I should not return again;—but they

* From "Hood's Comic Annual," 1830.

both declared, they never did, and never would believe in those "Returns of the Killed and Wounded."

The discussion was in this stage when it was interrupted by another loud single knock at the door, a report equal in its effects on us to that of the memorable cannon-shot at Brussels; and before we could recover ourselves, a strapping Serjeant entered the parlour with a huge bow, or rather rainbow, of party-coloured ribbons in his cap. He came, he said, to offer a substitute for me; but I was prevented from reply by the indignant females asking him in the same breath, "Who and what did he think *could* be a substitute for a son and a husband?"

The poor Serjeant looked foolish enough at this turn; but he was still more abashed when the two anxious Ladies began to cross-examine him on the length of his services abroad, and the number of his wounds, the campaigns of the Militia-man having been confined doubtless to Hounslow, and his bodily marks militant to the three stripes on his sleeve. Parrying these awkward questions he endeavoured to prevail upon me to see the proposed proxy, a fine young fellow, he assured me, of unusual stature; but I told him it was quite an indifferent point with me whether he was 6-feet-2 or 2-feet-6, in short whether he was as tall as the flag, or "under the standard."

The truth is, I reflected that it was a time of profound peace, that a civil war, or an invasion, was very unlikely; and as for an occasional drill, that I could make shift, like Lavater, to right-about-face.

Accordingly I declined seeing the substitute, and dismissed the Serjeant with a note to the War-Secretary to this purport.—"That I considered myself *drawn*; and expected therefore to be well *quarter'd*. That, under the circumstances of the country, it would probably be unnecessary for militia-men 'to be mustarded;' but that if his Majesty did '*call me out*,' I hoped I should '*give him satisfaction*.'"

The females were far from being pleased with this billet. They talked a great deal of moral suicide, wilful murder, and seeking the bubble reputation in the cannon's mouth; but I shall ever think that I took the proper course, for, after the lapse of a few hours, two more of the General's red-coats, or General postmen, brought me a large packet sealed with the War-office Seal, and superscribed "Henry Hardinge;" by which I was officially absolved from serving on Horse, or on Foot, or on both together, then and thereafter.

And why, I know not—unless his Majesty doubted the *hand-someness* of discharging me in particular, without letting off the

—but so it was, that in a short time afterwards there issued a
 amation, by which the services of all militia-men were for
 resent dispensed with,—and we were left to pursue our several
 tions,—of course, all the lighter in our *spirits* for being *discm-*
l.

 GRAVES.—A FRAGMENT.

Oh alas, and alas !
 Green grows the grass—
 Like the waves we come, like the winds we pass.

DELTA.

'Twas autumn—and methought I stood alone
 Among the relics of the ancient dead—
 Earth's Mausoleums, over which were strewn
 The dust of ages, and the mossy stone
 On which decay had writ, with bony hand,
 The vanities of life ; and there was spread
 Oblivion's sober pall, which all might read,
 And haply reading, all might understand.
 The hollow autumn-wind raved loud without,
 And down the gloomy aisles I heard it pass,
 As 'twere the spirit of decay, from out
 Her desolate palace ; and the long rank grass,
 That waving o'er the sepulchres of men,
 Made hollow music to the ear of night !
 Hush'd were those sleepers in their coffins there—
 The arm that curb'd the war-horse in his might,
 And razed the peaceful homes of Innocence
 And slumbering faith. Ambition's votaries slept—
 And there reposing beauty—they who kept
 Their lonely vigils o'er them, summoned hence,
 A long descending line of fathers, sons,
 And mothers, daughters, and the little ones
 Who look'd on life, and bade the world adieu !
 O, who would sleep in such lone scene as this !
 Who, that hath viewed the towering hills of blue—
 Thy own fair mountains, Caledon ! 'Twere bliss,
 Methought, and soothing in the hour of death,
 To know that we would rest, life's fever o'er,
 By some lone cairn, rude work of ages, where
 No gloomy vault shut out the holy breath
 Of summer morn ; but where the ceaseless roar
 Of mountain-torrent filled the breathing air
 With nature's melody ;—blue peaks above,—
Beneath, the fluctuating, mysterious main,

On which, in life's gay season, free to rove,
 We launch'd our little bark, with swelling sail,
 To buffet with the storm.—Oh! I would fain
 Forego the honours which the titled few
 So ardent sigh for, that the modest veil,
 Which flattery's hand at will can draw aside
 To tell the rich man's virtues, should remain,—
 Than thus repose, screwed down, and light denied,
 Where all is dark and desolate ;—the air
 Shut up, imprisoned, hath a putrid smell.
 No flowers are here, to lure the traveller—
 No sweet forget-me-nots, or purple bell,
 To win, at evening's close, the laden bee
 Amid his wanderings—no vesper bird
 At dewy eve, among the ruins heard,
 Singing of love delighted. Sure, ah me!
 The living shuddering pause, when here they tread
 Over these cold damp stones, that rot away
 Even as on earth the memory of the dead
 They would eternize —Yet a little while,
 And the rank grass, as now it dimly waves
 O'er these dark sleepers, shall be sown for me ;
 And the vile loitering herd, that o'er the graves
 On sabbath's holy morn, irreverent walks,
 Conning rude epitaphs, as if to wile
 From their own hearts the gloomy certainty
 Of death's approach,—ay, they will idly stalk ;
 And sextons rude, with most unhallow'd arm
 Disturb our ashes.—Yet it must be so.—
 Our fathers lived—they moralized as warm
 On their own fates, as we do haply now !

J. N.

 EPITAPH.

Good Reader, who survey'st this burying-ground,
 Where heaps on heaps, though huddled, sleep so sound,
 Mark this peculiar mole with friendly eye,
 For underneath poor ——— doth lie ;
 The dust of him, whose spirit, shrewd and clear,
 Shed a fine halo o'er his little sphere ;
 Whose teeming wit and ever-stirring mirth
 One would have thought belong'd not to the earth ;
 Yet *here* he lies, among these clods of clay,
 Unconscious, dull, and clammy-cold as they ;
 While tear, he oft, in laughter, made to start,
 Now fall for him in bitterness of heart.

W.

THE CHURCH-YARD WATCH.

A TRUE TALE.*

BY THE AUTHOR OF "TALES OF THE O'HARA FAMILY."

THE dead are watched lest the living should prey on them!—'Tis a strange alliance—of the living with DEATH—that his kingdom and sovereignty may remain untrenched upon. In different parts of England, we have seen watch-houses, almost entirely composed of glass, built in lonesome church-yards, of which generally the parish sexton, and perhaps his dog (ill-fated among men and dogs!), are the appointed nightly tenants; with liberty, ceded or taken, to leave their dull lamp in the watch-box, and roam, here and there, at their pleasure, among the graves, until day-light. What stern necessities man forces upon man! There can scarce be a more comfortless lot, or, making allowance for the almost in-born shudderings of the human heart, a more appalling one, than that of the poor grave-scooper or bell-puller who is thus doomed to spend his nights, summer and winter. Habit, indeed, may eventually blunt the first keenness of his aversion, if not terror: he may serve a due apprenticeship to horrors, and learn his trade. After a thousand secret and unowned struggles to seem brave and indifferent, he may at last grow callously courageous. His flesh may cease to creep as he strides on, in his accustomed round, over the abodes of the silent and mouldering, and hears his own dull footstep echoed through the frequent dreary hollowness beneath. But what has he gained, now, beyond the facility of earning his wretched crust for himself and his crying infants!—We have seen and spoken with such an unhappy being, who seemed to have lost, in the struggle which conquered nature's especial antipathy (nature in a breast and mind, like his, at least,) most of the other sympathies of his kind. He had a heavy, ox-like expression of face; he would scarce speak to his neighbours (although we contrived to make him eloquent) when they passed him at his door, or in the village street; his own children feared or disliked him, and did not smile nor whisper in his presence. We have watched him into the church-yard, at his usual hour, after night-fall; and as he began to stalk about there, the ghastly sentinel of the dead, he appeared to be in closer fellowship with them, than with the fair existence which he scarce more than nominally shared. It was said, indeed, that, upon his initia-

* From "Friendship's Offering." 1832.

tion, at a tender age and under peculiar circumstances, into his profession of church-yard watchman, temporary delirium prepared him for its regular and steady pursuit ever since; and that, although he showed no symptoms of distinct insanity, when we knew him, the early visitation had left a gloom on his mind, and a thick, nerveless insensibility in his heart, which then, at forty-five, formed his character. In fact, we learned a good deal about him, for every one talked of him—and, as has been hinted, much of that good deal from himself, to say nothing of his wife, in his absence; and if he did not deliberately invent fables of his past trials, for the purpose of gratifying a little spirit of mockery of our undisguised interest, as mad as the maddest bedlamite he must have been upon the occasion alluded to: nay, to recount, with a grave face (as he did) the particulars of the delusions of his time of delirium, did not argue him a very sound-minded man at the moment he gave us his confidence. We are about to tell his story, at length, in our own way, however; that is, we shall try to model into our own language (particularly the raving parts) what his neighbours, his spouse, and his own slow-moving and heavy lips, have, from time to time, supplied us with.

He was the only child of an affectionate and gentle-mannered father, who died when he was little more than a boy, leaving him sickly and pining. His mother wept a month, mourned three months more,—and was no longer a widow. Her second husband proved a surly fellow, who married her little fortune, rather than herself, as the means of keeping his quart pot filled, almost from morning to night, at the village Tap, where he played good-fellow and politician to the expressed admiration of all his companions. He had long been the parish sexton, and took up his post, night after night, in the church-yard. Little fear had he of what he might see there; or, he had out-grown his fears; or, if he thought or felt of the matter, the lonely debauch which he was known to make in that strange banquet-place, served to drug him into obliviousness. He deemed his duty—or he said and swore he did—only a tiresome and slavish one, and hated it just as he hated daily labour. And—as he declared and harangued at the Tap—he had long ago forsworn it, only that it paid him well; but now that his marriage made his circumstances easier, he was determined to drink alone in the churchyard no longer: and he fed an idle, useless lad at home, who with his dog—as idle as he—roamed and loitered about, here and there, and had never yet done a single thing to earn their bread. But it was full time that both were taught the blessings of industry; and he would teach them;—and—now that he thought of it—why should not Will take his place in the watch-

box, and so keep the shillings in the family? His friends praised his views, one and all, and he grew thrice resolved.

Returned the next morning from his nocturnal charge, he reeled to bed in solemn, drunken determination. He arose, towards evening, only half reclaimed by sleep to ordinary sense, and set about his work of reformation. He ate his meal in silence, turned from the table to the fire without a word, looked at the blaze, grimly contemplative, then grumbling suddenly at his wife—"And where is that truant now?" he asked: "down by the marshes with his cur, I suppose; or gone a-nutting, or lying stretched in the sun, the two idlers together; what!—and must I work and work, and strive and strive—I, I, for ever—and will he never lend me a hand? go where he likes, do what he likes, and laugh and fatten on my labour?"

"Master Hunks," said the wife, "Will is sickly, and wont fatten on either your labour or mine—not to talk of his own;—you know 'tis a puny lad, and wants some favour yet a-while; with God's help, and ours, he may be stronger soon."

Will and dog here came in. From what followed, this evening, it will be seen, that the ill-fated lad, promised, in early youth, to be of an open, kindly, intelligent character, very different indeed from that in which we found him husked up, at five-and-forty.

He saluted his step-father, and sat down quietly near the fire. His poor dumb companion—friend of his boyhood, and his father's gift—coiled himself up before the blaze, and prepared to surrender his senses to happy sleep, interspersed with dreams of all the sports he had enjoyed with his master that day. Hunks, his eye glancing from one object of dislike to the other, kicked the harmless brute, who jumped up, yelping in pain and bitter lamentation, and ran for shelter under Will's chair. Will's pale cheek broke out into colour, his weak eye sparkled, his feeble voice arose shrilly, and he asked—"Why is my poor dog beaten?"

"The lazy cur!" said Hunks—"he was in my way, and only got paid for idleness."

"'Twas ill-done," resumed Will—"he was my father's dog, and my father gave him to me; and if my father were alive and well, he would not hurt him, nor see him hurt!" Tears interrupted this sudden fit of spirit.

"Cur, as much as he is!" retorted Hunks—"do you put upon me, here at my own fireside? You are the idler—you—and he only learns of you—and I hadn't ought to have served him out, and you so near me."

"*It has been God's will,*" said the boy, "to keep my strength from me."

"Be silent and hear me!" roared Hunks—"this is your life, I say—playing truant for ever—and what is mine and your own good mother's here?"

"Master Hunks," pleaded the wife—"God knows I don't grudge nothing I can do for my poor Will's sake."

"And you—not a word from you either, Missis!" grunted Hunks—"I am put upon by one and t'other of you—ye sleep in comfort every night, and leave me to go a-watching, out o' doors, there, in all weathers; but stop a bit, my man, it sha'n't be this way much longer; I'll have my natural rest in my bed, some time or other, and soon; and you must earn it for me."

"How, father? how can I earn it?" asked Will—"I would if I could—but how? I haven't learnt no trade, and you know as well as any one knows it, I am not able to work in the fields or on the roads, or get my living any one way."

"Then you can sit still and watch—that's light work," muttered Hunks.

"Watch!" cried mother and son together—"watch what? and where? or whom?"

"The dead folk in the churchyard."

"Heaven defend me from it!" cried poor Will, clasping his hands and falling back in his chair.

"Ay, and this very night," continued the despot—"this very night you shall mount guard in my place, and I shall have my lawful sleep, what the whole parish cries shame on me for not having months ago."

"Master Hunks, 'twill kill the boy!" cried the mother.

"Missis—dont you go for to cross me so often!"—remonstrated her husband with a fixed look, which, short as they had been one flesh, she had reason to understand and shrink at.—"Come, my man, stir yourself; 'tis time you were at the gate; the church-clock has struck; *they will expect us*"—he interrupted himself in a great rage, and with a great oath—"but here I keep talking, and the cur never minds a word I say!—Come along!"

"Don't lay hands on him!" screamed the mother as he strode towards the boy—"what I have often told you has come to pass, Master Hunks—you have killed him!"

Hunks scoffed at the notion, although, indeed, Will's hands had fallen helplessly at his side, and his chin rested on his breast, while his eyes were closed, and his lips apart. But he had only become insensible from sheer terror acting on a weak frame. Sighs and groans soon gave notice of returning animation. His mother then earnestly besought their tyrant to go on his night's duty, and, at least till the following night, leave her son to her care. Half in

fear of having to answer for a murder, incredulously as he pretended to speak, Hunks turned out of the house, growling and threatening.

"Is he gone?" asked Will, when he regained his senses—"gone not to come back?"—and having heard his mother's gentle assurances, he let his head fall on her shoulder, weeping while he continued:—

"Mother, mother, it would destroy the little life I have! I could not bear it for an hour! The dread I am in of it was born with me! When I was a child of four years, I had dreams of it, and I remember them to this day; they used to come in such crowds round my cradle! As I grew up, you saw and you know my weakness. I could never sit still in the dark, nor even in the daylight out of doors in lonesome places. Now in my youth—a lad—almost a man—I am ashamed to speak of my inward troubles. Mother, you do not know me—I do not know myself! I walk out sometimes down by the river, and, listening to the noise of the water over the rocks, where it is shallow, and to the rustling of the trees as they nod in the twilight, voices and shrieks come round me—sometimes they break in my ears—and I have turned to see what thing it was that spoke, and thought some grey tree at my side had only just changed and become motionless, and seemed as if a moment before, it had been something else, and had a tongue, and said the words that frightened me!—Oh, it was but yester evening I came home from the river-side, and felt no heart within me till I had come in here to the fireside, and seen you moving near me!

"You know the lone house all in ruins upon the hill—I fear it, mother, more than my tongue can tell you! I have been taken through it, in my dreams, in terrible company, and here I could describe to you its bleak apartments, one by one—its vaults, pitch ark, and half-filled with stones and rubbish, and choked up with weeds—its winding, creeping stair-cases, and its flapping windows—I know them all, though my feet never yet crossed its threshold!—Never, mother—though I have gone near it, to enter it, and see if what I had dreamt of it was true—and I went in the first light of the morning; but when close by the old door-way, the rustle of the herbs and weeds startled me, and I thought—but sure *that* was fancy—that some one called me in by name—and then I turned andaced down the hill, never looking back till I came to the meadow round where cows and sheep are always grazing, and heard the dogs barking in the town, and voices of the children at play!

"Will, my king," said his mother, soothingly, "this is all mere childishness at your years. God is above us and around us; and even if evil and strange things are allowed to be on earth, he will

shield us from all harm. Arouse up like a man! for, indeed, your time of boyhood is passing—nay, it has passed with other lads not much older; only you have been poorly and weakly from your cradle, Will. Come, go to sleep; and before you lie down, pray for better health and strength to-morrow."

"To-morrow!" he repeated—"and did my step-father say any thing of to-morrow?"

His mother answered him evasively, and he resumed,—“Oh, how I fear to-morrow!—oh, mother, you have loved me, and you do love me—for my weakness, my ill-health, and my dutifulness—and you loved my father—oh, for his sake as well as mine, mother, keep me from what I am threatened with!—keep me from it, if you would keep me alive another day!”

He went into his little sleeping apartment, stricken to the very soul with supernatural fears.

After spending a miserable night, he stole out of the house next morning, and wandered about the private walks adjacent to the town, until he thought his step-father might have arisen and taken his usual walk to the Tap. But as the lad was about to re-enter the house, Hunks met him at the threshold. Will shrunk back; to his surprise and comfort, however, his fears now seemed ill-founded. The man bid him good morrow in as cheerful and kind a tone as he could command, shook his hand, tapped him on the head, and left the house. Delighted, though still agitated, Will sought his mother within doors, told her his good omens, and spent a happy day. At dinner, too, notwithstanding Hunks' presence, the mother and son enjoyed themselves, so amiable had the despot become, at least in appearance.

When their meal was over, Hunks, as if to attain the height of civility, invited Will to go out with him for a walk by the river—“and let's have Barker (Will's dog) for company,” continued Hunks; “he may show us sport with a rat, or such like, Will.”

Accordingly, the three strolled out together, Will leading the way by many a well-known sedge or tuft of bushes, or undermined bank, the resorts of the water-rat, and sometimes of the outlaw otter; and Barker upheld his character, by starting, hunting down, and killing one of the first-mentioned animals. As twilight came on, they turned their faces towards the little town. They entered it. Its little hum of life was now hushed; its streets silent, and almost deserted; its doors and windows barred and bolted, and the sounds of the rushing river and the thumping mill were the only ones which filled the air. The clock pealed ten as they continued their way. Hunks had grown suddenly silent and reserved. They passed the old Gothic church, and now were passing the gate which

led into its burial-ground. Hunks stopped short. His grey, bad eye fell on the lad—"Will," he said, "I be thinking we've walked enough for this time."

"Enough, indeed,—and thank you for your company—and good night, father," answered Will, trying to smile, though he began to tremble.

"Good night then, my man—and here be your watch-light,"—and Hunks drew a dark lantern from his huge pocket.

"Nay, I want no light home," said Will; "I know the way so well; and 'tis not very dark; and you know you can't do without it on your post."

"My post?" Hunks laughed villanously—"your post, you mean, Will; take it; I be thinking I shall sleep sound to-night without a dead-light—as if I were a corpse to need it. Come along."

"You cannot have the heart to ask me!" cried Will, stepping back.

"Pho, my man"—Hunks clutched him by the shoulder with one hand, with the other unlocked the gate and flung it open—"In with you; you'll like it so in a few nights, you'll wish no better post; the dead chaps be civil enough; only treat them well, and let them walk awhile, and they make very good company." He dragged Will closer to the gate.

"Have mercy!" shrieked the wretched lad, trying to kneel, "or kill me first, father, to make me company for them, if that will please you."

"Get in!" roared the savage—"get in!—ay, hollo out, and twist about, so, and I'll pitch your shivering carcass half way across the churchyard!"—he forced him in from the gate—"stop a bit, now—there be your lantern"—he set it down on a tomb-stone—"so, good night—yonder's your box—just another word—don't you be caught strolling too near the murderer's corner, over there, or you may trip and fall among the things that turn and twine on the ground, like roots of trees, to guard him."

With a new and piercing shriek, Will clung close to his fell tormentor. Hunks, partially carrying into effect a threat he had uttered, tore the lad's hands away, tossed him to some distance, strode out at the gate, locked it, and Will was alone with horror.

At first an anguish of fear kept him stupified and stationary. He had fallen on a freshly-piled grave, to which mechanically his fingers clung and his face joined, in avoidance of the scene around. But he soon recollected what clay it was he clung to, and at the thought he started up, and, hushed as the sleepers around him, made some observations. High walls quite surrounded the churchyard, as if to part him from the habitable world. His lamp was burning upon the tombstone where Hunks had placed it—one dim

red spot amid the thick darkness. The church clock now tolled eleven. It ceased; his ears ached in the resumed silence, and he listened and stared about him for what he feared. Whispers seemed to arise near him. He ran for his lamp, snatched it up, and instinctively hurried to the watch-box. Oh, he wished it made of solid rock!—it was chiefly framed of glass, useless as the common air to his terrors! He shut his eyes, and pressed his palms upon them—vain subterfuge! The fevered spirit within him brought before his mind's vision worse things than the churchyard could yawn up, were all that superstition has fancied of it true. He looked out from his watch-box in refuge from himself.

That evening a half-moon had risen early, and, at this moment, was sinking in gathering clouds behind distant hills. As he vaguely noticed the circumstance, he felt more and more desolate. Simultaneously with the disappearance of the planet, the near clock began again to strike—he knew what hour! Each stroke smote his ear as if it would crack the nerve; at the last, he shrieked out delirious! He had a pause from agony, then a struggle for departing reason, and then he was at rest.

At day-break his step-father found him asleep. He led him home. Will sat down to breakfast, smiling, but did not speak a word. Often, during the day, his now brilliant eye turned to the west; but why, his mother could not tell; until, as the evening made up her couch of clouds there, drawing around her the twilight for drapery, he left the house with an unusually vigorous step, and stood at the gate of the churchyard. Again he took up his post. Again the hour of twelve pealed from the old church, but now he did not fear it. When it had fully sounded, he clapped his hands, laughed, and shouted.

The imaginary whispers he had heard the previous night—small, cautious whispers—came round him again; first, from a distance, then, nearer and nearer. At last he shaped them into words—“Let us walk,” they said—“though he watches us, he fears us.” *He!*—’twas strange to hear the dim dead speak to a living man, of himself! the maniac laughed again at the fancy, and replied to them:

“Ay, come! appear! I give leave for it. Ye are about in crowds, I know, not yet daring to take up your old bodies till I please; but, up with them!—Graves, split on, and yield me ~~my~~ subjects! for am I not king of the churchyard? Obey me!—ay, now your mouths gape—and what a yawning!—are ye musical, too?—a jubilee of groans!—out with it, in the name of Death!—blast it about like giants carousing!”

“Well blown!—and now a thousand heads popped up at once—

their eyes fixed on mine, as if to ask my further leave for a resurrection; and they know I am good-humoured now, and grow upward, accordingly, like a grove of bare trees that have no sap in them. And now they move; passing along in rows, like trees, too, but glide by one on a bank, while one sails merrily down the river—and all stark staring still: and others stand bolt upright against their own headstones to contemplate. I wonder what they think of! Move! move! young, old, boys, men, pale girls, and palsied grandmothers—my churchyard can never hold 'em! And yet how they pass each other from corner to corner! I think they make way through one another's bodies, as they do in the grave. They'll dance anon. Minuets, at least. Why, they begin already!—and what partners!—a tall, genteel young officer takes out our village witch of the wield—she that died at Christmas—and our last rector mirks to a girl of fifteen—ha, ha! yon tattered little fellow is a radical, making a leg to the old duchess!—music! music!—Go, some of you that look on there, and toll the dead bell! Well done! they tie the murderer to the bell-rope by the neck (though he was hanged before), and the bell swings out merrily! but what face is there?"

It was the vision of a child's face, which he believed he caught gazing at him through the glass of his watch-box—the face of an only brother who had died young. The wretch's laughter changed into tears and low wailings. By the time that his mother came to seek him, just at day-break, he was, however, again laughing; but in such a state as to frighten mirth from her heart and lips till the day she died. As has been said, symptoms of positive insanity did not long continue to appear in his words or actions; yet when he recovered, there was still a change in him—a dark and disagreeable change, under the inveterate confirmation of which, the curious student of human nature may, at this moment, observe him in his native village.

SOLITUDE.

HIGH on the bare bleak hills the shepherd lies,
 Watching his flocks which spot the green below;
 Above him spread the gray and sullen skies,
 And on the mountains round the unbroken snow,
 What voice instructs him there?—The winds that blow.
 What friend has he?—His dog. Yet with these twain
 He grows a prophet of the frost and rain,
 And well the fox's cunning learns to know.

There lies he, and through coming years must lie,
 More lonely than the lonely hills ; for they
 Have mute companions, like themselves in form ;
 But *he* must live alone till life decay,
 See nothing save his dog, his flocks, the sky,
 Hear nothing save the old eternal storm !

THE UNIVERSITY OF GOTTINGEN.

A STUDENT'S LAMENT.

WHENE'ER with haggard eyes I view
 This dungeon that I'm rotting in,
 I think of those companions true,
 Who studied with me at the U-
 niversity of Gottingen.

There first for thee my passion grew,
 My sweet Matilda Pottingen !
 She was the daughter of my Tu-
 tor, Law Professor at the U-
 niversity of Gottingen.

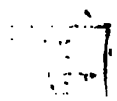
Sweet 'kerchief, check'd with heavenly blue,
 Which once my love sat knotting in :
 Alas ! Matilda then was true—
 At least I thought so, at the U-
 niversity of Gottingen.

Barbs ! Barbs ! alas, how swift ye flew,
 Her neat post-waggon trotting in :
 Ye bore Matilda from my view—
 Forlorn I languished at the U-
 niversity of Gottingen.

This faded form, this pallid hue,
 This blood my veins are clotting in—
 My years are many—they were few,
 When first I enter'd at the U-
 niversity of Gottingen.

Sun, moon, and thou, vain world, adieu !
 That kings and priests are plotting in,
 Doomed here to starve on water gru-
 el, never shall I see the U-
 niversity of Gottingen.

CANNING



100





THE STORM.

WILLIAM MELBOURNE had for many years acted as personal attendant on Everard Whittam, Esquire of Whittam-hall, a secluded mansion in the County of Bucks, and being a great favourite with his master, had grown into proportionate disfavour with that gentleman's graceless nephew and heir, who after succeeding to the estate, turned him about his business. Something in the shape of legacy was talked of, and expected for William by his acquaintances; but nothing appeared. He had luckily, however, saved some money from the earnings of former times, and with as little delay as possible, he took a moderately rented bit of ground, and a very economical wife. The world went well with them for months and years. Many a traveller may still remember how he lingered on his journey to admire the vine-clad 'cottage of Whittam border,' for so was William's dwelling denominated, from its juxta-position to the property of his old master. Two amiable daughters completed the happiness of the worthy couple. William Melbourne's generous disposition increased with his increasing power of gratifying it. The mean, the designing, and the needy crowded around him. He had frequent slight warnings in the way of loss, which were calculated to scare him into greater precaution. These warnings he neglected—while he delighted himself with the reflection that he had benefited so many of his fellow-creatures.

One evening while he was sitting in half slumber by the fire-side, his wife and daughters at their accustomed task, a loud knocking was heard at the door, and the post-boy's voice was recognized, as he presented a letter for Mr Melbourne. William hastily broke open the seal, and glanced over the contents. A slight quiver, and a growing paleness, gave signal of alarm to his anxiously watching family. "Has any thing unpleasant happened, William?" inquired his wife. He attempted to reply, but the words came chokingly and in broken syllables. "I—I—I am a—a—a ruined man," he at last exclaimed, and held out the letter to his wife. It related to a case in which he had been surety for a person who had become insolvent,—and contained a demand of instant payment. From this period it seemed that William Melbourne's energies forsook him. He grew feeble in gait, and meaningless in countenance—and poverty visited the cottage of Whittam border. Rent-time came round, and with it the inability of payment. Added to all, was the evil influence which the new squire of Whittam-hall exerted with William's landlord. Only a fortnight was allowed to

make up the payment, in default of which, the Melbournes to be cast forth upon the cold charity of mankind.

Before that period expired, however, an accident occurred, w renewed the connection between the cottagers and Whittam- and which, from the relief that it brought the former in the ext ity of their destitution, might almost be considered as a provide interference. Melbourne's two daughters had, since their fat misfortune, been in the habit of traversing the country tog with eggs and chickens, the proceeds of which now went far to port the family, for he who should have made a last and st effort, had abandoned himself to inactive despair. Mary, elder of the two, was about sixteen years of age, tall, and eleg formed. Her face was beautifully regular, with a complexion v told of "sun-burnt mirth," or, at all events, of exposure t open air, among the green fields, from whose fairest flow seemed to have borrowed its glowing tints. Auburn ringlets w upon her brow, and the *tout-ensemble*, which baffles descrij was such as delicate taste would figure in a dream. Her s Catharine, was a dark-haired playful urchin of eight years It happened, that in their peregrinations, the sisters had ven frequently to visit Whittam-hall with their commodities, though sometimes frowned away by the insolent servants, they once or twice been very kindly treated by Miss Whittam, the squire's daughter, who appeared to take an interest in their fa whose name she had often, she said, long ago, heard her respected uncle mention with esteem.

It was on a summer forenoon that they set out on their last to the hall. Fortunately, they found their kind friend at h and her father absent. She detained them for an hour or and took leave of them with strong injunctions that they s come soon back again. We must not forget to mention that eggs and chickens were purchased by this excellent young lady the double basket which contained them, filled with eatables to home with them to their father and mother. They had cleare straight old avenue, when they perceived a sudden blackness : the southern sky, which came gradually onward till the decl sun was altogether obscured. Anticipating, from long pra what this appearance indicated, an approaching thunder-st they hurried on towards the bright sky in the direction of their home. Just, however, before rounding an eminence which v hide the venerable pinnacles of the hall from view, the ter hearted Mary bethought her of their benefactress, who was without any companion to comfort her in so fearful a dark and she turned to look back, when a flash of lightning leape

from the sable mass of distant cloud, and the mansion of the Whittams became, nearly all, a prostrate ruin. Forgetful of home, of parents, and self, the terrified girl threw down her load, and taking her sister's hand, hurried back in the direction which they had left. The scene which the fallen burning pile exhibited was terribly grand. Here yawned a wide-arched window, high in air, with its pictured glass, and there a pillar towered aloft, hung round with gilded shields, while the red flame went on augmenting, and unopposable. As the trembling girls approached nearer, they heard the shrieking of a female voice, and following the direction it indicated, they beheld her who had so lately smiled upon them in the midst of comfort and splendour, exposed to flames below, and flames above, on the unvalled and isolated floor of a chamber, which, without aid, she could never leave alive. "Oh run," she cried, "and see if there is a ladder among the offices," and she pointed to the detached buildings which had escaped the conflagration. They ran as directed, and soon returned, bearing with difficulty between them, a ladder which had been left providentially in an unlocked place. After great exertion, they succeeded in bringing it to bear in the desired position, and the heiress of Whittam-hall escaped unhurt from a catastrophe which had caused the death of every other being then under its roof. She was persuaded to accompany the Melbournes to their home, whither she was a short time after followed by her father, who, on his return, had traced her from the information of some peasants. The squire was deeply grateful for the deliverance of his daughter. He offered William Melbourne a farm at a merely nominal rental, which being accepted of, the lightness of former days returned to the cottagers. The squire became an altered man, so that both families found themselves the better for "The Storm."

B.

THE TRUE ENJOYMENT OF SPLENDOUR.

A CHINESE APOLOGUE.

DOUBTLESS, saith the illustrious Me, he that gaineth much possession hath need of the wrists of Hong and the seriousness of Shan-Fee, since palaces are not built with a tea-spoon, nor are to be kept by one who runneth after butterflies. But above all it is necessary that he who carrieth a great burden, whether of gold or silver, should hold his head as lowly as is necessary, lest on lifting it on high he bring his treasure to nought, and lose with the spectators the glory of true gravity, which is meekness.

Quo, who was the son of Quee, who was the son of Quee-Fong, who was the five hundred and fiftieth in lineal descent from the ever-to-be-remembered Fing, chief minister of the Emperor Yau, one day walked out into the streets of Peking in all the lustre of his rank. Quo, besides the greatness of his birth and the multitude of his accomplishments, was a courtier of the first order, and his pigtail was proportionate to his merits, for it hung down to the ground, and kissed the dust as it went with its bunch of artificial roses. Ten huge and sparkling rings, which encrusted his hands with diamonds, and almost rivalled the sun that struck on them, led the ravished eyes of the beholders to the more precious enormity of his nails, which were each an inch long, and by proper nibbling might have taught the barbarians of the West to look with just scorn on their many-writing machines. But even these were nothing to the precious stones that covered him from head to foot.

His bonnet, in which a peacock's feather was stuck in a most engaging manner, was surmounted by a sapphire of at least the size of a pigeon's egg; his shoulders and sides sustained a real burden of treasure; and as he was one of the handsomest men at court, being exceedingly corpulent, and, indeed, as his flatterers gave out, hardly able to walk, it may be imagined that he proceeded at no undignified pace. He would have ridden in his sedan, had he been lighter of body, but so much unaffected corpulence was not to be concealed, and he went on foot that nobody might suspect him of pretending to a dignity he did not possess. Behind him three servants attended, clad in the most gorgeous silks; the middle one held his umbrella over his head; he on the right bore a fan of ivory, whereon were carved the exploits of Whay-Quang; and he on the left sustained a purple bag on each arm, one containing opium and areca-nut, the other the ravishing preparation of Gin-Seng, which possesses the Five relishes. All the servants looked the same way as their master, that is to say, straight forward, with their eyes majestically half-shut, only they cried every now and then with a loud voice,—“Vanish from before the illustrious Quo, favourite of the mighty Brother of the Sun and Moon.”

Though the favourite looked neither to the right nor to the left, he could not but perceive the great homage that was paid him as well by the faces as the voices of the multitude. But one person, a Bonze, seemed transported beyond all the rest with an enthusiasm of admiration, and followed at a respectful distance from his side, bowing to the earth at every ten paces, and exclaiming, “Thanks to my lord for his jewels!” After repeating this for *about six times*, he increased the expressions of his gratitude, and *said*, “Thanks to my illustrious lord, from his poor servant, for his

glorious jewels."—And then again, "Thanks to my illustrious lord, whose eye knoweth not degradation, from his poor servant, who is not fit to exist before him, for his jewels that make the rays of the sun look like ink." In short, the man's gratitude was so great, and its language delivered in phrases so choice, that Quo could contain his curiosity no longer, and turning aside, demanded to know his meaning: "I have not given you the jewels," said the favourite, "and why should you thank me for them?"

"Refulgent Quo!" answered the Bonze, again bowing to the earth, "what you say is as true as the five maxims of Fo, who was born without a father:—but your slave repeats his thanks, and is indeed infinitely obliged. You must know, O dazzling son of Quee, that of all my sect I have perhaps the greatest taste for enjoying myself. Seeing my lord therefore go by, I could not but be transported at having so great a pleasure, and said to myself, 'The great Quo is very kind to me and my fellow-citizens: he has taken infinite labour to acquire his magnificence; he takes still greater pains to preserve it, and all the while, I, who am lying under a shed, enjoy it for nothing.' "

A hundred years after, when the Emperor Whang heard this story, he diminished the expenditure of his household one half, and ordered the dead Bonze to be raised to the rank of a Colao.

The Indicator.

"OH ! PROMISE ME TO SING, LOVE."

BY G. M. FITZGERALD, ESQ.*

Oh ! promise me to sing, love, my songs in after years,
When the quiet eve shall bring, love, the hour for blissful tears :
When the busy world is still, love, when a few dear friends are nigh,
When the moon is on the hill, love, and the stars are in the sky !

When the hearts where I would dwell, love, with a thought of me may
thrill,—

When the eyes that knew me well, love, with silent tears may fill :
When the few who ne'er forget, love, will fondly name my name,
Or should they blame me, yet, love, will love me, while they blame.

I care not for the praise, love, so sweet to minstrel's ear,
For the laurel, and the bays, love, the critic, or his sneer :
For the plaudit wealth can buy, love, or the wreath that fame can bring,
When you sing them, if you sigh, love, and sigh them when you sing !

* From 'The Literary Souvenir,' 1832.

ROTHSAY BAY

"The view of the Frith of Clyde from the Chapel at Rothsay, exceeds, in my estimation, most boasted Italian prospects, as far as these can be judged of by the accounts of travellers, or by their pictures; for hitherto I have not been otherwise an eye-witness than *Melvin's Journal*, &c. 1799.

I.

A HOLY calm is on the sea,
And on the mountains, and the skies;
The slowly passing skiff alone
Tells that one gentle zephyr sighs.

II.

And ev'n amid this peopled scene,—
While from the hamlet and the wood
Come merry sounds,—the heart is fill'd
With a sweet sense of solitude.

III.

How can it else, when all we dream
Of grand, and beautiful, and drear,
Lies blended with familiar sights,
In summer silence round us here?

IV.

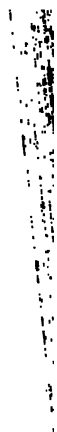
The time-defeatur'd fane, where knelt
Men of heroic days, to God—
The hill-tops, where the minstrel sang,
And the wild plaided hunter trod—

V.

The cottage smiling o'er the deep—
The flush of flowers upon the green—
The blue horizon far remote,
With gleaming tower and tree between.

VI.

Now intervening summits steal
The prospect from our eyes away:
But memory still will turn to thee,
Thou mountain-girdled bay!







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POPPING THE QUESTION.

THERE is no more delicate step in life than the operation designated by the elegant phrase I have selected for the title of my present lucubration. Much winding and caution, and previous sounding, is necessary when you have got a favour to ask of a great man. It is ten chances to one that he takes it into his head to consider your request exorbitant, and to make this the pretext for shaking off what he naturally considers a cumbersome appendage to his state—a man who has a claim upon his good offices. But this hazard is nothing in comparison with the risk you run in laying yourself at the mercy of a young gipsy, fonder of fun and frolic than any thing in life. Even though she love you with the whole of her little heart, she possesses a flow of spirits, and woman's ready knack of preserving appearances; and though her bosom may heave responsive to your stammering tale, she will lure you on with kind complacent looks, until you have told "your pitiful story," and then laugh in your face for your pains.

It is not this either that I meant to express. Men are not cowards because they see distinctly the danger that lies before them. When a person has coolness sufficient to appreciate its full extent, he has in general either self-possession enough to back out of the scrape, or, if it is inevitable, to march with due resignation to meet his fate. In like manner, it is not that poor Pillgarlick, the lover, has a clear notion (persons in his condition are rarely troubled with clear notions) of what awaits him, but he feels a kind of choking about the neck of his heart, a hang-dog inclination to go backwards instead of forwards, a check, a sudden stop in all his functions. He knows not how to look, or what to say. His fine plan, arranged with so much happy enthusiasm, when sitting alone in his arm-chair, after a good dinner, and two or three glasses of wine, in the uncertain glimmering of twilight, with his feet upon the fender, proves quite impracticable. Either it has escaped his memory altogether, or the conversation perversely takes a turn totally different from that by which he hoped to lead the fair one from indifferent topics to thoughts of a tenderer complexion, and thus, by fine degrees, (he watching, all the time, how she was affected, in order to be sure of his bottom, before he makes the plunge,) to insinuate his confession, just at the moment that he knows it will be well received.

The desperate struggles and flounderings by which some endeavour to get out of their embarrassment are amusing enough. We remember to have been much delighted, the first time we heard the

history of the wooing of a noble lord, now no more, narrated. His lordship was a man of talents and enterprise, of stainless pedigree, and a fair rent-roll, but the veriest slave of bashfulness. Like all timid and quiet men, he was very susceptible and very constant, as long as he was in the habit of seeing the object of his affections daily. He chanced, at the beginning of an Edinburgh winter, to lose his heart to Miss —; and as their families were in habits of intimacy, he had frequent opportunities of meeting with her. He gazed and sighed incessantly—a very Dumbledikes, but that he had a larger allowance of brain; he followed everywhere; he felt jealous, uncomfortable, savage, if she looked even civilly at another; and yet, notwithstanding his stoutest resolutions—notwithstanding the encouragement afforded him by the lady, a woman of sense, who saw what his lordship would be at, esteemed his character, was superior to girlish affectation, and made every advance consistent with womanly delicacy—the winter was fast fading into spring, and he had not yet got his mouth opened. Mamma at last lost all patience; and one day, when his lordship was taking his usual lounge in the drawing-room, silent, or uttering an occasional monosyllable, the good lady abruptly left the room, and locked the pair in alone. When his lordship, on essaying to take his leave, discovered the predicament in which he stood, a desperate fit of resolution seized him. Miss — sat bending most assiduously over her needle, a deep blush on her cheek. His lordship advanced towards her, but, losing heart by the way, passed on in silence to the other end of the room. He returned to the charge, but again without effect. At last, nerving himself like one about to spring a powder-mine, he stopped short before her—"Miss —, will you marry me?"—"With the greatest pleasure, my lord," was the answer, given in a low, somewhat timid, but unfaltering voice, while a deeper crimson suffused the face of the speaker. And a right good wife she made to him.

Some gentlemen, equally nervous, and unaided by such a discriminating and ingenious mamma, have recourse to the plan of wooing by proxy. This is a system which I can by no means commend. If a male agent be employed, there is great danger, that, before he is aware, he begins to plead for himself. Talking of love, even in the abstract, with a woman, is a ticklish matter. Emotions are awakened, which we thought were lulled to sleep for ever, and we grow desirous to appropriate to ourselves the pretty sentiments which she so well expresses. A female go-between is less dangerous; but I cannot conceive with what face a man can ever address a woman as his wife whom he had not courage to woo for himself.

Day, the philosopher, had a freak of educating a wife for himself. He got two orphan girls intrusted to his care, on entering into recognizances to educate and provide for them. One proved too mulish to make any thing of. The other grew up every thing he could have wished. And yet he gave up the idea of marrying her, because she one day purchased a handkerchief more gaudy than accorded with his philosophical notions. Of course, it never came to a declaration. I wish it had, that one might have seen with what degree of grace a man could divest himself of the grave and commanding characters of papa and pedagogue, to assume the supple, insinuating deportment of the lover.

There are a set of men, whose success in wooing—and it is un-failing—I cannot comprehend. Grave, emaciated, sallow divines, who never look the person in the face whom they address—who never speak above their breath—who sit on the uttermost edge of their chairs, a full yard distant from the dinner-table. I have never known one of these scarecrows fail in getting a good and a rich wife. How it is, Heaven knows! Can it be that the ladies ask them?

One thing is certain, that I myself have never been able to “pop the question.” Like the inspired writer, among the things beyond the reach of my intellect, is “the way of a man with a maid.” By what witchery he should ever be able to induce her, “her free unhoused condition” to “bring into circumscription and confine,” is to me a mystery. Had it been otherwise, I should not have been at this time the lonely inmate of a dull house—one who can scarcely claim kindred with any human being—in short,

[*Edin. Lit. Jour.*:]

AN OLD BACHELOR.

SONG.

HERE'S to thee, my Scottish lassie! here's a hearty health to thee,
 For thine eye so bright, thy form so light, and thy step so firm and free;
 For all thine artless elegance, and all thy native grace,
 For the music of thy mirthful voice, and the sunshine of thy face;
 For thy guileless look and speech sincere, yet sweet as speech can be,
 Here's a health, my Scottish lassie! here's a hearty health to thee!

Here's to thee, my Scottish lassie!—though my glow of youth is o'er;
 And I, as once I felt and dream'd, must feel and dream no more;
 Though the world, with all its frosts and storms, has chill'd my soul at last,
 And genius, with the foodful looks of youthful friendship past;

Though my path is dark and lonely, now, o'er this world's dreary sea,—
Here's a health, my Scottish lassie! here's a hearty health to thee!

Here's to thee, my Scottish lassie!—though I know that not for me
Is thine eye so bright, thy form so light, and thy step so firm and free;
Though thou, with cold and careless looks, wilt often pass me by,
Unconscious of my swelling heart, and of my wistful eye;
Though thou wilt wed some Highland love, nor waste one thought on me,
Here's a health, my Scottish lassie! here's a hearty health to thee!

Here's to thee, my Scottish lassie! when I meet thee in the throng
Of merry youths and maidens, dancing lightsomely along,
I'll dream away an hour or twain, still gazing on thy form,
As it flashes through the baser crowd, like lightning through a storm;
And I, perhaps, shall touch thy hand, and share thy looks of glee,
And for once, my Scottish lassie! dance a giddy dance with thee.

Here's to thee, my Scottish lassie!—I shall think of thee at even,
When I see its first and fairest star come smiling up through Heaven;
I shall hear thy sweet and touching voice, in every wind that grieves,
As it whirls from the abandoned oak, its withered autumn leaves;
In the gloom of the wild forest, in the stillness of the sea,
I shall think, my Scottish lassie! I shall often think of thee.

Here's to thee, my Scottish lassie!—in my sad and lonely hours,
The thought of thee comes o'er me, like the breath of distant flowers;—
Like the music that enchants mine ear, the sights that bless mine eye,
Like the verdure of the meadow, like the azure of the sky,
Like the rainbow in the evening, like the blossoms on the tree,
Is the thought, my Scottish lassie! is the lonely thought of thee.

Here's to thee, my Scottish lassie!—though my muse must soon be dumb
(For graver thoughts and duties, with my graver years, are come,)—
Though my soul must burst the bonds of earth, and learn to soar on high,
And to look on this world's follies with a calm and sober eye;
Though the merry wine must seldom flow, the revel cease for me,—
Still to thee, my Scottish lassie! still I'll drink a health to thee.

Here's a health, my Scottish lassie! here's a parting health to thee;
May thine be still a cloudless lot, though it be far from me!
May still thy laughing eye be bright, and open still thy brow,
Thy thoughts as pure, thy speech as free, thy heart as light as now!
And, whatsoe'er my after fate, my dearest toast shall be,—
Still a health, my Scottish lassie! still a hearty health to thee!

ROBERT BURNS.*

THERE is probably not a human being come to the years of understanding in all Scotland, who has not heard of the name of Robert Burns. It is indeed a household word. His Poems are found lying in almost every cottage in the country—on the “window-sole” of the kitchen, spence, or parlour; and even in the town-dwellings of the industrious poor, if books belong to the family at all, you are sure to see there the dear Ayrshire Ploughman, the Bard of Coila. The father or mother, born and long bred perhaps among banks and braes, possesses in that small volume a talisman that awakens in a moment all the sweet visions of the past, and that can crowd the dim abode of hard-working poverty with a world of dear rural remembrances that awaken not repining but contentment. No poet ever lived more constantly and more intimately in the heart of a people. With their mirth, or with their melancholy, how often do his “native wood-notes wild” affect the sitters by the ingles of low-roofed homes, till their hearts overflow with feelings that place them on a level, as moral creatures, with the most enlightened in the land; and more than reconcile them with, make them proud of, the condition assigned them in life by Providence! In his poetry, they see with pride the reflection of the character and condition of their own order. That pride is one of the best natural props of poverty; for, supported by it, the poor envy not the rich. They exult to know and to feel that they have had treasures bequeathed to them by one of themselves—treasures of the intellect, the fancy, and the imagination, of which the possession and the enjoyment are one and the same, as long as they preserve their integrity and their independence. The poor man, as he speaks of Robert Burns, always holds up his head, and regards you with an elated look. A tender thought of the “Cotter’s Saturday Night,” or a bold thought of “Scots wha hae wi’ Wallace bled,” may come across him; and he who in such a spirit loves home and country, by whose side may he not walk an equal in the broad eye of daylight as it shines over our Scottish hills?

This is true popularity. Thus interpreted, the word sounds well, and recovers its ancient meaning. No need of puffing the poetry of Robert Burns. The land “blithe with plough and har-

* From a Review in Blackwood’s Magazine of Lockhart’s Life of Burns. The reader will at once recognise this and the article on “Trees,” given in a previous part of the volume, to be by the same eloquent author.

row,*—the broomy or the heathery braes,—the holms by the river's side,—the forest where the woodman's ringing axe no more disturbs the cushat,—the deep dell where all day long sits solitary plaided boy or girl, watching the kine or the sheep,—the moorland hut, without any garden,—the lowland cottage, whose garden glows a very orchard, even now crimsoned with pear-blossoms most beautiful to behold,—the sylvan homestead, sending its reek aloft over the huge sycamore that blackens on the hill-side,—the straw-roofed village, gathering with small bright crofts its many white gable-ends round and about the modest manse, and the kirk-spire covered with the pine-tree that shadows its horologe,—the small, sweet, slated, rural town, low as Peebles, or high as Selkirk, by the clear flowings of Tweed or Ettrick, rivers whom *Maga* loves, —there, there, and in such sacred scenes, resides, and will for ever reside, the immortal genius of Burns! This is in good truth "the consecration and the poet's dream." Oh, that he, the prevailing Poet, could have seen this light breaking in upon the darkness that did too long and too deeply overshadow his living lot! Some glorious glimpses of it his prophetic soul did see,—witness "The Vision," or that somewhat humbler but yet high strain, in which, bethinking him of the undefined aspirations of his boyish genius that had bestirred itself in the darkness, as if the touch of an angel's hand were to awaken a sleeper in his cell, he said to himself—

" Even then a wish, I mind its power,
A wish that to my latest hour,
Shall strongly heave my breast,
That I, for poor auld Scotland's sake,
Some useful plan or book could make,
Or sing a sang at least!"

Such hopes were with him in his "bright and shining youth," surrounded, as it was, with toil and trouble, that could not bend down the brow of Burns from its natural upward inclination to the sky; and such hopes, let us doubt it not, were also with him in his dark and faded prime, when life's lamp burned low indeed, and he was willing at last, early as it was, to shut his eyes on this dearly beloved but sorely distracting world.

With what strong and steady enthusiasm is the Anniversary of Burns's birth-day celebrated, not only all over his own native land, but in every country to which her adventurous spirit has carried her sons! On such occasions, nationality is a virtue. For what else is the "memory of Burns," but the memory of all that dignifies and adorns the region that gave him birth? Not till that bright and beautiful region is shorn of all its beams—its honesty,

ependence, its moral worth, its genius, and its piety, will the of Burns

“ Die on her ear, a faint, unheeded sound.”

him the Genius of Scotland points in triumph, as the glorious entative of her people. And were he not, in all the power genius, truly so, how could his poetry have, as we know it a immortal life in the hearts of young and old, whether sitting gloaming by the ingle-side, or on the stone seat in the open the sun is going down, or walking among the summer mists mountain, or the blinding winter snows?

the life of the poor there is an unchanging and a preserving

The great elementary feelings of human nature there dis-fluctuating fashions; pain and pleasure are alike permanent air outward shows, as in their inward emotions; there the age of passion never grows obsolete; and at the same passage ear the child sobbing at the knee of her grandame, whose old are somewhat dimmer than usual, with a haze that seems t to be of tears. Therefore the poetry of Burns will continue arm, as long as Nith flows—Criffel is green, and the bonny of the sky of Scotland meets with that in the eyes of her ns, as they walk up and down her many hundred hills—or singing—to kirk or market.

one so dear to Scotland—as a poet and a man,—we, of course, many biographies. There is not one of them without much , and some are almost all that could be desired. Yet, per-one was wanted, that should, in moderate bulk, contain not a lucid narrative of the Life of Burns, so full of most interest-idents, but criticisms worthy of his poetry; and, above all, ; candid, impartial, and manly statement of his admitted es, which is all that is needed for the vindication of his cter. Within these last ten years that character has been l permanently in its true light. It has been regarded, not with a truly philosophical, but with a truly religious spirit, in xion with the causes that acted upon it, from the earliest to test years of this wonderful being, causes inherent in his con- . Thus all idly babbling tongues have been put to silence. many calumnies of the mean-spirited and malignant, who under a natural incapacity of understanding the character of a man as Burns, and almost under a natural necessity of g or disliking him, are all sinking, or have already sunk, into on; blame falls now only where blame was due, and even it falls in pity rather than in anger; it is felt now to be no f Christian charity to emblazon the errors of our brother,—

for no better reason, than because that brother was one of the most highly gifted among the children of men. It will not now be endured, that any man, however pure his own practice, shall unmercifully denounce the few vices of a character redeemed by so many virtues; it is universally acknowledged now, that "if old judgments keep their sacred course," the life and the death of each one among us, who has been as a light and a glory among the nations, will be regarded by the wise and good in the blended light of admiration and forgiveness,—and that Burns, in his grave, may well abide the sentence of such a solemn tribunal. Nor "breathes there the man with soul so dead," as to lift up an often-handled and sore-soiled "Burns's Poems" from the side of the "Big Ha' Bible, ance his father's pride," from the small "window-sole" of the peasant's hut, without having upon his lips the spirit breathing through the beautiful lines of Wordsworth,—high-souled champion of the character of his great dead compeer, and who, with a spirit different, but divine, has bound men's spirits in love to the beauty that is in the green earth and the blue sky, and the cottage-homes, whose spiral smoke seems to blend them together in the charm of a kindred being.

" Blessings be with them, and eternal praise,
The poets, who on earth have made us heirs
Of truth, and pure delight, by heavenly lays."

The clouds, that too long obscured the personal character of Burns—for his genius has always burned bright—have been, after all, blown away chiefly by the breath of the people of Scotland. Their gratitude would not suffer such obscuration, nor would their justice. But the feelings of the whole people have been nobly expressed by many of the first men of the land. All her best poets have triumphantly spoken in his vindication, and Mr Lockhart has well said, "Burns has been appreciated duly, and he has had the fortune to be praised eloquently, by almost every poet who has come after him. To accumulate all that has been said of him, even by men like himself, of the first order, would fill a volume—and a noble monument, no question, that volume would be—the noblest, except what he has left us in his own immortal verses, which—were some dross removed, and the rest arranged in a chronological order—would, I believe, form, to the intelligent, a more perfect and vivid history of his life than will ever be composed out of all the materials in the world besides."

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It has been stupidly and basely said by the paltry in general, that Burns, while in Edinburgh, was fond of low life, and that he loved

always to be what is elegantly called "the cock of the company." From the terms in which we have heard and read this charge conveyed, one might have imagined that Burns got drunk with Caddies and Creel-carriers, Tavern-waiters, Candle-snuffers, Tenth-rate Orchestra Fiddlers, the lowest Class of Bagmen, discharged Advocates' Clerks, persons pretending to have been Pursers in the Navy, forenoon frequenters of Billiard-rooms, and Bill-stickers retired from the duties of public life. Now, all this is a mere lie. Burns, before his visit to Edinburgh, had at all times and places been in the habit of associating with the best men of his order—the best in everything, in station, in manners, in moral and intellectual character. Such men as William Tell and Hofer, for example, associated with in Switzerland and the Tyrol. Even the persons he got unfortunately too well acquainted with, (but whose company he soon shook off,) at Irvine and Kirk-Oswald—smugglers and their adherents, were, though a lawless and dangerous set, men of spunk, and spirit, and power, both of mind and body; nor was there anything the least degrading in an ardent, impassioned, and imaginative youth becoming for a time too much attached to such daring and adventurous, and even interesting characters. They had all a fine strong poetical smell of the sea, mingled to precisely the proper pitch with that of Bourdeaux brandy. As a poet, Burns must have been much the better of such temporary associates; as a man, let us hope, notwithstanding Gilbert's fears, not greatly the worse. The passions that boiled in his blood would have overflowed his life, often to disturb and destroy him, had there never been an Irvine and its steeple. But Burns's friends, up to the time he visited Edinburgh, had been chiefly his admirable brother, a few of the ministers round about, farmers, ploughmen, and farm-servants, and workers in the winds of heaven blowing over moors and mosses, corn-fields, and meadows beautiful as the very blue skies their blessed selves,—and if you call that low company, you had better fling your copy of Burns, *Cotter's Saturday Night*, *Mary in Heaven*, and all, into the fire. He, the noblest peasant that ever trode the greensward of Scotland, sought the society of other peasants, whose nature was like his own; and then, were the silken-snooded maidens whom he wooed on lea-rig, and 'mang the rigs o' barley, were they, who inspired at once his love and his genius, his passion and his poetry, till the whole land of Coila overflowed with his immortal song, so that now to the proud native's ear every stream murmurs a music not its own, but given it by sweet Robin's lays, and the lark, more lyrical than ever, seems singing his songs at the gates of heaven, for the shepherd, as

through his half-closed hand he eyes the musical mote in the sunshine, remembers him who

“ Sung her new-waken'd by the daisy's side,”

were they, the virgin daughters of Scotia, we demand of you on peril of your life, low company? Was Mary Morrison, with whom “ he lived one hour of parting love” on the banks of the Ayr, and then as that last dear dim delicious hour of sinless passion was over, put into her hand, or her bosom, both so often pressed by him who hoped on her return from the far-off Highlands, in the transport of enamoured boyhood, to become her husband,—put into her bosom—a Bible, with his own name inscribed, and a holy text, silently swearing her soul to truth, beneath the all-seeing eye of Heaven—was she, whose beauty and whose innocence Burns saw never more on earth, but whom haply he has now seen again in heaven, was Mary Morrison, a simple name indeed, but a name sacred for ever and ever over all the hills and vales of happy Scotland—was she, sir, or madam, dressed as you may be in silks and satins, broad-cloth and cassimere,—low company? Was Jean Armour—the daughter it is true of a stone-mason—she to whom the soul of Burns clave with a lover's wild passion, a husband's deep affection, and whose sweet breath came to him at gloaming on the wind of the west, so that that was to him the dearest airt till his heart was stifled for ever—she who trained up his children in the way that they should go,—and they have not in distant regions departed from it,—and even now in her grey hairs, proudly, and better than proudly, remembers her of all the virtues and all the kindnesses of her beloved husband, illustrious now and for evermore while time shall endure—is Mrs Robert Burns, formerly Miss Jean Armour—low company? If they be so—one and all—then let Scotland hang down her head and veil her eyes—ashamed to look either at flower or star.

How was it possible that a man, and that man Robert Burns, who had lived thus, could have been fond of low company in Edinburgh or elsewhere? Impossible! God and nature forbade. But his great heart had a wide and a close grasp. Poor men love poor men; for the bonds that link them together are the bonds of a common humanity, strong as steel, and that will bend but never break, for though both ends are struck into the earth, the crown of the arch is towards heaven. Therefore, Burns ceased not to shake the hand of any honest man—nor to sit at his board any more than you, who we trust are a Christian, fear to sit in the same pew with a low-born and low-bred fellow-creature, in church, singing from one Psalm-book, reading the text from one Bible.

As to the charge of loving to be "cock of the company," what does that mean when brought against Robert Burns? In what company, pray, could not Burns, had he chosen it, and often he did choose it, have easily been The First? No need had he to crow among dunghills. If you liken him to be a bird at all, let it be the eagle, or the nightingale, or the bird of Paradise. James Montgomery has done this in some most exquisite verses, which are clear in our hearts, but indistinct in our memory, and therefore we cannot adorn our pages with their beauty. The truth is, that Burns, though, when his heart burned within him, one of the most eloquent men that ever set the table in a roar or a hush, was always a modest man, often a silent man, and would sit for hours together, even in company, with his broad forehead on his hand, and his large laming eyes, sobered and tamed in profound and melancholy thoughts. Then his soul would "spring upwards like a pyramid of fire," and send "illumination into dark deep holds," or brighten the brightness of the brightest hour in which Feeling and Fancy ever flung their united radiance over the common ongoing of this our common-place world and every-day life. How could Burns, then, help being the sun of every circle, round which all lesser orbs revolved, "from his golden urn drawing light?" Was this the man to desire with low longings and base aspirations, to shine among the obscure, or rear his haughty front and giant stature among pigmies?

"He walk'd in glory and in joy,
Following his plough upon the mountain-side,"

and he sat in glory and in joy at the festal board, when mirth and wit did most abound, and strangers were strangers no more within the fascination of his genius, for

"One touch of nature makes the whole world kin,"

or at the frugal board, surrounded by his wife and children, and servants, lord and master of his own happy and industrious home, —the frugal meal, preceded and followed by thanksgiving to the Power that spread his table in the wilderness.

What is low company? All people not in the highest and most select society in a metropolitan city, at the time flourishing in fashionable and philosophic pride? And this in a Christian land —a land not only overflowing with milk and honey, but with the principles of the Reformed Faith, and with much human and divine knowledge! Show us any series of works of genius, in prose or verse, in which man's being is so illustrated as to lay it bare and open for the benefit of man, and the chief pictures they

contain, drawn from "select society?" There are none such; and for this reason, that in such society there is neither power to paint them, nor materials to be painted, nor colours to lay on, till the canvass speaks a language which all the world, as it runs, may read. What would Scott have been, had he not loved and known the people? What would his works have been, had they not shown the many-coloured change of life of the people? What would Shakspeare have been, had he not turned majestically from kings and "lords and mighty earls," to their subjects and vassals and lowly bondsmen, and "counted the beatings of lonely hearts," in the obscure but impassioned life that stirs every nook of this earth, where human beings abide? What would Wordsworth have been, had he disdained, with his high intellect and imagination, "to stoop his anointed head" beneath the wooden lintel of the poor man's door? His lyrical ballads, "with all the innocent brightness of the new-born day," had never charmed the meditative heart—His "Churchyard among the Mountains" had never taught men how to live and how to die. These are men who have descended from aerial heights into the humblest dwellings; who have shown the angel's wing equally when poised near the earth, or floating over its cottaged vales, as when seen sailing on high through the clouds and azure depth of heaven, or hanging over the towers and temples of great cities. They would not have shunned a parley with the blind beggar by the way-side; they knew how to transmute, by divinest alchemy, the base metal into the fine gold. Whatever company of human beings they have ever mingled with, they lent it colours, and did not receive its shade; and hence, their mastery over the "wide soul of the world," and their name, magicians. Burns was born, bred, lived, and died in that condition of this mortal life to which they paid but visits; his heart lay wholly there; and that heart, filled as it ever was with all the best human feelings, and with thoughts divine, had no fears about entering into places which timid moralists might have thought forbidden and unhallowed ground, but which he, wiser far, knew were inhabited by creatures of conscience, bound there in much darkness by the inscrutable decrees of God.

We shall not attempt the defence of the people of Scotland in their conduct towards Burns. Something—perhaps much—might, and some time or other ought and will, be said by us, in its extenuation. But it was bad. Let England, however—we say it in love and admiration of her character—let England look to herself, and settle all accounts with herself on the score of her own neglect of native genius, before she wastes any more of her high-toned

moral indignation on us for our treatment of him, whom now we glory in as our greatest national poet. The gold coin of the genius of Burns, at least, be it remembered, never sustained, during his lifetime, any depreciation. He had this to comfort him—this to glory in—to the last; and this, by the poet, in his barest poverty, was doubtless often felt to be an exceeding great reward. And when he died—when it was known that Burns indeed was dead—not in vain, and idle, and pompous funeral rites alone—though these were paid him, and the volleying thunders pealed over his grave—not in unavailing attempts to lament his doom, by touching an elegiac strains the strings of that harp which now lay mute by its master's side—did Scotland show her remorse—her penitence—her gratitude. The widow and the fatherless became the objects of general tender concern. An ample subscription was soon raised for their behoof—a new edition of his Poems, by the enlightened and benevolent Currie, while it spread wider, and established more firmly his fame, added to the fund of charity—and this surely—and more than this—done at the time when there was a blessing on it—and every year since his death a more earnest and universal delight in his genius, even to passion—well entitles Scotland almost to forgive and forget her offence—to sink the past in the present—and even to pride herself on being, after all, not an ungrateful mother of such a son. To have failed in any duty she ever owed to such a son, when he was alive to rejoice and benefit, along with all he loved most dearly, from the bestowal of her regard, must always be set down to the discredit and disgrace of the country. Yet thus much we will say—and only thus much—that we ought to remember that the Dead Burns is more glorious than ever was the Living. He has now gathered all his fame. Nations have honoured his genius. He sits among the Immortals. This has rarely been the lot of any living man: not of Milton—nor yet of Wordsworth. Can it be that man hates to honour man—till the power in which he may have wrought miracles be extinguished or withdrawn from earth—and then, when we fear, and hate, and sine, and envy about it no more, we confess its grandeur, bow down to it, and worship it? Then it was, like ourselves, human—now it is divine!

Up to the day on which Burns left his farm of Ellisland, (and had such rural occupation, entire and undivided, and under ordinarily happy circumstances, been always his, how different might have been the whole colour and complexion of his life!) he was so far from being bankrupt in character, that no man was better entitled than he to hold his head up among the best of his fellow-beings, at church or market. How stands he at his last earthly

audit? With many more sins to be judged and forgiven by God at the great day?—with not many more—although some—to be judged—may we dare to use the word forgiven—even by man during his earthly sojourn! He had often erred—sometimes grossly and grievously—and “rueful had the expiation been.” But were the sins of poor Robert Burns so much worse than those of most other men, that it became a moral and religious duty to emblazon them for an eternal warning to human nature? Alas! his sins bore no proportion to his sorrows! Long, long before the light of heaven had ever been darkened, obscured, or eclipsed in his conscience, even for a moment, by evil thoughts or evil deeds, when the bold, bright boy, with his thick black curling hair ennobling his noble forehead, was slaving for his parents’ sake,—and if the blessing of God ever falls on mortal man, it must be on toils like these—Robert Burns used often to lie by his brother’s side, all night long, without ever closing an eye in sleep—for that large heart of his, that loved all his eyes looked upon of nature’s works living or dead, divine as was its mechanism for the play of all lofty passions, would often get suddenly disarranged, as if approached the very hour of death. Who so skilled in nature’s mysteries to dare to say, that many more years could have fallen to the lot of one so framed, had he all life long drank, as in youth, but of the well-water, lain down with the dove, and risen with the lark? If excesses, in which there was much blame, did in any degree injure his health and constitution—and most probably they did so—how much more did those other excesses certainly do so, in which there was both praise and virtue—over-anxious, over-working hours beneath the mid-day sun, when his hot beams shot downwards like arrows—yet, were faith in that beautiful Pagan Poetry for a moment restored for the sake of our great Pastoral, well might we believe that Apollo would not have hurt the Muse’s son. But let us not fear to confess all his faults—failings—errors—vices—sins, in all their magnitude, and in all their darkest colours. They are known to the whole world. Yet still the whole world loves—admires—respects—venerates the memory of Burns. Not under the power of his genius alone does the world thus feel and judge. For how much is there of good and great in the character of the Man! What lessons of patience, endurance, contentment, resignation, magnanimity, devotion, does his earlier life teach! Was not his manhood, in all its better days, nay, on to the week of the final struggle, dignified, amidst all its strains, by independence, by patriotism, by integrity, by generosity—for he was generous as poor—and by the discharge of nature’s primal duties under sorest difficulty and distress—for hard had he worked for that wife

those children, whom at last he piously delivered up to the care of God on the bed of death. Who ever laid one mean, envious, unkind or cruel thought or deed to the charge of Robert Burns? Ill-used as he had been by the world—by the proud and the rich, and the learned and the wise—in short, by the powerful—who were proud to take him by the hand, and lift him up a little while on a towering and conspicuous eminence, and then to let him wander away off into what might have been utter misery for them—into sufferings by them unmitigated—this, it was to use him ill indeed, and even this might have broken a noble heart, as we know that for a time it shook his to its centre. But in spite of all this—in spite of the ‘hope deferred maketh the heart sick,’ Burns never became a misanthrope. His indignant flashes his genius occasionally gave forth against the blindness of the great—but nothing so paltry as personal pique and base usage of a few, or even many, who ought not to have dishonoured their birth, ever inspired Burns with feelings of hostility towards the highest orders. His was an imagination that clothed high rank with that dignity and splendour which some of the degenerate descendants of old and illustrious families had seemed to have forgotten; and when an Athole, a Daer, a Glencairn, “reverenced the lyre,” and grasped the hand of the peasant, who had received it as his patrimony from nature, he felt it to be nowise inconsistent with the stubbornest independence that ever supported a son of the soil in his struggles with adversity, reverently to doff his bonnet, and bow his head in their presence proud in his humility.

“The bridegroom may forget the bride
 Was made his wedded wife yestreen;
 The monarch may forget the crown,
 That on his head an hour hath been;
 The mother may forget the child
 That smiles sae sweetly on her knee;
 But I’ll remember thee, Glencairn,
 And a’ that thou hast done for me!”

Even this perfect freedom from uneasy, dissatisfied, and angry thoughts and feelings towards the rich and great, when we consider all things, proves the native magnanimity of Burns. After that is the highest eulogy which uses only the most common and the most holy words. Burns then, was a good Son, a good Brother, a good Friend, a good Husband, and a good Father.

No farther seek his merits to disclose,
 Nor draw his frailties from their dread abode;
 There they alike in trembling hope repose,
 The bosom of his Father and his God.

THE DIRGE OF WALLACE

They lighted a taper at dead of night,
 And chaunted their holiest hymn ;
 But her brow and her bosom were damp with affright—
 Her eye was all sleepless and dim !
 And the Lady of Elderslie wept for her lord,
 When a death-watch beat in her lonely room,
 When her curtain had shook of its own accord,
 And the raven had flapp'd at her window-board,
 To tell of her warrior's doom !

Now sing ye the death-song, and loudly pray
 For the soul of my knight so dear ;
 And call me a widow this wretched day,
 Since the warning of God is here ;
 For nightmare rides on my strangled sleep,
 The lord of my bosom is doomed to die :
 His valorous heart they have wounded deep ;
 And the blood-red tears shall his country weep
 For Wallace of Elderslie !

Yet knew not his country that ominous hour,
 Ere the loud matin-bell was rung,
 That a trumpet of death on an English tower
 Had the dirge of her champion sung !
 When his dungeon-light look'd dim and red
 On the high-born blood of a martyr slain,
 No anthem was sung at his holy death-bed ;
 No weeping there was when his bosom bled—
 And his heart was rent in twain !

Oh, it was not thus when his oaken spear
 Was true to that knight forlorn,
 And hosts of a thousand were scatter'd like deer,
 At the blast of the hunter's horn ;
 When he strode on the wreck of each well-fought field,
 With the yellow-hair'd chiefs of his native land ;
 For his lance was not shiver'd on helmet or shield—
 And the sword that seem'd fit for archangel to wield
 Was light in his terrible hand !

Yet bleeding and bound, though the Wallace wight
 For his long-loved country die,
 The bugle ne'er sung to a braver knight
 Than William of Elderslie !
 But the day of his glory shall never depart ;
 His head, unentomb'd, shall with glory be palm'd ;
 From its blood-streaming altar his spirit shall start ;
 Though the raven has fed on his mouldering heart,
 A nobler was never embalm'd !

A STORY OF THE HOUSE OF INNES.

(A TRUE TALE.)

THE laird John of Innes was one whom Nature seemed to have intended for a life of perfect placidity and inaction. He was the second and the youngest son of a very powerful chief, in one of the northern counties of Scotland. His father had preserved the character that had been early acquired by his ancestors for prowess in the field, expertness and enthusiasm in the chase, and that mixture of severity and liberality which made him an object of terror to his enemies, and secured a considerable influence over his devoted followers. Nor did his eldest son, the master of Innes, show any want of disposition to follow in his footsteps. He had naturally the same pride, the same desire of aggrandizement; and thought, with his father, that all that tract of land, whether wood or wild, that could be viewed from the hill of Benvai, and all the inhabitants of it, were situated as they were for his peculiar service. He indeed showed occasionally a propensity to mingle with the lower associates that could be found in the neighbourhood, and even to add to the grossness of their indulgences; but this course, had he been allowed to pursue it, would have undoubtedly ended in that matured selfishness, of which he had frequently given large promise. John, on the other hand, had been from the first of a weakly and indolent constitution, and, while his elder brother was often a partaker of the fatigues of his father, he seemed to require the greater share of his mother's attention. She was indeed disappointed at his dull and unenterprising nature; for being a younger brother, she knew that to his activity and ambition he must be indebted for advancement in life. He seemed however never to comprehend that any exertion of any kind would become requisite. He lived in apparent ignorance of the intention of all the talk, and stir, and undertakings that were going on around him. Not that he by any means did not enjoy himself: he would walk forth with much complacency, when supplied with a new dress characteristic of his clan; and his face would occasionally assume an air of brilliancy, when a haunch of venison, of a superior rotundity or promising colour and fragrance, was set on the table; or when the fruits which an old but well preserved orchard supplied, were presented, he might indulge in a question as to their particular kind. Still his enjoyments were unsocial;—he neither sought nor avoided company of any kind;—he seemed equally happy by the side of the river that flowed past, watching the motion of the waters or the gambols of the fishes, when the day was good; or, if winter or

rain prevented this amusement, when seated in some unnoticed corner in almost total inaction. One idea he had however somehow or other secured, which, though never expressed, retained firm possession of his mind; this was, that he was in circumstances which placed him beyond any need of labour or thought, and accordingly every thing suggested to him in the way of remonstrance, counsel, or incentive, he received with perfect composure and silence.

The master of Innes, we have already noticed, had been accustomed to mingle in those meetings where a great scope could be had for unlicensed frolic; and the only prerogative which he claimed on account of his birth, was that of an excess that would have been denied to his dependents—One of these occasions had terminated in a dance, to which a considerable number of the surrounding peasantry had come, and, among the rest, an aged but athletic man, who had been persuaded by his son and daughter to visit the festival. He was almost blind, having been deprived of one eye in some of those contests which were then so common, and having by age almost lost the sight of the other. As he stood musing on the state in which he found himself, the young laird, in a wanton frolic, attempted to leap upon his shoulders. The suddenness as well as the violence of the motion, brought them both to the ground; and the head of the veteran having struck the hard floor, he was so enraged that in his fury he seized the laird, whose person indeed he did not recognise, and, uttering a savage yell, stabbed him with a dagger that he carried about his person.

The whole company immediately crowded round the wounded youth, who was the chief object of attention at the time; and when, a few moments after, they began to think of the perpetrator, it appeared that he had been hurried away by his son. The youth did not survive his wound many minutes; yet, in the midst of the consternation that ensued, there were no prompt means taken, either to secure the murderer or to inform the parents. The one was difficult, from the clumps of trees and ravines in the neighbourhood, as well as from the darkness of the night; the other, from a general unwillingness to bear tidings so unwelcome. When at length the old laird was informed that his son was dead, he received the tidings with astonishment, that was changed into boundless fury, when he was told that the murderer had escaped. "Could none of you," he cried out, "traitors that you are, seize a wretch that had spilled the best blood of your clan? What serve your eyes or hands, when a blind old villain can grope his way better than you can follow?" But, though the pursuit was now keenly commenced, the fugitives eluded their search. All night the chief continued his vain quest through every secluded dell or bushy spot, where he conceived con-

cealment could have been effected. The night was dark and rainy, the morning which succeeded chill and misty, yet he still continued to wander about the country, accompanied by some of his dependents, whose grief for his loss began to be mingled with concern for his own excessive excitement and fatigue. But he persisted all the day in going from hill to hill, in passing through the swollen streams, and traversing woods, till the evening, when he was carried home almost faint with his toil, and yet his grief and rage greatly increased. He refused all nourishment,—a fever of the severest kind seized him, and in three days John was laird of Innes.

The laird John was from the first an object of no consequence to his kinsmen, except as the possessor of the estate of Innes, and as such he was continually harassed by proposals for disposition, questions about the entail, and similar schemes, which gave him considerable annoyance, yet which he had not the firmness of mind to forbid. As he had declared his resolution never to marry, and was quite unwilling, and indeed unable also to perform the various duties, and engage in the exploits expected from the head of a clan, he had been prevailed upon to resign his title, and make a deed of the disposition of his estate to his next heir, Alexander Innes of Cromy. He thought that by so doing he was parting with the troublesome circumstances of his situation, at the same time that he was securing to himself all the solid advantage. One great relief which he had expected from the measure, was, that he should be no more troubled with schemes and arrangements about the succession. But his anticipations on this subject were sadly disappointed. The other relatives envied the preference that had been given to Cromy, and took every opportunity of expressing to John their dissatisfaction with his conduct. It was in vain that he represented that he had only done a little sooner what would take place at his death, thereby securing a peaceful entrance for his successor, and a quiet and peaceful life for himself. They asserted that the whole action was illegal, and that he had been miserably outwitted by a designing man, who could now hold his head higher than the poor fool who had raised him. The most deeply dissatisfied of these relatives was Robert Innes of Innermarky, a man of a designing and resolute, but at the same time cruel disposition. He seemed to have attained the same kind of mastery over the mind of John, as that which is possessed in the case of some animals, that may be at first a matter of contest, but is afterwards implicitly allowed in all cases. He plied the laird with representations suited to his temper. The laird began to be hurt at his degradation; for he was proud, though not ambitious. He now disliked Cromy from the bottom of his heart; for, though he could not bear the trouble of his constant

solicitations, he never anticipated, that as soon as his bond of disposition had been obtained, the whole of that family should have ceased to pay the slightest attention to him, more than if it had never laid them under the smallest obligation, and should commence a style of living so entirely different from what they had been accustomed to. "His house of Cromy held him well enough before," said John, "but now he must have his house in Aberdeen, and in the new town too—and his house in Edinburgh, he does not seem to know which of them is best, for he's always running from one to another." "I dare say," said Robert of Innermarky, "he thinks Innes better than any of them; and as he'll soon have his other means consumed, he will be quite ready to devour Innes by the time he gets it. He will then be ready to live on a pension from the king—and who so great at court as my lord Cromy, as he thinks himself! He must be always riding through Edinburgh side by side with the right-honourable my lord treasurer. He has had his son Robert (what made him call the weakly brat for me?) introduced there, to be quite ready to bear his honours when he shall get them. It's for that too he keeps his son in such high style at Aberdeen college. It was not thus, Innes, that your father lived—you cannot live in such style yourself. And I'm told he means soon to get you cognosced—you, whose only fault has been, that you have allowed him first to triumph over you, and now to mock you. I don't think you will have your choice of a dungeon somewhere about your own house, which we would never let you long remain in—or a dungeon near the court, where your kind friend is revelling on your means."

By these, and such representations, and by continually plying him with large hopes and petty fears, Innermarky had so wrought on the mind of the laird as to make him heartily ashamed and afraid of what he had done; and to bring him to enter into almost any scheme for retrieving what he now saw to be his lost consequence. Probably indeed he did not fully disclose all the nefarious designs with which he proposed that the laird should join him in an embassy to Cromy, who had gone on business to Aberdeen, and whose stay had been protracted by the weakly health of his son, then attending the college of that place. He only advised the laird to get some of his most trusty followers ready, as secretly as possible, and to meet him on the road towards Aberdeen.

It was but the second night after this proposal had been made that young Robert of Cromy, after having spent a dull day, partly in the routine of college attendance, and partly wandering about the streets in listless musing, at length found himself seated by a bristling fire, with all his books and exercises around him. He had been

removed from the vicinity of the college to his father's house, in the new town, a circumstance which had become known to his relations by the frequent messengers which his father sent home to give information concerning his health. There had that day arrived letters from his mother, which the father, after having perused, had, before going to rest, left in the hands of his son, with an advice to look them over. The young man's spirits had risen during their perusal, and, after having weighed the affectionate dictates of his mother, he had taken up a book. His perusal of the acute distinctions of logic were ever interrupted by the busy imagination presenting him with the thoughts of his home, of the sunny days which, in the happy buoyancy of good health, he had there spent—when suddenly a voice, reminding him of the strong air and rude habits of his kinsmen, uttered a loud shout in the court. He started up, and looking from the window could discern only a party of men mounted on horses, panting apparently with a long journey; and several of them rushing from one side of the court to another with an unmeaning noise and clamour. Suddenly a number of them raised the war-cry, "Help! a Gordon! a Gordon!" the gathering-word of the clan, who were then at feud with the Forbeses. He was then proceeding to alarm his father, but he had also heard the sound, and, being deeply interested in the Gordon cause, was rushing out of the room in his shirt, and immediately hurried down stairs, telling Robert to be sure to wait in his room. As his father was undoing the heavy bolts, with which, in these days of danger, they secured each of the double doors with which they guarded their houses, he heard one below the window say—"That's better than breaking the door; MacInch could not have done it with his best axe in less than half an hour; and by that time we would have had all the town about our ears." He immediately suspected deceit, and was rushing to inform his father; but he found his father had with a kind intention locked the door on the outside. He hurried back to the window—at the door his father was standing calling out what was the matter, to which he received no answer. But Innermarky knowing Cromy's voice, and clearly discerning him by his shirt, levelled a gun at him, and shot him dead. Robert uttered a loud shriek, and hurried to the door. Immediately a ball shattered the window where he had been standing, and pierced the wall on the other side. He was battering the door with the attempt to break it, when an aged servant of his father's came to him, crying, "Haste! my boy, haste! my son. They have killed your father—nearer of kin than they should be: when they killed the father, they will have no mercy on the son;"—and taking him up in his aged but powerful arms, *he conveyed him, by a back door, through the garden, and forth at*

a door in it seldom used, he carried him to a place of shelter at some distance.

While the son was thus conveyed, the enactment of the cruel tragedy was proceeding in the court. No sooner had Cromy fallen, than a number of Innermarky's attendants rushed upon him, savagely thrusting their daggers into the now insensible corpse. The Laird John stood by trembling at the sight, his face bedewed with a cold sweat, and his unsteady features moving up and down in the light of the torches, with an expression of uneasiness and horror. Innermarky was near him watching his motions; at one time, with something like suspicion, and again looking at the murdered man, as if his triumph lay there. John was turning away from the spectacle, whereupon Innermarky, thinking he relented, and was perhaps meditating his escape from the scene, seized his hand, which trembled with agitation of mind, and in a prompt and cruel tone, ordered him also to stab Cromy. John shuddered at the thought, and was almost ready to cry with fear, when Innermarky pulled him from his horse, and dragging him to the body of the dead man, drew a dirk from it, and menaced to serve him in the same way, if he did not also partake in the action. The forlorn man could hardly hold the weapon in his hand; but his stern kinsman, pressing his fingers to the hilt, dashed it into the breast of Cromy, and some of the blood of the best and bravest that bore his name, having sprung upon the fingers of John, Innermarky gave a sneering laugh, and told him he was now a baptized murderer.

They then burst into the house to search for Robert. When it was found that he had fled, Innermarky uttered loud complaints, mingled with oaths. He declared that the work was but half-done, and offered five hundred crowns to any one that should bring the head of the youth. "What the better are we for this deed!" he said, "unless indeed we could get the bond out of the hands of her who lives at Cromy. Who will attempt that now?" While he was agitating this matter, it occurred to him that he might in this case use craft better than force. He ordered one of Cromy's servants, whom he before knew, to be brought, and obliged him also to stab the dead man.—He took him to a private apartment, and by using both threats and promises, he brought the man to comply. He got him mounted on Cromy's favourite horse, and taking the signet ring from the dead man's hands, sent him off with these credentials to seek the box which contained the bond; as if for Cromy. "You will come to Kennardy," he said, when he had got him mounted; "and now, Dugald Mack, if you bring the box to-night you shall have what I promised. If you don't—expect to—

morrow"—and he touched his dagger as a signal of his intentions, which Dugald seemed perfectly to understand ; and setting spurs to his horse, galloped off.

" Nothing wrong, I hope," said the Lady of Cromy, as she hurried out to meet what seemed to be a messenger from her husband, but whose agitated manner, and the exhausted state of the horse that carried him, gave no favourable sign of a welcome answer to the question. " No, nothing wrong, I suppose ; only my master has sent for the oak box that stands in the locked room." " The oak box !" rejoined the lady, " have you no letter from him ?" " No, he had not time to write ; but was in a main hurry for the box ; and they said you would be sure to give it at once to me, your own servant, and riding on my master's roan horse, that he would not give to any body, were it not to do a quick message for himself and a sure one too."—" They said ! who said ?" rejoined she. " Why, the laird and Robert—and Robert's better, he's as well in health as the laird himself now."—" I thank you for telling me that ; but I wonder he gave you no word or letter for assurance, but sent you in that fashion on such a blind message." " Oh !" said Dugald, recollecting the ring, " here's the assurance ;"—and he gave her the laird's signet ring, which she had never before seen off his finger for more than a few minutes. Though far from satisfied in her mind, yet she could not resist the proofs which Dugald had given of his commission, and having bid him put his horse into the stable, refresh himself and get another horse ready, she re-entered the house to get the box.

The whole of this conversation had been overheard by Ronald Innes, a young lad, a distant relative of the family, who had lived in it as a kind of companion to Robert. He had long been anxious to see Aberdeen and his young friend, and the present seemed to him a tolerable opportunity. At the same time he was struck with something unusual in the appearance and bearing of Dugald ; and, as he guessed the oak-box contained something valuable, he wished to make sure of what became of it. On this account he readily obtained the permission of the lady to accompany Dugald. But Dugald's acquiescence was not so easily to be got. He insisted that he must go alone. He said sometimes that he was not going so far as Aberdeen, sometimes that he was going only to Kennardy, and again correcting himself, assured him that he must have no encumbrance to keep him from getting to Aberdeen as soon as possible. Ronald, unwilling to trouble the lady with their altercations, set out on the road a little before Dugald, resolving to carry his point as soon as he should come up. In a little while the trampling of hoofs announced the approach of the messenger ; and Ronald posted himself in the middle of the road,

resolved to prevent passage till he should be seated on his horse along with him. When Donald came up, he quickened the horse's pace, and giving it a sudden jerk to the side, attempted to get away without farther explanation. But Ronald's conjectures in the interval had rendered still more determined his resolution to go to Aberdeen, and still deeper his suspicions of Dugald's fidelity; and accordingly with one bound he seized the horse's reins, with another sprung upon the neck of the animal, and seizing Dugald by the throat, insisted on an explanation of his strange conduct. "What's the meaning of the blood on your shirt? and what do you mean by going to Kennardy when you said you were going to Aberdeen? and why do you tremble when I ask you these questions?" Dugald indeed trembled, partly with terror and partly with rage; and, pulling a dagger from his side, he aimed a blow at Ronald, which, had it taken effect, would have precluded farther questioning: but Ronald so sprung back from the blow, that he missed striking him, and, ere Dugald could aim another, he was seized by the wrist, and after a struggle of a few minutes, the dagger was sent into his own person. Immediately after, Dugald dropped from the horse, and Ronald, taking his seat on the saddle, was not a little horror-struck at the deed which he had committed, considered what was now to be done. As that age was but too familiar with blood, and he did not see that he had been guilty of a crime, he rode back to Cromy, and telling the lady what he had done, and that he suspected there was something very sad had happened, he delivered the box into her hands.

While the lady was in much confusion for the act of Ronald and in not a little apprehension about her husband, another servant of the house rode up—related the dismal tragedy that had taken place at Aberdeen—and added, that no time was to be lost, as they feared Innermarky and his party were now on the way to Cromy. The mind of woman is singularly capable of suspending for a while the emotions and expressions of even the strongest passions; and the grief which she was so bitterly to feel as a widow, was suppressed for a time by the anxiety for the safety and future honour of her son. She lost no time therefore in vain lamentations; but taking with her the box containing the title-deeds, and accompanied by as many of her attendants as she could instantly muster, she set off for the same place of safety as that to which her son had been conveyed. Innermarky was bitterly disappointed when he came up a few hours afterwards, and found Dugald, whom he had bribed with a large sum, lying dead by the road-side; and still more so, when, on forcing his entrance into Cromy, he found the house deserted, and the box containing the title-deeds carried off.

Yet as in that age power was the general and most sure and respected right, and as he was aided by Huntly, who was supposed to be privy to the enterprise, he was, in the course of five weeks, possessed of Innes by a disposition from the Laird John.

The Laird John and Innermarky might have retained Innes all their lives, and left their descendants in the honour—had not justice been quickened in her tardy pace by interest. For Robert, having gone to live for some time in the house of his father's friend, the Lord Treasurer Elphinstone, he there became strongly attached to the eldest daughter of that nobleman. It would not be doing justice to the elegant memorials of their affection to introduce, at the end of our history, any account of the various joys and difficulties, confidences, and jealousies, of the loves of the high-born maid and distressed but hopeful youth, seeing they would well merit to be made the subject of a special narrative. Suffice it to say, that though their love was, at first, discountenanced by the wise treasurer, yet, as soon as he obtained the king's support to re-possess Robert in the estate of Innes, he entered cordially into the views of the young chief. The contest between the adherents of Innermarky and the king's troops was indeed bloody, but neither long nor doubtful, and in a few days after it commenced, the banner of Robert of Cromy floated over the walls of Innes. The Laird John made an attempt to escape, but was speedily brought back to his original abode, and there kept as a sort of spectacle illustrative of the triumph. As for Innermarky he fled to the hills, where, after having lived for a while as a fugitive, he became tired of that sort of life, and endeavoured to secure himself in a retreat of difficult access in the house of Edinglassy. His situation being discovered, Ronald, with a number of the most violent of the clan, came suddenly upon the house and forced an entrance. In a secluded apartment, that more resembled the den of a wild beast than a human abode, Ronald found Innermarky, his grey eyes still retaining their wonted cruel fire, and his hand grasping a rusty sword, with which he aimed a violent blow at the intruder. But youthful activity was in this case too much for aged strength, for slain was Innermarky, and his hoary head cut off and taken by the widow of Cromy to Edinburgh, and cast at the king's feet, a thing, as our original historian quaintly observes, too masculine to be commended in a woman. Robert was thus established in security in Innes, and became the ancestor of a progeny wise and beautiful, while Ronald Innes, for having ventured alone upon the desperate Innermarky, was long remembered by the clan under a name corresponding to the appellation of "*Ronald, the braver of perils.*"

J. F.

I KNOW THOU HAST GONE.

I know thou hast gone to the home of thy rest,—
Then why should my soul be so sad ?
I know thou hast gone where the weary are blest,
And the mourner looks up and is glad !
Where Love has put off, in the land of its birth,
The stains it had gathered in this,
And Hope, the sweet singer that gladdened the earth,
Lies asleep on the bosom of bliss.

I know thou hast gone where thy forehead is starred
With the beauty that dwelt in thy soul,
Where the light of thy loveliness cannot be marred,
Nor thy heart be flung back from its goal ;
I know thou hast drunk of the Lethe, that flows
Through a land where they do not forget,
That sheds over memory only repose,
And takes from it only regret !

In thy far away dwelling, wherever it be,
I believe thou hast visions of mine,
And the love that made all things a music to me,
I yet have not learnt to resign ;—
In the hush of the night, in the waste of the sea,
Or alone with the breeze on the hill,
I have ever a presence that whispers of thee,
And my spirit lies down and is still !

Mine eye must be dark that so long has been dimmed,
Ere again it may gaze upon thine,
But my heart has revealings of thee and thy home,
In many a token and sign !
I never look up, with a vow, to the sky,
But a light like thy beauty is there,
And I hear a low murmur, like thine, in reply,
When I pour out my spirit in prayer.

And though like a mourner that sits by a tomb
I am wrapped in a mantle of care,
Yet the grief of my bosom—oh ! call it not gloom—
Is not the black grief of despair.
By sorrow revealed, as the stars are by night,
Far off a bright vision appears ;
And Hope, like the rainbow, a creature of light,
Is born, like the rainbow, from tears.

T. K. WHI

THE DEAF POSTILION.

In the month of January, 1804, Joey Duddle, a well-known postilion on the north road, caught a cold through sleeping without his nightcap; deafness was eventually the consequence; and, as it will presently appear, a young fortune-hunter lost 20,000*l.*, and a handsome wife, through Joey Duddle's indiscretion, in omitting, on one fatal occasion, to wear his six-penny woollen night cap.

Joey did not discontinue driving after his misfortune; his eyes and his spurs were, generally speaking, of more utility in his monotonous avocation than his ears. His stage was invariably nine miles up the road, or "a long fifteen down towards Gretna;" and he had repeated his two rides so often, that he could have gone over the ground blindfold. People in chaises are rarely given to talking with their postilions. Joey knew by experience, what were the two or three important questions in posting, and the usual times and places when and where they were asked; and he was always prepared with the proper answers. At those parts of the road where objects of interest to strangers occurred, Joey faced about on his saddle, and if he perceived the eyes of his passengers fixed upon him, their lips in motion, and their fingers pointing towards a gentleman's seat, a fertile valley, a beautiful stream, or a fine wood, he naturally enough presumed they were in the act of inquiring what the seat, the valley, the stream, or the wood, was called; and he replied according to the fact. The noise of the wheels was a very good excuse for such trifling blunders as Joey occasionally made; and whenever he found himself progressing towards a dilemma, he very dexterously contrived by means of a sly poke with his spur, to make his hand-horse evidently require the whole of his attention. At the journey's end, when the gentleman he had driven produced a purse, Joey, without looking at his lips, knew that he was asking a question, to which it was his duty to reply, "19*s.* 6*d.*," or "22*s.*," according as the job had been the "short up," or the "long down." If any more questions were asked, Joey suddenly recollected something that demanded his immediate attention, begged pardon, promised to be back in a moment, and disappeared never to return. The natural expression of his features indicated a remarkably taciturn disposition: almost every one with whom he came in contact was deterred, by his physiognomy, from asking him any but necessary questions, and as he was experienced enough to answer, or cunning enough to evade these, when he thought fit, but few travellers ever discovered that Joey Duddle *was deaf*. *No blind is man in some cases, even to his bodily defects,*

that Joey, judging from his general success in giving correct replies to the queries propounded to him, almost doubted his own infirmity, and never would admit that he was above one point beyond "a little hard of hearing."

On the 1st of June, in the year 1806, about nine o' clock in the morning, a chaise and four was perceived approaching towards the inn kept by Joey's master, at a first-rate Gretna Green gallop. As it dashed up to the door, the postboys vociferated the usual call for two pair of horses in a hurry; but unfortunately the innkeeper had only Joey and his tits at home; and as the four horses which brought the chaise from the last posting-house had already done a double job that day, the lads would not ride them on through so heavy a stage as the "long-down."

"How excessively provoking!" exclaimed one of the passengers; "I am certain that our pursuers are not far behind us. The idea of having the cup of bliss dashed from my very lips—of such beauty and affluence being snatched from me for want of a second pair of paltry posters—drives me frantic!"

"A Gretna Green affair, I presume, sir?" observed the inquisitive landlord.

The gentleman made no scruple of admitting that he had run away with the fair young creature who accompanied him, and that she was entitled to a fortune of 20,000*l.* :—"one half of which," continued the gentleman, "I would freely give, if I had it, to be at this instant behind four horses, scampering away, due north, at full speed."

"I can assure you, sir," said the landlord, "that a fresh pair of such animals as I offer you, will carry you over the ground as quick as if you had ten dozen of the regular road-hacks. No man keeps better cattle than I do, and this pair beats all the others in my stables by two miles an hour. But in ten minutes perhaps, and certainly within half an hour"——

"Half an hour! half a minute's delay might ruin me," replied the gentleman; "I hope I shall find the character you have given your cattle a correct one;—dash on, postilion!"

Before this short conversation between the innkeeper was concluded, Joey Duddle had put to his horses—which were, of course, kept harnessed—and taken his seat, prepared to start at a moment's notice. He kept his eye upon the innkeeper, who gave the usual signal of a rapid wave of the hand, as soon as the gentleman ceased speaking; and Joey Duddle's cattle, in obedience to the whip and spur, hobbled off at that awkward and evidently painful pace, which *is, perforce*, adopted by the most praiseworthy post-horses for the first ten minutes or so, of their journey. But the pair over which

Joey presided were, as the innkeeper had asserted, very speedy ; and the gentleman soon felt satisfied that it would take an extraordinary quadruple team to overtake them. His hopes rose at the sight of each succeeding milestone : he ceased to put his head out of the window every five minutes and gaze anxiously up the road ; he already anticipated a triumph—when a crack, a crush, a shriek from the lady, a jolt, an instant change of position, and a positive pause occurred in the order in which they are stated, with such suddenness and relative rapidity, that the gentleman was for a moment or two utterly deprived of his presence of mind by alarm and astonishment. The bolt which connects the fore-wheels, splinter-bar, springs, fore-bed, axle-tree, *et cetera*, with the perch that passes under the body of the chaise to the hind-wheel-springs and carriage, had snapped asunder ; the whole of the foreparts were instantly dragged onwards by the horses ; the traces by which the body was attached to the fore-springs gave way ; the chaise fell forward, and of course, remained stationary, with its contents in the middle of the road ; while the deaf postilion rode on, with his eyes intently fixed on vacuity before him as though nothing whatever had happened.

Alarmed and indignant in the highest degree, at the postilion's conduct, the gentleman shouted with all his might, such exclamations as any man would naturally use on such an occasion ; but Joey, although still but a little distance, took no notice of what had occurred behind his back, and very complacently trotted his horses on at the rate of eleven or twelve miles an hour. He thought the cattle went better than ever ; his mind was occupied with the prospect of a speedy termination to his journey ; he felt elated at the idea of outstripping the pursuers—for Joey had discrimination enough to perceive at a glance, that his passengers were runaway lovers—and he went on very much to his own satisfaction. As he approached the inn which terminated the "long down," Joey, as usual, put his horses upon their mettle, and they having nothing but a fore-carriage and a young lady's trunk behind them, rattled up to the door at a rate unexampled in the annals of posting, with all the little boys and girls in the neighbourhood hallooing in their rear.

It was not until he drew up to the inn door and alighted from his saddle, that Joey discovered his disaster ; and nothing could equal the utter astonishment which his features then displayed. He gazed at the place where the body of his chaise, his passengers, and hind wheels ought to have been, for above a minute, and then suddenly started down the road on foot, under an idea that he must recently have dropped them. On nearing a little elevation, which commanded above two miles of the ground over which he had

come, he found to his utter dismay, that no traces of the man of his chaise were perceptible ; nor could he discover his pass who had, as it appeared in the sequel, been overtaken by the lady's friends. Poor Joey immediately ran into a neighborly hay-loft, where he hid himself, in despair, for three days when discovered, he was with great difficulty persuaded by his master who highly esteemed him, to resume his whip, and to his saddle.

THE GLORIES OF CREATION.

Hunc solem, et stellas, et decedentia certis
Tempora momentis, sunt qui, formidine nulla
Imbuti, spectent.

Ho

Arise, arise!—it is not meet
To crouch for riches to the ground :—
A glorious world is at our feet—
Ten thousand hang around !

Look up!—A vault of vivid blue ;
A moving orb of living fire ;
Mountains of clouds careering through
In gorgeous attire :

Look down!—Resplendent is the sight
Of earth and water—sea and land ;
An Ocean lashing in his might—
An Earth, in beauty, bland!—

Valleys of green and hills of snow,
Meadows and forests, flowers and trees,
And rivers warbling as they flow
To the wild warbling breeze !

Beauties on beauties in a ring
Of ever-varying richness throng ;
While Summer—Autumn—Winter—Spring—
Go hand in hand along !

Look up—look up—once and again!—
A Moon is coming from the deep !
And Stars on Stars to grace her train,
Are starting from their sleep !

Glory on glory ! The great sky
Trembles with splendour :—and a flow
Of hallowed radiance from on high,
Encircles all below.

O God, O God ! the sin forgive
Of being callous to the bliss,
Of feeling that we breathe and live
In such a world as this !

W.

CARNATION AND INSECTS.

THE fragrance of a carnation led me to enjoy it frequently and near. While inhaling the powerful sweet, I heard an extremely soft, but agreeable murmuring sound. It was easy to know that some animal, within the covert, must be the musician, and that the little noise must come from some little body suited to produce it. I am furnished with apparatuses of a thousand kinds for close observation. I instantly distended the lower part of the flower, and, placing it in a full light, could discover troops of little insects frisking and capering with wild jollity among the narrow pedestals that supported its leaves, and the little threads that occupied its centre. I was not cruel enough to pull out any one of them ; but adapting a microscope to take in, at one view, the whole base of the flower, I gave myself an opportunity of contemplating what they were about, and this for many days together, without giving them the least disturbance.

Under the microscope, the base of the flower extended itself to a vast plain ; the slender stems of the leaves became trunks of so many stately cedars ; the threads in the middle seemed columns of massy structure, supporting at the top their several ornaments ; and the narrow spaces between were enlarged into walks, parterres, and terraces.

On the polished bottom of these, brighter than Parian marble, walked in pairs, alone, or in larger companies, the winged inhabitants : these from little dusky flies, for such only the naked eye would have shown them, were raised to glorious glittering animals, stained with living purple, and with a glossy gold that would have made all the labours of the loom contemptible in the comparison.

I could, at leisure, as they walked together, admire their elegant

limbs, their velvet shoulders, and their silken wings; their backs vying with the empyrean in its hue; and their eyes each formed of a thousand others, out-glittering the little planes on a brilliant. I could observe them here singling out their favourite females, courting them with the music of their buzzing wings, with little songs formed for their little organs, leading them from walk to walk among the perfumed shades, and pointing out to their taste the drop of liquid nectar just bursting from some vein within the living trunk: here were the perfumed groves, the more than myrtle shades of the poet's fancy, realized; here the happy lovers spent their days in joyful dalliance;—in the triumph of their little hearts, skipped after one another from stem to stem among the painted trees; or winged their short flight to the close shadow of some broader leaf, to revel undisturbed in the heights of all felicity.

Nature, the God of nature, has proportioned the period of existence of every creature to the means of its support. Duration, perhaps, is as much a comparative quality as magnitude; and these atoms of being, as they appear to us, may have organs that lengthen minutes, to their perception, into years. In a flower destined to remain but a few days, length of life, according to our ideas, could not be given to its inhabitants; but it may be according to theirs. I saw, in the course of observation of this new world, several succeeding generations of the creatures it was peopled with; they passed, under my eye, through the several successive states of the egg and the reptile form in a few hours. After these, they burst forth at an instant into full growth and perfection in their wing-form. In this they enjoyed their span of being, as much as we do years—feasted, sported, revelled in delights; fed on the living fragrance that poured itself out at a thousand openings at once before them; enjoyed their loves, laid the foundation for their succeeding progeny, and, after a life thus happily filled up, sunk in an easy dissolution. With what joy in their pleasures did I attend the first and the succeeding broods through the full period of their joyful lives! With what enthusiastic transport did I address to each of these yet happy creatures Anacreon's gratulation to the Cicada:

Blissful insect! what can be,
In happiness, compared to thee?
Fed with nourishment divine,
The dewy morning's sweetest wine.
Nature waits upon thee still,
And thy fragrant cup does fill.
All the fields that thou dost see,
All the plants belong to thee:

All that summer hours produce,
 Fertile made with ripening juice.
 Man for thee does sow and plough,
 Farmer he, and landlord thou.
 Thee the hinds with gladness hear,
 Prophet of the ripen'd year !
 To thee alone, of all the earth,
 Life is no longer than thy mirth.
 Happy creature ! happy thou
 Dost neither age, nor winter know ;
 But when thou'st drank, and danc'd, and sung
 Thy fill, the flowery leaves among,
 Sated with the glorious feast,
 Thou retir'st to endless rest.

While the pure contemplative mind thus almost envies what the
 rude observer would treat unfeelingly, it naturally shrinks into
 itself on the thought that there may be, in the immense chain of
 beings, many, though as invisible to us as we to the inhabitants of
 this little flower—whose organs are not made for comprehend-
 ing objects larger than a mite, or more distant than a straw's
 breadth—to whom we may appear as much below regard as these
 to us.

With what derision should we treat those little reasoners, could
 we hear them arguing for the unlimited duration of the carnation,
 destined for the extent of their knowledge, as well as their action !
 And yet among ourselves, there are reasoners who argue, on no
 better foundation, that the earth which we inhabit is eternal.

SIR JOHN HILL.

THE CONVICT SHIP.

MOWN on the waters !—and, purple and bright,
 Bursts on the billows the flushing of light ;
 O'er the glad waves, like a child of the sun,
 See the tall vessel goes gallantly on ;
 Full to the breeze she unbosoms her sail,
 And her pennon streams onward, like hope, in the gale ;
 The winds come around her, in murmur and song,
 And the surges rejoice, as they bear her along.
 See ! she looks up to the golden-edged clouds,
 And the sailor sings gaily aloft in the shrouds :
 Onward she glides, amid ripple and spray,
 Over the waters,—away, and away !
 Bright as the visions of youth, ere they part,
 Passing away, like a dream of the heart !
 Who, as the beautiful pageant sweeps by,
 Music around her, and sunshine on high—

Pauses to think, amid glitter and glow,
 Oh ! there be hearts that are breaking below !
 Night on the waves !—and the moon is on high,
 Hung, like a gem, on the brow of the sky,
 Treading its depths in the power of her might,
 And turning the clouds, as they pass her, to light :
 Look to the waters !—asleep on their breast,
 Seems not the ship like an island of rest ?
 Bright and alone on the shadowy main,
 Like a heart-cherished home on some desolate plain !
 Who—as she smiles in the silvery light,
 Spreading her wings on the bosom of night,
 Alone on the deep, as the moon in the sky,
 A phantom of beauty—could deem with a sigh,
 That so lovely a thing is the mansion of sin,
 And souls that are smitten lie bursting within ?
 Who—as he watches her silently gliding—
 Remembers that wave after wave is dividing
 Bosoms that sorrow and guilt could not sever,
 Hearts which are parted and broken for ever ?
 Or deems that he watches, afloat on the wave,
 The death-bed of hope, or the young spirit's grave ?

'Tis thus with our life : while it passes along,
 Like a vessel at sea, amid sunshine and song !
 Gaily we glide, in the gaze of the world,
 With streamers afloat, and with canvass unfurled ;
 All gladness and glory to wandering eyes,
 Yet chartered by sorrow, and freighted with sighs :
 Fading and false is the aspect it wears,
 As the smiles we put on, just to cover our tears ;
 And the withering thoughts which the world cannot know
 Like heart-broken exiles lie burning below ;
 Whilst the vessel drives on to that desolate shore,
 Where the dreams of our childhood are vanished and o'

[*Literary Souvenir.*]

T. K. F.

MY HEART LEAPS.

My heart leaps up when I behold
 A Rainbow in the sky ;
 So was it when my life began ;
 So is it now I am a Man ;
 So be it when I shall grow old,
 Or let me die !
 The Child is Father of the Man ;
 And I could wish my days to be
 Bound each to each by natural piety.

Worw

THE JEW OF HAMAH.*

ONCE upon a time there lived in Hamah a certain Turk called Mustapha, who, having accumulated some wealth by carrying on a trade in goats' hair, determined to make a pilgrimage to Mecca. His family consisted of his wife and two slaves; and as the lady insisted on not being left behind, the good man resolved to sell off his stock of goats' hair, to take all his household with him, and to shut up his house till his return. The only difficulty that presented itself was what to do with his money. He did not like to run the risk of being robbed of it in his journey through the desert, he did not like to leave it in an empty house, and there were not any of his friends to whom he wished to trust the secret of his wealth. After much deliberation he placed it in separate parcels at the bottom of five large earthen jars, which he then filled up with butter, and on his departure sent them to the house of one of his neighbours, a Jew named Mousa, to keep till his return, telling him that it was a stock which he had laid in for winter consumption. The Jew, however, from the weight of the jars and other circumstances, suspected that they contained something more valuable; and as soon as Mustapha was fairly on his way to Damascus to join the caravan, he ventured to open them; when, finding his expectations realized, he took out the gold and filled them up again with butter so carefully, that nobody could tell that they had been disturbed. The poor Turk, on his return from the pilgrimage, soon found out the trick that his neighbour had practised upon him; but as the jars were exactly in the same apparent state as when he left them, and as there was no evidence as to their contents, it was plain that no legal process could give him any redress. He therefore set about to devise some other way of punishing the Jew, and of recovering if possible his property; and in the meantime he did not communicate his loss to any person but his wife, and enjoined on her the strictest secrecy. After long consideration, a plan suggested itself. In one of his visits to the neighbouring town of Homs, where he was in the habit of going to sell his goats' hair to the manufacturers of the mashlakhs, for which that place is famous, he fell in with a troop of gypsies, who had with them an ape of extraordinary sagacity. He prevailed on them to sell him this animal; and conveying it privately to his house at Hamah, shut it up in a room to which no one but

* From "Narrative of a Tour through some parts of the Turkish Empire, by John Fuller, Esq."

himself had access. He then went to the bazar and bought one of the dark scanty robes and the small caps or *kalpaks*, with speckled handkerchief tied closely round it, which is the prescribed costume of the Jews throughout the Turkish empire. This dress he took care invariably to put on whenever he went to visit his ape; and as he always carried him his meals, and indeed never allowed any other person to see him, the animal in the course of a few weeks became extremely attached to him, jumping on his neck and hugging and caressing him as soon as he entered the room. About this time, as he was walking along the streets one day he met a lad, the son of the Jew Mousa, and having enticed him into his house by the promise of some figs, he shut him up a close prisoner in a detached apartment in his garden, at such a distance from the street, and from the other houses in the town that the boy could not discover to any one the place of his confinement. The Jew, after several days' search, not being able to gain any tidings of him, concluded that he had either been drowned, or had strayed out of the town and fallen into the hands of some wandering Bedouins; and as he was his only child, fell into a state of the greatest despair; till at length he heard by accident, that just about the time that the boy was missing, he had been seen walking in company with Hadgi Mustapha. The truth instantly flashed on his mind, and he recognized in the loss of his son some stratagem which the Turk had planned in revenge for the affair of the butter-jars. He immediately summoned him before the *cadi*, accused him of having the boy in his possession, and insisted on his immediately restoring him. Mustapha at first strenuously denied the fact; but when one of the witnesses positively declared that he saw the boy go into his house, and when the *cadi* was about to pronounce his decree, that he should bring him into court dead or alive,—‘*Yah illah, el Allah!*’ he exclaimed, ‘there is no God but Allah, and his power is infinite; he can work miracles when it seemeth good in his sight. It is true, *effendi*,’ continued he, addressing himself to the *cadi*, ‘that I saw the Jew Mousa’s son passing by my house; and for the sake of the old friendship subsisting between his father and myself, I invited him to come in and to eat some figs which I had just been gathering. The boy, however, repaid my hospitality with rudeness and abuse: nay, he even blasphemed the name of our holy prophet: but scarcely had the words passed his lips, when, to my surprise and horror, he was suddenly changed into a monkey. In that form I will produce him: and as a proof that what I tell you is true, you will see that he will immediately recognize his father.’ At this instant a servant who was waiting on the outside let loose the ape

into the divan, who seeing that the Jew was the only person present in the dress to which he was accustomed, mistook him for his master, jumped upon him, and clung round his neck with all the expressions of fondness which the child might have been supposed to exhibit on being restored to his parent. Nothing more was wanting to convince the audience of the truth of Mustapha's story; 'A miracle, a real miracle!' they cried out, 'great is Allah, and Mahomet is his prophet:' and the Jew was ordered to take the monkey and retire from the court. A compromise was now his only resource; and accordingly, as soon as it was dark, and he could go unobserved, he repaired to Mustapha's house, and offered, if he would liberate his son, to restore all the money which he had taken from the butter-jars. The Turk having attained his object, consented to release his prisoner; but in order to keep up his own credit, he stipulated that the child should be removed privately, and that the father, with his whole family, should immediately quit the place. The popular belief in the miracle thus remained unshaken; and so great was the disrepute into which the Jews fell in consequence of this adventure, that they all departed one after the other, and none have ever since been known to reside in Hamah.

 TO A SKY-LARK.

ETHEREAL minstrel! pilgrim of the sky!
 Dost thou despise the earth where cares abound?
 Or, while the wings aspire, are heart and eye
 Both with thy nest upon the dewy ground?
 Thy nest which thou canst drop into at will,
 Those quivering wings composed, that music still!

To the last point of vision, and beyond,
 Mount, daring warbler! that love-prompted strain
 ('Twixt thee and thine a never-failing bond)
 Thrills not the less the bosom of the plain:
 Yet might'st thou seem, proud privilege! to sing
 All independent of the leafy spring.

Leave to the nightingale her shady wood;
 A privacy of glorious light is thine;
 Whence thou dost pour upon the world a flood
 Of harmony, with rapture more divine;
 Type of the wise who soar, but never roam;
 True to the kindred points of heaven and home!

WORDSWORTH.

THE LOVER'S LEAP.

In a part of France, not a hundred miles from the fine St Malo, stands a town containing some eight thousand inhabitants. Anciently a fortified place of considerable strength, it is perched on the pinnacle of a high hill, with its antique battlements, and with time's livery, the green ivy and the yellow lichen, still clinging over the peaceful valleys around, and crowning the rock which confines the river Rance. That valley of the Rance is as lovely as any in Europe; now spreading out for miles, it is a wide basin for the river, which, extending in proportion, looks like a broad lake; now contracting to a narrow gorge, it comes to a stream between gigantic rocks, that rise abruptly from it and sombre woods that dip their very branches in its waters. It is here that the town which I have just mentioned first bars the sight, that the scenery is peculiarly picturesque. Viewed through a deep defile of rocks which cut off the neighbouring hills and throw a dark shadow over the river, the stream suddenly opens on a projecting point of its shores, and a landscape of unusual beauty opens on the sight. Rich wooded valleys with soft sloping sides, broken with crags, and diversified with hamlets seen diverging in every direction, with the Rance winding in the midst of them; while high in air, lordling it over all, rises the stately rock on which the town is placed, with its battlement, and tower, hanging over its extreme verge.

In front, and apparently immediately under the town, there is a reality at about two miles distance from it, lies a high piece of ground, which the water would completely encircle were it not for a narrow sort of isthmus, which joins it to its parent of hills. This is called the *Courbure*, from the turn which the river makes round it: and I notice it more particularly from the exact scene of my story's catastrophe.

In the town which I have above described, lived, some years ago, a very pretty girl whom we shall designate by the name of Laure. Her mother was well to do in the world—that is as things go in Brittany, where people can live splendidly for nothing at all, and do very well for half as much. I suppose *Madame* could always have her *pot au feu* and her *poulet à la mode*; kept two nice country lasses, one as cook and the other as *chambre*, and had once a year the new fashions from Paris to demonstrate her gentility. Laure's father, too, had left the lady a little property of her own, amounting to about eight;

per annum ; so that being both a fortune and a belle, all the youth of the place, according to the old Scotch song, were—

“ Wooing at her,
Pu’ing at her,
Wanting her, but could nae get her.”

However, there was something about Laure, which some called pride and others coldness, but which, in truth, was nothing more nor less than shyness, that served for some time as a complete safeguard to her maiden heart. At length the angel who arranges all those sorts of things singled out a young man at Rennes called Charles ———, and gave him a kick with his foot which sent him all the way from Rennes to the town in which Laure abode. It is but thirty miles, and angels can kick much farther if we may believe the Normans—(I cannot stop for it now ; but, my dear reader, put me in mind by and bye to tell you that story of Saint Michael and the Devil, and you shall hear how the saint kicked him from hill to hill for forty leagues or more.)

However, Charles’s aunt lived not far from Laure’s mother, and many a time had she vaunted the graces of her nephew’s person. According to her account, he was as tall and as straight as a gas lamp-post, as rosy as a ribstone pippin ; with eyes as brilliant as a red-hot poker, teeth as white as the inside of a tea-cup, and his hair curling like the leaves of a savoy cabbage. In short, he was an Adonis, after her idea of the thing ; and Laure, having heard all this, began to feel a sort of anxious palpitating sort of sensation, when his coming was talked of, together with sundry other symptoms of wishing very much to fall in love.

At length his arrival was announced, and Madame ——— and Mademoiselle Laure were invited to a soiree at the house of Charles’s aunt. Laure got ready in a very great hurry, resolving primo, to be frightened out of her wits at him ; and secundo, not to speak a word to him. However, the time came, and when she got into the room she found Monsieur Charles quite as handsome as his aunt had represented ; but, to her great surprise, she found him to be quite as timid as herself into the bargain. So Laure took courage upon the strength of his bashfulness, for though it might be very well for one, she saw plainly it would never do for two. The evening passed off gaily, and Laure, as she had determined from the first, went away over head and ears in love, and left the poor young man in quite as uncomfortable a condition.

I need not conduct the reader through all the turnings and windings of *their passion*. Suffice it to say, that both being very active,

and loving each other very hard, they had got on so weeks, that their friends judged it would be necessary them. Upon this, Laure's mother and Charles's aunt met to discuss preliminaries. They began a few compliments to arrange the money matters, proceeded to differ upon a point, grew a little warm upon the subject, turned up at each other, quarrelled like Turks, and abused each other as pickpockets. Charles's aunt called Laure's mother an old something equivalent: and Laure's mother vowed that should never have her daughter, she'd be —— Fie! &c. going to say!

The two young people were in despair. Laure received a paternal injunction never to speak to that vile young man together with a threat of being locked up if she was disobedient; ever, the Sunday after Paques, Laure's mother was laid with a bad cold; and from what cause does not appear, but Laure felt so devout as on that particular day. She would not be away from mass for all the world. So to church she went to her surprise and astonishment, she beheld Charles in the little chapel of the left aisle. "Laure," said he, as he saw her, "ma chere Laure, let us go out of the town by the street, and take a walk in the fields." Laure felt a good much agitated to say her prayers properly, and looking into church, she perceived that, as she had come half an hour late, there was nobody there; so slipping her arm through of her lover, she tripped nimbly along with him down the street, under the Gothic arch and high towers of the old abbey, and in five minutes was walking with him in the fields under

Now, what a long, sad, pastoral dialogue could I present between Laure and Charles as they walked along; but I leave my reader that at least. The summary of the matter is, that they determined that they were very unhappy—the most unhappy people in existence;—now that they were separated from each other, there was nothing left in life worth living for. Laure began to cry, and Charles vowed he would drown himself; he thought it was a very good idea, and declared that she would do herself too; for she had been reading all Saturday a German romance which taught such things; and she thought what a fine tale it would make if she and Charles drowned together, and how all the young ladies would cry when they read it, and what a pretty tomb they would have, with "Charles et Laure, deux amans malheureux!" written in large black letters; and in short, she arranged it all so completely in her own mind that she resolved she would not wait a

the Devil would have it, they had just arrived at that rocky which I have before described, called the Courbure, when es and Laure had worked each other up to the necessary of excitement and despair. The water was before them, and ly question was who should jump in first ; for the little land-ace from which they were to leap would hold but one at a

Charles declared that he would set the example—Laure it should be no one but herself. Charles insisted, but , being nearest the water, gained the contested point, and d over.

that moment the thought of what he was going to do came Charles's mind with a sad qualm of conscience, and he paused instant on the brink. But what could he do ? He could und by and see the girl he loved drowned before his face, like ruding rat or a supernumerary kitten. Forbid it, Heaven ! it, Love ! So in he went too—not at all with the intention ownning himself, but with that of bringing Laure out ; and a tolerable swimmer, he got hold of her in a minute.

this time Laure had discovered that drowning was both cold et, and by no means so agreeable as she had anticipated ; so hen Charles approached, she caught so firm a hold of him as rive him of the power of saving her. It is probable that these circumstances her very decided efforts to demonstrate ange of opinion, might have effected her original intention rowned them both, had not a boat come round the Courbure t very moment. The boatman soon extricated them from danger, and carried them both home, exhausted and dripping, house of Laure's mother. At first the good lady was terri-ut of her wits, and then furiously angry ; but ended, how-by declaring that if ever they drowned themselves again, it d not be for love, and so she married them out of hand.

THE SAILOR'S MOTHER.

ONE morning (raw it was and wet,
A foggy day in winter time)
A woman on the road I met,
Not old, though something past her prime :
Majestic in her person, tall and straight ;
And like a Roman matron's was her mien and gait.

The ancient spirit is not dead ;
 Old times, thought I, are breathing there ;
 Proud was I that my country bred
 Such strength, a dignity so fair :
 She begged an alms like one in poor estate ;
 I looked at her again, nor did my pride abate.

When from these lofty thoughts I woke,
 " What treasure," said I, " do you bear,
 Beneath the covert of your cloak,
 Protected from the cold damp air ?"
 She answered, soon as she the question heard,
 " A simple burthen, Sir, a little singing-bird.

" I had a son—the waves might roar,
 He feared them not, a sailor gay !
 But he will cross the deep no more :
 In Denmark he was cast away :
 And I have travelled weary miles to see
 If aught which he had owned might still remain for me.

" The bird and cage they both were his :
 'Twas my son's bird ; and neat and trim
 He kept it : many voyages
 This singing-bird had gone with him ;
 When last he sailed, he left the bird behind ;
 From bodings as might be that hung upon his mind.

" He to a fellow-lodger's care
 Had left it, to be watched and fed,
 And pipe its song in safety ;—there
 I found it when my son was dead ;
 And now, God help me for my little wit !
 I bear it with me, Sir ! he took so much delight in it."

WORDSWORTH.

PARENTAL HOPES.

Children sweeten labour, but they make misfortunes more bitter.—A man shall see where there is a house full of children one or two of the eldest respected, and the youngest made wanton, but in the midst, some as it were forgotten, who many times turn out the best.

Lord Bacon.

It was a lovely morning in June, when two young men, who were making a tour, on foot, through the eastern part of Scotland, enter-

ed the little village of D——, in Aberdeenshire. They had passed several cottages, and were looking about as if expecting to see some house of public entertainment, when they were attracted by the appearance of a man leaning, in a melancholy attitude, against some rude palings which stood before a dwelling comparatively genteel. Absorbed in his own reflections, he took no notice of the travellers till they inquired the way to the nearest town, and then he merely pointed out the road. He heard their observations on the beauty of the surrounding scenery with a degree of apathy so totally at variance with the national character of the Scotch, that the gentlemen felt their curiosity awakened; they determined to learn something about him, for they piqued themselves upon discovering incidents in their tour as well as scenery; or perhaps it might be the perversity of human nature which induced them still to linger near the poor man, when it was very evident their presence was far from being agreeable.

After asking a variety of questions, to which they received only short and moody replies, one of them inquired if they could be accommodated with a cup of cold milk. The man paused a moment, and it seemed by the changes his countenance had undergone, that he hesitated whether or not to continue his sullen mood, but at length his natural hospitality prevailed, and he said, "Aweel, aweel, sirs, ye maun walk in, though I reckon the gude-wife is na fit to see strangers," and he led the way to his cottage. As he slowly opened the door, the sounds of wailing were heard, and a female voice, in piercing accents, exclaimed, "Wae is me! wae is me! my bairn, my bonnie bairn! I canna live without him!"

"Whisht, Peggy, whisht!" said her husband, as he entered, "ye maun stir yoursel a bit, for here be twa gentlemen come to tak a morsel wi' ye."

The interior of the cottage was tolerably neat, but there reigned around an air of great poverty and desolation, which was increased by the appearance of a small coffin placed upon a table at the farther end; near it sat the poor woman on a low chair, rocking herself to and fro, as if the very exertion were necessary to sustain her mental faculties. By the side of a small turf fire was snugly crouched a boy of eight years old, of a sickly and almost disgusting aspect: his head was unusually large, and the expression of his countenance was sombre, whilst one of his legs, either through weakness or accident, was sadly contracted. He took no notice of the entrance of the travellers, but continued from time to time to rock a cradle near him, in which was laid a sleeping infant.

"Come, Peggy, lassie, ye maunna tak on sae, dinna ye see, here be gentlefolks;" said the man in a soothing tone, going up to his

wife. "Aye, Sandy," she replied, "they may be gentles a say, but they suld na hae came to disturb a puir woman wa for her bairn ; an' as to yoursel, ye might have kenned better to bring them in, but ye hae na the feelings of a mither—w me!" and she wept bitterly. Sandy drew his weather-beaten across his eyes, as he reproachfully exclaimed, "Ye are in the w Peggy, to say sae, for niver father thought mair of his bairns t did ; but come, cheer up, lassie, we canna bring him back a " Dinna talk to me, I canna bide it, I maun cry as I list," rep the poor mother, wringing her hands, and rocking herself wards and forwards more violently. "An' ye be Christian r said the father, turning to the travellers, "speak a word of fort to the puir creature, for it's mair than I can do ;" and t ing himself on a chair by the fireside, he covered his face wit hands. The elder of the strangers, who had been regarding t reaved parents with the greatest sympathy, immediately cam ward at this appeal. He was a tall, thin young man, not than six-and-twenty years of age, of a pale and mild counten and from the gravity of his manner and the sober hue of his it might be easily guessed that he had either entered, or w tended for the church. "My good woman," said he in a lo persuasive tone, "you do wrong to give yourself up to this e sive sorrow ; surely you have forgotten that he who gives ha a right to take away, and that we are chastened for our future g "Aye," said the woman, "its unco easy to talk ; ye are youn the hand of grief hath not scaithed ye, but when ye come to l bairn, ye maun e'en fret as I do." "True," said the young "and it is not forbidden us to mourn for our friends ; natur have its way, yet we should not grieve like those without h "An' what hope is there for me ? ye canna gie me my bairn a exclaimed Peggy, vehemently, "my bonnie bairn ! he wi pride of my life, and I maun die wi' him !" "Consider," r the stranger, "that your child is taken in mercy from a w troublesome world ; in heaven you may meet him again, and you will have no fear of being separated ; besides you hav many blessings left—you have other children." "I have bu an' ane is a puir wee lassie, and t'other, leuk there," and she ed to the sickly boy by the fire ; "once he was as bonnie a lad a stepped, but now did ever a body see sic a woful sight ; and leuk here, this was the joy of my heart, my Charlie!" an hastily drew aside the lid of the coffin, and discovered the fe of the dead cnild. "Aye," she continued, "ye may talk abt signation, an' its unco fine when the heart's well at ease ; bu till ye hao lost sic a bairn as this, and then talk if ye can."

While one stranger was endeavouring to mitigate the sorrows of the afflicted mother, the other had his attention directed to the cripple at the fire. The lad manifested no desire to have his case investigated, but when asked if he did not wish to go to school, he turned suddenly round, and his eyes were lighted up with a beam of delight. "An' what wad the bairn do at school, I trow?" said the mother; "ye hae na the head, Mattie, to learn like other folk." "I wad try, mither," said the lad in a supplicating tone; "Charlie could hae done nae mair than that, and you said he should gang." "Aye, but Charlie was born to be a scholar, an' he had lived; he was my ain bairn, my bonnie lad, I can never forget him."

"What ails this poor child?" said the elder stranger, taking the weeping boy on his knee, "he may not be blessed with so healthy, nor so handsome an appearance as the one you deplore, but can he help that? Instead of lavishing that excessive sorrow upon the dead, you would be far better fulfilling your duty did you attend to this poor boy, for depend upon it you may hereafter have cause to repent if you continue to neglect him as I suspect you have hitherto done. Instead of this child being a source of trouble and anxiety to you, I predict that one day you will be proud to own him as a son, for there is an intelligence in his eyes which not even sickness has entirely quenched. Mind what I say, Mattie, be a good boy and go to school, and remember that perseverance conquers all difficulties." "Why, ye dinna think our Mattie will ever mak a scholar?" inquired Peggy with great earnestness. "Why not, my good woman? because his head is swelled out of proportion, and one leg is smaller than the other, I see no reason that his intellect should be impaired also; on the contrary many of our most learned men have been afflicted with some bodily infirmity or other, which still has not had the effect of destroying their natural genius." "Troth, an' it's very likely," rejoined the father; "an' ye ken, gude-wife, I hae often told ye the lad had mair in him than we kenned." "I dinna doubt," said Peggy, beginning for the first time to stir about the cottage, and placing some refreshment before the strangers, "I dinna doubt the bairn may do weel wi' the blessing of God, but I canna say, I iver thought he wad be a genius;" and she stroked his poor sallow cheeks, and took the infant out of the cradle with an appearance of greater alacrity than she had displayed for many days.

The travellers, not satisfied with merely giving advice, arranged with the father to send the boy to school, and left some money to be applied to that purpose; they then took their leave, followed by the prayers and blessings of the family.

Some twenty years after this event, a post-chaise stopped late in

the evening at the Blue Bells in the little village of D—, as a gentleman advanced in life, and apparently in an ill state of health, alighted from it. To the profuse civilities of his hostess, he only replied by ordering some wine whey and a comfortable bed to be prepared, to which he very soon retired. It happened that the following day was Sunday, and as the gentleman was partaking of his breakfast, and the landlady was officiously waiting upon him, after many indirect questions as to his business there, she said, "Eh, sir! an' I'se warrant ye be for kin this morning, for ye seem to stand weel for church and state." "It is very possible, good woman, I may; that is, if ye give good account of your preacher; pray, who is he?" "Aweel, sir, there is the business. Why ye maun ken our puir auld parson rest his soul! for he was a gude man as iver lived, died a few months sin', and we hae been strangely aff for anither, till at last they hae gien us, as they say, a worthy successor, an' to-day he holds forth for the first time; an unco deal hath been said about him, but maist likely ye hae heard speak of the Rev. Maister Matthew Glenarchy."

"Matthew Glenarchy! surely that name is familiar to me: there not a family of the same in this village?" inquired the gentleman.

"Troth an' ye be vera right," replied the hostess, "for auld Sandy Glenarchy an' his gude-wife nae lived here these forty year an' mair, as I hae heard my father say, an' it's nane but his ain son that has got the kirk; an' ye may be sure it's nae light matter of joy to the auld folk to see their bairn stand sae weel in the world, for they say he is a wonderful scholar, an' vera spirituall inclined."

"Have the old people any more children?" inquired the gentleman.

"An' plase ye, sir, they hae but ane besides the minister, an' a douce bonnie lassie she is—puir Jeannie! she was to hae been married to young Robin Dugald some five year sin', but somehow times were bad, an' Jeannie had a sair heart on the matter, an' dare na venture, but now they say the minister will bring things about as they suld be. Eh, sir! it does one's heart gude to think what a blessing young Mattie has turned out to his parents; I ken few wad hae guessed the like of this, that hae seen him as I hae, a pulchritudinous sawny lad as he was."

The gentleman whom the landlady of the Blue Bells so kindly amused with her story was no other than the principal actor in it, and as he slowly pursued his way to the kirk, he could not wholly suppress his risible feelings at the idea of the prodigious bustle his

appearance had caused in the village so many years ago, though there was a degree of melancholy blended in his sensations when he thought of the changes those fleeting years had made in him. It was an interesting sight to observe the inhabitants of D—— issuing from their cottages, and all flocking, as it were, with one accord to the house of prayer. Here was the sturdy peasant marching at the head of his young family, and the sober matron, with her head encircled in a kerchief of the purest white; whilst behind them strayed the village damsels, each carrying her psalm-book neatly folded in a linen handkerchief, half-serious half-coquetting, with the sun-burnt, plaided youths; whilst still further in the rear were seen advancing the more tardy steps of age, some supporting themselves on crutches, others leaning on the arms of those whom nature and affection pointed out for their best support—their children; but all bearing an appearance of great cleanliness, gravity, and decorum.

The stranger from the Blue Bells was the last to enter the sacred edifice. The service had already commenced, and the minister stood in his place, pale, firm and tolerably collected; but vain was the endeavour to trace in his countenance any resemblance to the poor neglected boy who had formerly excited so much compassion. Matthew Glenarchy was certainly calculated for the pulpit, for when there, his lameness could not be observed, and the folds of his surplice concealed what otherwise was a great defect—his habitual stoop; besides, in his care-worn visage there was an expression of great patience and genuine mildness, which characterized well with his holy office, and the fire that but rarely sparkled from his eyes, seemed kindled by the enthusiasm of his zeal. On a seat nearest the pulpit sat the new minister's relations, who were easily distinguished from the rest of the congregation by the singular anxiety they displayed. The old man restless and perturbed, seemed unable to sit still a moment together;—one instant he shook back his silvered locks, and his face beamed with renovated hope and delight, and again his brow was wrinkled with anxiety, and he looked fearful and tremulous; at length, unable to command himself any longer, he rose, and walking with unsteady steps, drew near that side of the pulpit where his son could not see him, and remained leaning against it, with his back turned to the congregation, till the service concluded. The mother's face was concealed by her handkerchief, yet those nearest her saw that her bosom heaved convulsively, and once or twice her sobs were very audible; whilst Jeanie's clear blue eyes glistened with all a sister's hopes, and her heightened colour betrayed no slight emotion.

The opening prayer was, according to the usual custom, deliver-

ed extempore: it was long and impressive, consisting chiefly of ejaculations, and verses of Scripture; at first the preacher's voice was low and tremulous, he seemed to feel that on this effort depended, in a great measure, his future success and the hopes of his beloved family, and he dreaded to disappoint them; but as the fervour of his spirit seemed gradually to awaken, so did his voice rise higher and higher till it gained its accustomed energy, and then all his mortal feelings gave place to the sublimer views of the Christian. The sermon was a composition admirably adapted to the occasion: slightly and yet affectionately he touched upon the merits of his predecessor, and from thence with great pathos, spoke of the relative duties of life, and the gratitude which children owed to the authors of their existence, summing up the whole by a comparison between the duty we owe to God and our parents. To an Englishman, accustomed to speak and decide rapidly, there may at first appear something singular in the slow and solemn manner of our northern brethren; but in the pulpit this peculiarity is not so striking, because we then expect a greater degree of precision than at any other time. There was an elegance in Mattie's language, notwithstanding his broad dialect, which delighted and astonished one, at least, of his hearers; beautiful from its very simplicity, it breathed the true essence of pure and animated eloquence, softened by the genuine spirit of Christianity. At first it was impossible not to behold portrayed in him the dutiful and affectionate son, so gently and so sweetly did he speak of parental hopes and filial obedience; but as the subject opened before him, and he expatiated at length on the bounty and love of a heavenly Parent, his voice became elevated almost to a tone of rapture, and his eyes sparkled with unusual brightness.

"Eh! Jeannie, lassie, I suppose ye winna speak to me now, sin Maister Mattie is grown sic a fine man, an' sic a great preacher," said Robin Dugald, as he waited for Jeannie near the kirk door.

"Dinna say sae, Robin," exclaimed Jeannie, smiling through the most joyous tears she had ever shed; "I ken weel enough there be few sic clever folk as our Mattie, but that's no *raison* at all against ye, because ye ken I'm no sic a clever body mysel; an' as Mattie himsel says, we maun all keep in our ain spheres."

The stranger arrived at the manse soon after Mattie had led thither his happy parents, and was received by the whole party with that unrestrained freedom and native hospitality which results from light hearts anxious to extend their own pleased emotions to all around them. But when he mentioned having once met them before, and introduced himself as an English clergyman, who,

twenty years since had, in company with his friend, a young physician, been travelling through Aberdeenshire, and had partaken of their hospitality, the surprise and delight of the little group was beyond imagination. Peggy caught his hand and pressed it repeatedly to her lips, bursting into tears; whilst Sandy, pointing to his son, exclaiming, "There he be, God bless him! an' it's all owing to ye, I ken vera weel. Mattie, lad! Jeannie, lassie! dinna ye hear, that is the gude gentleman your mither an' I hae sae often talked about." "Oh!" cried Peggy, "that iver I suld hae lived to see this blessed day: it has been the joy of my heart to see that dear bairn stand up in gude Maister MacIveson's place; and then, that ye suld hae come again, is mair than I could hae thought; and doubtless ye hae heard him preach. Eh! sir, it went to my heart like inspiration, an'—" She would have said more, had not her attention been arrested by seeing her son, usually so grave and solemn in his movements, suddenly throw himself at the feet of the stranger, and in broken language pour out his gratitude to him, acknowledging that he owed all his present happiness to his kind advice and encouragement. "Ye saw me," he said, "a puir stricken bairn, an' ye took pity upon me, and may ye be abundantly blessed for the kindness ye showed on that day."

"Rise," said the stranger, "I entreat you; your acknowledgments oppress me; for, after all, what have I done? I saw you, as I thought, a poor neglected child, I pitied you; and endeavoured to interest your parents in your favour: it appears, then, that I succeeded, and I am more than rewarded for the pains I took."

That day was a happy one at D—; and in the evening, when the stranger departed for A—, the residence of Dr H—, the gentleman who had been his companion when he first entered the village, he was once more followed by the benediction of Sandy and his now happy and prosperous family.

 DIRGE.*

THE fairy on Helvellyn breathes
 Into the diamond's lustre fair,
 And in that magic gleam she wreathes
 The dew-drops round her glittering hair.

The driving blast—the dimming rains
 May there disturb its secret place;
 But evermore the stone retains
 The image of that loveliest face.

* From Wilson's "City of the Plague."

Into our lady's radiant eyes
Joy looked when she was yet a child,
And there 'mid shades of sickness lies
Beauteous as when at first she smiled.

—'Tis said there is a wond'rous bird
That ne'er alights to fold her wings,
But far up in the sky is heard
The music which the creature sings.

On plumes unwearied, soft, and bright,
She floateth still in hymning mirth,
For ever in her native light!
Unstain'd by any touch of earth!

Our lady's soft and gentle feet
O'er earth in mortal motion swim,
But angels come from heaven to meet
The incense of her holy hymn.

—On yonder pool so black and deep,
In her green cradle rock'd to rest,
Behold the water-lily sleep!
Serenely with untroubled breast!

Alike unto that fearless flower—
The arrowy sleet—the dewy balm—
The sunlight's smile—the tempest's lower—
For her's is an eternal calm.

Across our gracious lady's bed
A blast hath come as from the grave,
But on her pillow rests her head
Calm as that lily on the wave.

—From heaven fair beings come at night
To watch o'er mortals while they sleep;
Angels are they, whose sole delight
It is to comfort those who weep.

How softly on the dreamer's head
They lay their soft and snow-white hands!
One smile! then in a moment fled,
They melt away to happier lands.

I wake! and lo! my lady fair
Is smiling near the orphan's bed—
With all the charms the living wear
Join'd to the beauty of the dead.

—O perfect is a plaintive tune
When slowly sung at fall of even,
In some wild glen beneath the moon,
When silence binds the earth and heaven!

Remembrance rises faint and dim
Of sorrows suffer'd long ago,
And joy delighteth in the hymn,
Although it only breathe of woe.

Our lady's spirit it is pure
As music of departed years !
On earth too beauteous to endure,
So sad—so wild.—so full of tears !

GREEN STOCKINGS.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "SELWYN."

THERE exists an ancient usage in the northern part of our island, whether extending to the south, I am unable to decide—by which the younger daughters of a family, on marrying, are entitled to inflict upon such elder sisters as happen to be still spinsters, the playful insult of a pair of Green Stockings. This, it may be readily imagined, becomes either a good or a bad joke, according to the disposition and character of the parties—the degree of sisterly feeling which subsists among them—or the chance the elder branches enjoy of a prompt retaliation in the shape of wedding favours. Be this as it may, this old custom has seldom, I believe, been more honoured by observance than in the family of my cousins, the Claverings.

Anne Clavering was the eldest of five sisters, of whom Emma was a wit, Fanny a beauty, Laura a poetess, and Cicilia a musician; while poor Anne was only—Miss Clavering! They had lost their mother early, and Anne had been old enough to appreciate the loss, and to feel that it imposed on her a high responsibility, and premature steadiness of character; while the others had been emancipated from maternal control, just in time to add to naturally high spirits no small degree of wilfulness and self-confidence. Anne did her best by her calm, composed, dignified example, to shame or restrain these exuberances; but she was only—Anne; and destined, moreover, by her ominous love of order, and pretty shade of precision—to be infallibly an old maid!

To avert this consummation in their own persons, all her juniors had strenuously resolved. It has been doubted, I know, whether the *vi et armis* system of making conquests is uniformly the most successful; but opinions are so divided, and the show of hands (11

not hearts) in my cousins' family so decidedly in favour of *courain*, that as the means of achieving matrimony abstractedly considered—I have no hesitation in recommending it. It has always appeared to me, that there exists a happy and mysterious equilibrium of numbers between the few men capable of resisting a siege and the few women incapable of laying one. Let these be *hors de combat*, and give the residue of the sexes a fair field and favour!

Fanny Clavering's beauty was of so decided and consummate character, that it never occurred to any one to question its power of enslaving. Its aptness to retain was, indeed, quite another affair, and Fanny had seen adorers of various calibres find, in prolonged acquaintance, an antidote to the poison of her eye. There were not wanting Strephons of a more constant and enduring description, but their ardour being somewhat damped by Fanny's avowed immaturity of four horses and the privilege of franking—such of them as were not at first annihilated by a refusal shrank into ornamental but profitless dangles.

The indispensable requisites were at length found in the person of Mr John Hanbury, the happy possessor of two hundred thousand pounds hard cash, and four of the finest blood greys to command. To these, and the cabalistic letters M. P. after his name, (which certain small wits insisted on translating into "marvellous puppy,") Mr John Hanbury was in time indebted for the hand of the fair Fanny, and her reluctant resignation in favour of St Stephen's in possession, of sundry flourishing peerages in prospect. Most of her female acquaintance thought it an excellent match. As for me, I know I am rather apt to be fastidious—I only thought the bridegroom ugly, vulgar, conceited, purse-proud, illiterate, and insufferable: *voilà tout*.

My witty cousin Emma was very much of my opinion in this matter, with this difference, that she published hers, and I buried mine to myself—and that she nearly forfeited for ever the eclat of her sister's barouche and four, and the convenience of her brother-in-law's mystical scrawls, by an epithalamium which she dropped on the stairs. However, John stood too much in awe of her quarrel outright, and they continued to "make free" with, and against each other—till Hymen removed Emma into another circle.

Fanny had lived too much in an atmosphere of practical jokes, to make a point of keeping up the old custom of the Green Sticks. Their delicate texture was duly bespoken at Norwich—not very remote connection of the bridegroom with which sea industry was not lost upon sister proficientes in the noble art of quizzing—and made their appearance, according to ancient

at the wedding dinner. I sat next Anne on the occasion, and had the honour of cutting up the identical pasty, under whose capacious roof reposed the ominous lower integuments; certain nameless appendages to which had, however, been replaced by the ostentatious gallantry of the bridegroom with a pair of the most costly bracelets. "When the pie was opened," as the old song says, I watched Anne's countenance, and can testify that no heightened colour flushed her delicately tinged cheek at the roughness of the jest, and no latent sparkle illumined her soft grey eye at the munificence of the present. She only smiled—and what Anne Clavering's smile said, I leave to be interpreted by those who have seen it!

Her next sister Emma's satirical propensities would have rendered her marrying within the six adjoining parishes a matter of serious surprise to me. But a fortunate trip to Harrogate threw within the fire of her batteries, a young Irish baronet, of more bog than brains, who admired the whiteness of her teeth too much to dread their power to wound. Sir Phelim was too soft to understand, and consequently to suffer as much as others, from her jokes. He only saw that they made every body round her (their object excepted) laugh; and naturally concluded that so lively a partner would render his handsome table, well-stocked cellar, and ample stud, more permanently attractive than he had ever yet been able to make them to his brother-sportsmen of the higher class. He chose, therefore, a *piquant* wife on exactly the same principle of general utility which had lately guided him in the choice of a *piquant* cook—both having been recommended to him by the same celebrated modish oracle, who was heard, however, to say, *soto voce*, that he himself would as soon have hired the gout as the one, and married the Devil as the other!

Anne was again to have "Green Stockings;" but this time they were baked into the *beau milieu* of the bride-cake, and some fragments of their mutilated *debris* having chanced to be conveyed in the portions assigned to sundry far more cross and involuntary spinsters than poor Anne, Emma had the rare and characteristic satisfaction of giving more offence at her wedding than any bride of her acquaintance. Anne, this time, did *not* smile—she nearly cried; and I believe, would rather have swallowed the obnoxious garments whole herself, than that they should have been so vexatiously distributed.

It was some time before her temper was put to another matrimonial test. I ought perhaps sooner to have mentioned that my cousin Clavering, a man of quiet and unostentatious, but sterling talents for business, had been left by his schoolfellow and steady friend, the Earl of G—, the principal guardian of his son and heir.

From this control (which his mild and inoffensive character rendered a merely nominal one) the young lord had been long emancipated, but feelings of his real good-will towards his "own and his father's friend" had always remained; though they had not, from distance and other circumstances, led to intimacy with the junior branches of Mr Clavering's family.

It can hardly, however, be supposed, that votaries of Hymen so determined as most of my cousins, were disposed to forego all chance of a coronet, in which they felt as it were, a sort of hereditary and reversional interest. They were girls too fertile in resources, to find an invitation to the races of his lordship's county an achievement beyond their diplomatic powers; and thither the beautiful Fanny and lively Emma proceeded, prepared to hear the enamoured youth sing in soft perplexity, "How happy could I be with either!"

But Lord G—, amiable in disposition and respectable in talent, was unfortunately very shy; and though longing to pay proper attention to the daughters of his late guardian, was soon awed into distance by the beauty and the airs of Fanny; while the bare rumour of Emma's wit forbade him to approach *her* at all. The wary dowager, (his mother) whose eyes were ever about her when her son was concerned—rejoiced in his escape from such a pair of decided and dangerous damsels; and judging from these of the rest of the family, naturally resolved to eschew with redoubled care all that might bring her son and them into contact.

The following spring, however, brought both families unexpectedly to town; and the obnoxious daughters being disposed of, the Countess felt the less objection to take a step she could not well avoid, and call upon the Claverings. Laura was too deep in romance to be often visible in the morning, while Cecilia devoted hers to practice for the evening exhibition, so that Lady G— saw only Anne; and such was the unexpected effect produced by her pleasing countenance and the undisguising elegance of her manners, that ere long she had received an invitation to pass part of the following summer with the Countess in Shropshire.

To this, which would have turned the heads of half her acquaintance, Anne gave a quiet and half reluctant assent, as to one of those undesirable duties of society which regard for worthy people and respect for old ties sometimes impose. Anne did not see (as most Misses would have done) the Countess through the medium of her son, nor the Earl through that of his estate and title. The former, she could not help seeing, was a stiff though well meaning personage; the latter she had never seen and thought little about, but took him on report as a good but common-place young man.

Dear, strange, primitive Anne!—how could you discover dullness in a Countess, or so much as dream of a humdrum peer of the realm of five and twenty, and with an equal number of thousands a year?

In the mean time Cupid—having been left quite out of the question by the two sisters, and foreseeing little chance of making a fool of Anne—was indemnifying himself by a furious attack on the sentimental Laura. She, as I have said, was a devourer of poetry; nay, even a poetess of that good old nonsensical Rosa Matilda school, which it was rank murder in the Antijacobin to put out with its broad extinguisher. It is a pity so few women who write verses are pretty! I don't know why it should be so, but so it has been from Sappho down to my cousin Laura, who, being distanced by her sister for the palm of beauty, resolved to make a strong push for that of talent.

There was at this time in London a certain Mr Stapylton, who said or sung his own indifferent lays to private audiences, less lucrative than those drawn by his brother performers on a more public theatre, though nearly as crowded. We have all heard of the king-making Earl of Warwick; but the privilege of creating "lions" is one vested (to adopt a favourite modern expression) in a few "Exclusives" of ton. One of these happened to be in want of a "subject" (as professors of the sister art of resurrectioning call it) on whom to exercise her lionizing powers, and a fortunate sonnet from Mr Orlando Stapylton on the death of his cockatoo, decided her Ladyship's election.

The said Orlando did not discredit her choice. He was furnished by nature with the requisites of a fine, though effeminate person; a white hand—a musical voice in reading, and a facility in reading music—a gentle flow of small talk, and last, not least, the invaluable and crowning quality of thinking well of himself so judiciously, that he took in half the drawing-room population of London, to do the same. Never had male or female quack (since the days of Cagliostro) more decided *success* than Mr Orlando Stapylton! If three dinner invitations per day, and conversaziones ten deep—if a life passed in lighted saloons, all redolent of otto, and ices, and *parfait amour* and flattery more odoriferous still—could satisfy a man, Orlando might have revelled in the present and defied the future. But Mr Stapylton, though a small wit, and a great coxcomb, was no fool. He had seen "lions" of "greater mark and likelihood," dwindle into mice often within the scope of his experience. He knew that as it is said of women and nations—they "fall to rise no more"—and the very taste for luxuries, which he was not slow in appre-

ciating, led him to anticipate a time when they might be disagreeably exchanged for the vulgar realities of a sonneteer's life, and the anti-aristocratic accommodations of Grub-street. Mr Orlando had no mind to dig, and to beg (except for subscriptions) he was ashamed; so he began to think of turning his lionship to permanent account by marriage.

Now poetry, *per se*, coupled as it usually is, (probably for alliteration's sake) with poverty, is not a particularly saleable article in the matrimonial market; and the conquests achieved by sonnets, have generally been more distinguished for romance than solidity. But a rare union of both presented itself to the fortunate Orlando in the person of my cousin Laura, who, alone of all the family, boasted a pretty independent little fortune, bequeathed to her by an aunt as romantic as herself, whose name and predilections she inherited as well as her money.

As Laura—who had raved about the divine Orlando from the day she first heard his improvisations to the lyre (as he called his guitar) never dreamt of asking if so gifted a genius had any other sublunary possession than the lyre itself; she never could imagine him to be a whit more inquisitive on a subject so far beneath the attention of poets as pounds, shillings, and pence. When, therefore, in an elegy in the manner of Tibullus—her hand as well as heart was solicited by the reigning poetaster—the idea that her purse should have any share in the inspiration would have appeared to her rank heresy against the etheriality of the muse. Some hints to that effect were thrown out by persons of more terrestrial conceptions, but in vain; and Laura (whom Petrarch had long been exhausted to propitiate) took it all for gospel, as it was “writ in choice Italian,” and unlike her *cruel* namesake signified her acceptance in a sapphic ode of some thirty-six stanzas, or more.

Orlando was not ignorant that so common-place a step as marriage was a virtual abdication. But in this there is always a certain dignity; and if, as the proverb says, even a “living dog is better than a dead lion,” so surely must a substantial householder, living on his *means* with ten thousand pounds in the three per cents, surpass a *ci-devant* wit—living on his wits—up three pair of stairs. His fashionable *soirees* had therefore all the dignified *eclat* of the parting bow of some favourite performer; and the “last lays” of Mr Orlando Stapylton rivalled in pathos and effect the “*dernier chant de Coriane*.” By some Laura was envied—by some pitied—by others laughed at: but she was far too completely enveloped in a bright halo of romance to know or care any thing about the *matter*.

The vulgar taunt of the "Green Stockings" would never have occurred to Laura's poetical mind; but being forced on her by the example and instigations of her other sisters, she determined to administer it in a novel and characteristic form. The verdant appendages of celibacy, twisted out of all their native vulgarity of shape, were made the connecting link of a mingled wreath of myrtle and laurel; accompanied with a joint ode of mock condolence from the bride and bridegroom. Anne laughed heartily at the ingenuity of the device, and hung both garland and poem in the most conspicuous place she could think of; that all who ran might read, if they pleased, the terrible fact, that she had three younger sisters married!

She was, ere long, alas! to have *four*! It is remarked that marriages like misfortunes, seldom come single; and if one of a family chances to go off, the frolic is sure to go round. Chance sent home during this dull season, which my cousins had for many years spent in town, an old companion and schoolfellow (though by a few years his junior) of Mr Clavering's—a Mr Richard Horner, who, returning from India with all the abundance of lacs, and lack of experience common to the thirty years' sojourner in the east, was too happy to profit in his multifarious transactions of finance and revenue, by the well-remembered tact and good nature of his *chum* Jack Clavering.

Jack welcomed his old friend Dick Horner heartily on his return to old England; and as there was no luxury in the boasted land of enjoyment which had half so much delighted him as being "Dick" once more to any one, after thirty years' dull senatorial state among black servants and white ants, the good little Nabob spent all his spare time (and that was a good deal) at Jack Clavering's. His first serious resolve, after his ecstasy of boyish enjoyment subsided, was to marry one of Jack's two remaining daughters; and that we may form an idea of his chances of success, (which, worthy man! it never occurred to him to consider doubtful,) let us enumerate his attractions.

Mr Horner was a neat, dapper little man, withered by a tropical sun into the genuine well-wearing mummy consistency, on which bile seems to have done its worst, and given up the attack in despair. He was a living personification of jaundice—golden as his guineas—looking as if he had bathed habitually in Pactolus itself: yet withal upright, alert, quick-witted, and quick-eyed; the only symptom of fifty-four which his constitution exhibited being excessive and incurable deafness, contracted, *he* said, by indiscreet *mipe-shooting* in a morass, some five and thirty years before.

Mr Horner thus qualified, having determined on marrying one of the Miss Claverings, and his eyes being, as we have said, excellent, (whatever might be the deficiency in his ears,) naturally made his first offer to Anne, for she was very pretty, and Cecilia decidedly plain; besides, the latter's whole heavy ordnance of Beethoven, and light artillery of Rossini, was, of course, entirely thrown away on a deaf Nabob, insensible to the charms of music. Not that because Mr Horner had no music in his soul, or rather in his ears—we mean not to insinuate that he shared more deeply than others in the “treasons, stratagems, and spoils” for which our Indian possessions were then famous; though his enormous collection of shawls, pearls, and precious stones, might perhaps admit of so uncharitable an inference.

Be this as it may, shawls, pearls, and diamonds were aimed in vain at Anne. She could not marry Mr Horner; and she told him so directly, with her usual indiscreet frankness, without even suffering him to hang on long enough for her to enjoy the credit of having refused him. Poor dear matter-of-fact Anne! When I taxed her with her simplicity, she said, quite in earnest, that she believed old gentlemen did not like it to be known they were refused; and that as he evidently meant to transfer his suit to Cecilia, perhaps she might not like to appear to succeed to her sister's rejected admirer! To such antediluvian reasoning as this, what answer could possibly be made.

But if Cecilia was the second choice of Mr Horner, neither was Mr Horner the first love of Cecilia. This devotee to her musical patron saint had been during all the winter playing duets with a handsome young Pole, called Sonatowsky, in the regular “*crescendo*” style, from “*piacevolmente*” at the beginning, to “*molto espressivo*” by degrees, and finally, “*con fuoco*” on both sides. But, as the young foreigner's notes were only good at the piano forte, while Mr Horner's were good at the bank; and as music, however proverbially the “food of love,” is reckoned thin diet for Hymen—Cecilia soon determined to bring her long movement “*a la Polacca*,” to a “finale.” She took leave of Sonatowsky *secundem artem*, in a “*Polonaise*” of soul-subduing power, which, though not followed up (like the celebrated one of Count Oginsky) by suicide, was the “prelude” to a step little less desperate—viz. the marriage of the music-mad Cecilia with the deaf Mr Horner!

The “Green Stockings” were characteristically bequeathed to Anne on the keys of her sister's abdicated piano forte, and found by her, just as the happy couple drove off, as she good-naturedly,

opened it to play a country dance to the bridegroom's little grand-nephews and nieces. By these urchins, of course, the joke was heartily enjoyed. They were drawn off and on by the whole merry group; and never, I think, did Anne look better, or more unlike an old maid, (after all she was but five and twenty,) than when opening the juvenile ball with a rogue of six years old, who footed it away in the obnoxious badges of old maidism in undissembled glee. This good humour of Anne's, I verily believe, procured her within the next month, two opportunities of wiping off the stain by matrimony, with two old Indian comrades of the bridegroom's, who had been present at the wedding. But Anne was not fond of old Indians; and much too fond of an old Englishman, videlicet her good worthy father, to think of running away from him just as they were left, for the first time, comfortably alone!

But this comfort (and thorough comfort it proved) was not destined to be of long duration. No sooner did Lord and Lady G— learn that all the beauties, wits, blue stockings, and amateurs of the family were happily disposed of, than the invitation formerly given to Anne to pass the summer in Shropshire, was extended to her father; and with a cordiality of esteem and gratitude which made it impossible to refuse.

Mr Clavering, always fond of the country, was soon quite in his element, enjoying the improvements made on his ward's property by his former judicious management; and still more the excellent results of an education, whose details he had left to others better qualified, but whose admirable system had been suggested by himself. The young Earl, with pleasing manners and respectable talents, was the best of sons, the best of masters, and best of landlords; fond of domestic society, though disliking large parties, and gaining hourly upon acquaintance as soon as the frozen robe of shyness was thawed (as it easily was) by the gentle breath of friendly intercourse.

While Mr Clavering rambled with and gloried in his pupil, Anne found the Countess a much more agreeable companion than she had anticipated. Anne was not one of those who think all the old ladies must be *bored*. There are few from whom something may not be profitably gleaned; and Anne (always accustomed from the politeness of the heart to cultivate the elder part of society) knew exactly how to amuse, without fatiguing, a person of different age and habits; while the Countess, long unused to the society of a lively yet sensible young female, grew absolutely in love with Anne. Whether any one else did, would be difficult at this time to decide. If so, it must have been during the meditations incident to the interminable games which Lord G—, (who like all

taciturn people was fond of chess) playing nightly with Miss Clavering; while the less patient elders preferred the more rapid evolutions, and cheerful bustle of backgammon.

As the season advanced, the chess table was discarded, and replaced by the young people with long evening, and sometimes even early morning walks. It was on his return from one of the latter, his manly frame glowing with exercise, and his fine face flushed (probably with the morning wind), that Lady G—, who had for some time been overcoming, in spite of herself, her lingering sense of disparity in the connection, said, “My dear Godfrey, I think you could not do better than ask that sweet girl, Anne Clavering, to marry you. You have my free consent to do so.”

“I have read it in your eyes, mother, for some time past,” answered her son, absolutely blushing; “and so I have just been asking her this morning.” “And she has accepted, of course.” “Not exactly, my dear mother, by any means; all I gather and hope is, that I am not refused. She seemed too much surprised to give a regular answer, but begged me to remember the disparity in birth, rank, and such trifles.” “Good girl,” said the Countess, the lingering pride of aristocracy mantling her cheek; “but the Claverings are of good family, and connected with us already, else I—”

“Oh, my dear mother, we shall soon get over these little scruples, if, as I trust, there is no serious objection. She referred me to yourself, her father, and my own maturer reflections; and sure I am they will all speak but one language on the subject.”

“Let me be the first to say, ‘God speed you’ in your wooing, my dear son,” said the Countess, laying aside the curls from her son’s manly brow to give him a stately but maternal kiss. “And, now, just step into my dressing room, and give those stray locks of yours a *coup de peigne*; for this morning’s agitation has discomposed them a little; besides, I should like to see Anne alone, when she first comes down stairs.” Lord G— obeyed, glad to escape a moment from even his mother’s observation; and soon after, Anne entered, leaning on her father: the long silken lashes Lord G— had so often admired at chess, beaming more lustrous from an imperfectly wiped tear, still resting on their sable fringe.

“May I be permitted to welcome you as my daughter?” said the old lady, ‘advancing with unwonted alacrity to meet her young favourite, and holding out her hand. “Is it possible,” cried the bewildered and agitated girl, “that *you* too should wish it?” “My first and only wish must be my son’s happiness,” answered Lady G—, “and in your keeping I am sure that is safe. But not even love for him would make me lose sight of yours. A kinder son,

and master, and landlord does not exist; and why should he not make the best of husbands? This is a mother's testimony, Anne, and consequently partial; but it is founded on near thirty years' daily experience, and therefore true." "And I believe it," whispered the trembling girl.

"I thank you a thousand times for that," exclaimed Lord G—, who had entered unnoticed amidst the agitation of the scene. "Mother, may I hope you have prevailed?" Lady G— held out her arms in a mute appeal to Anne, who hid her answer in a mother's joyful bosom. Somehow, as my cousin afterwards told me, the frolic went round; and he found himself, to his own amazement, embracing the stiff Countess, while the young people, he presumed from analogy, were similarly occupied. So complete a surprise had the whole affair been to honest undesigning Jack, that he would as soon have expected to salute his pet Anne, Empress of Morocco, as Countess of G—.

A lodge in the park is now my old friend's abode; when if the children do not visit grandpapa in the forenoon, he is sure to stroll up in the afternoon to inquire the reason. As for the dowager, she says, and *feels* that she has only left her chair at the head of the table, for one easier and more suited to her years and infirmities elsewhere.

The gay world, when for a few brief weeks it caught a glimpse of her, was not backward in bestowing, with its proverbial caprice, its unsought favour on the youthful countess. There was a winning sweetness, a native dignity about Anne, which seemed to speak her born for the station she adorned; and if fashion could have gratified her, it would have laid all its tinsel laurels at her feet. But she was still Anne Clavering: and her husband, her father, her mother-in-law, and children, were to her a world of unfading and engrossing interest. The "Green Stockings" are long since forgotten, and have never for a moment prevented the Countess from befriending, to the very utmost of her ample powers, her four less fortunate sisters.

On Fanny, whose husband's greys soon came to the hammer, while his parliamentary privileges alone kept him from jail, she settled, when she became early a widow, a competent annuity. She persuaded the Earl to restore, by an opportune trip to Ireland, and the magic of his name and rank, the fast waning influence of the high-spirited Emma, at Castle Connor. She sat, though this was the hardest sacrifice of all, for a print which sold a thousand copies of the verses with which her brother-in-law, Orlando, now *provided for a numerous and increasing family*; and as Mr and Mrs Horner wanted nothing from her but countenance and civility,

she listened unreservedly (during their frequent visits) to Cecilia's long concertos, and beguiled, with endless games at chess, the ennui of the deaf old Nabob. They have all, in their turn, learnt to look up to, and admire the Anne they once thought so insignificant; and as they successively receive protection, patronage or sisterly kindness from the idolized Countess of G—, sometimes ask each other—"Can this be the girl we all quizzed with the 'Green Stockings.'"

A MORNING IN MAY.

Methocht fresche May befor my bed upstude,
In weid depaynt of mony diverse hew,
Sober, benyng, and full of mansuetude,
In bright attair of flouris forgit new.
Hevinly of color—quhyt, reid, brown, and blew,—
Balmit in dew, and gilt with Phebus' bemys;
Quhyl all the house illumynit of her lemys.

Slugart, she said, awalk annone for schame,
And in my honor sumthing thou go wryt;
The lark has done the mirry day proclame.
To raise up luvaris with comfort and delyt;
Yet nocht incress thy curage to indyt,
Quhois hairt sumtyme hes glaid and blisful bene,
Sangis to mak under the levis grene.

DUNBAR.

DAYLIGHT is springing in the glorious East
Like a pure fountain in a wilderness:
The choral song of Morning Stars has ceas'd;
And soon the Sun, rising in gorgeous dress,
Will bid his night-watch sleep, for singly he
Must climb great heaven's arch, triumphantly.

Now, 'merging into liberty, the rays
Spread thro' the gloomy Earth in devious ways:
Some the green lake with silvery mantle fold,
Or fringe the fleecy clouds with burning gold;
Others, whom yet the morning's languor fills,
Sleep on the tops of the eternal hills.

The sun is up!—and the glad World smiles:
Seas, rivers, mountains, continents, and isles
Brilliantly sparkle in a thousand ways,
And warble in a thousand strains God's praise.

Ascend the top of yon commanding height,
And feast your vision with a splendid sight.
Above—beneath—around—one glory springs,
The glory that a summer morning brings;

When the chill watchers of a dusky night
 Have sunk before the Sun's subduing light ;
 And, flinging off her shroud, the joyous Earth
 Rises once more, into resplendent birth ;
 And smiles and blushes to the emerging Sun,
 Cheering him to the race he has begun.—

And there are SMELLS abroad, from herb and flower,
 Which, scentless, wept all night, until this hour ;
 The hawthorn-blossoms, and the lilac wild,
 Which I have often climb'd for, when a child ;
 The honey-suckle, wall and gilly-flower,
 That form and scent, at once, the garden bower ;
 The marigold—the myrtle—lily—rose ;
 And many an unseen herb that fragrance throws—
 (Such as the woodrows, that by rivers spring,
 And only sweets exhale when withering ;)—
 All fling a fresh and odoriferous scent,
 That rises to the upper firmament ;
 And, mingling with the morning song and prayer,
 Breathes for poor mortals sweet petitions there.

And there are SOUNDS abroad,—of warbling rills,
 And rivulets, dancing 'mong their native hills ;
 Of river's gush in yonder winding lea,
 And hollow heavings of the distant sea ;
 Of the lark's matin trill, who, soaring, sings,
 And sparrow's homely chirps and flutterings ;
 Of swallow swift, twittering from spray to spray,
 And the small bee's loud humming roundelay ;
 Of village-dog, who, loosed from his abode,
 Frolics and barks along the dusty road ;
 Of village boys, who, met for morning play,
 Raise, 'mong their sports, their shrill and glad huzza ;
 Of ploughman's whistle, and of milkmaid's song,
 And the loud hum of distant city's throng ;—
 All form a symphony of happy sound
 That makes the pulse play, and the heart rebound ;
 And throws on all we know a charm so bright,
 That we exclaim, " O World of delight !"

Alas, Alas ! this World's outward show
 A gilded trapping o'er man's life may throw ;
 The morn may rise, in sparkling beauty clad,
 And sea, and hill, and valley may look glad ;
 All nature may be gay ; and even man
 May smile upon the smiling—if he can :—
 But from the dazzling scenes—the song—the dress—
 Can we decide an actor's happiness ?—
 Can we, without a lingering hanker, say,
 Because the world is gay, man's heart is gay ?—
 The sun *doth* laugh, in all his Summer's glow,
 Doth laugh on scenes of wretchedness and woe,

And Nature carries her most lovely smile
 To Italy's plains and Erin's starving isle :
 Even this bright vision, that we just now see,
 May mantle pictures of drear misery ;
 And these refreshing smells and thrilling sounds
 May be like flowers upon sepulchral grounds,
 Spread o'er the place their fragrance to bestow,
 Because—rank putrefaction lies below.

See you, in yonder dell, a little cot,
 Encircled by a neat-dress'd garden plot ;
 With roof new laid with thatch, and white-washed walls,
 And windows apeing those of gothic halls,
 Round which the creeping flowers in beauty play,
 And wanton in the exuberance of May.
 It is a pleasant and a quiet abode ;
 And travellers, as they pass the adjoining road,
 Cast on it often a regardful eye,
 And love to linger in its boundary .
 For here, think they, here, in this quiet dell,
 If any where, Peace and Contentment dwell.
 But look a little farther—ope the door—
 Take but your survey from the cottage floor—
 And say, Oh ! say then, after what you see,
 If here dwells Pleasure, Peace, or Purity.

One single female on a feverish bed,
 Her friends all scatter'd, and her parents dead,
 (Alas ! deserted such a charming spot ?)
 Is the alone indweller of this cot.
 And she—unhappy one—is ill at ease ;
 For guilt has sullied even scenes like these,
 And left her there, meek as a turtle dove,
 The victim of a fatal, treacherous love.
 Look to her eye, that lately beam'd so bright,
 And spake a heart kindly at once and light,
 Now languid,—and her form, erst fresh and hale,
 Now, like a broken lily, drooping pale.
 No longer is she seen, down in the lea,
 Joining the birds' glad morning minstrelsy ;
 No more at village church, or village fair,—
 Alike the paramount—no matter where ;—
 Sickness, and shame of neighbour's scornful eye,
 Of tongues now slandering what they once spoke high,
 Stay her from breathing the salubrious air—
 At home a lonely, wretched prisoner.

Yet, yet one friend—(and firm is friendship's knot
 Which misery can't undo)—visits her cot ;
 And softly, soothingly, asks how she fares,
 And listens, like a mother, to her cares ;

And tries, by village anecdote or news,
 Some pleasant meditations to infuse,
 To qualify, as if it were by stealth,
 With other thoughts, the bitter thought of self.
 But nothing can the unhappy girl enchant
 From the sad thought that is predominant :
 A smile, perhaps, or a word passingly,
 Or but a bright'ning up of her dark eye,
 Is all ;—the faint impressions will not keep,
 But steal away, like circles on the deep.

" Listen ! " she says—" I saw my love last night :—
 It was a dream—but truth was ne'er more bright.
 Methought, the Sun had sunk deep in the West ;
 And I, with a fine boy upon my breast,
 Sate by my cottage fire, which briskly burn'd ;
 When lo ! the latch uplifted—and I turn'd,
 And saw my long lost love ! yes !—it was he !—
 I flew into his dear arms :—Tremblingly,
 He clasp'd me—clasp'd me—kiss'd me o'er and o'er—
 And said he'd never leave his Mary more :
 ' No, no—you will not, ' I did fondly cry,—
 ' You will not leave me here to infamy !
 Look, look, my Billy—this is your own boy !'
 And then he look'd, and wept for very joy ;
 And I wept too ;—and on his heaving breast
 My head—my dizzy head—wildly I press'd,—
 And yielded to his burning kisses—ay—
 Till my delirious feelings rose so high,
 That, struggling, I awoke amidst their storm :—
 My love was far away—my child was yet unborn."

Unhappy Girl !—many a livelong day,
 And week, and month, and year may melt away ;
 And many a summer's sun may tedious shine,
 With irksome lustre, on that cot of thine ;
 And many a meek-eyed moon aloft may sleep ;
 While, o'er thy baby, thou shalt watch and weep,
 And look with trembling hopes to a new day ;—
 " He may return, my child, perhaps he may ;"—
 Till Hope, at length, burns dim within thy breast,
 And weary-worn, thou sink'st to troubled rest,—
 Again to wake and witness no return—
 Another and another day to mourn.

O spurn not, sneeringly, the tender tale,
 With cry of " Fiction ! " ignorant and stale !
 Fancy may loosely throw her reins away,
 And, visionary, soar from day to day :
 But ne'er can her imaginings o'er-go
 The sad realities of human wo ;

No tale of misery can she indite
 For which the world has no prototype :
 Let her paint on, and her great gallery fill,—
 There shall be many a portrait wanting still ;—
 Let her paint on,—she cannot Truth outdo,
 For SHAKESPEARE'S saddest scenes are those most true.

Great spirits have flourish'd, and the world is old,
 But many a thousand tale is yet untold,—
 Many a drama on the world's stage,
 Of love, grief, hatred, jealousy, and rage.
 Have never figured in the poet's page.

Oh ! who can say, but at this present time—
 (The sun has not yet reach'd his morning prime)—
 Some HERO mourns LEANDER from the shore,
 Mingling her cries with the sea's reckless roar ?
 Or some poor PYRAMUS, hast'ning with his tale
 Of love to THISBE, finds her bloody veil ?
 Or some deserted SAPPHO, from Leucate,
 Dares in the treacherous deep to seal her fate ?
 Or some LUCRECE—no longer a chaste wife—
 Darts at her heart the purifying knife ?
 Or some ELOISA, in her simple cell,
 Weeps at a passion which she cannot quell ?
 Or some imprison'd poet looks and sighs,
 From out his wicket, to the earth and skies,
 And at his pent-up wretchedness exclaims
 As Tasso did, and Scotland's royal JAMES ?

FREEDOM, THE POET'S GODDESS !—at whose shrine
 He kneels, surrounded by the Sacred Nine,—
 (For from thee, and unto thee, doth the glow
 Of his best strains originate and flow)—
 FREEDOM, THE POET'S GODDESS ! on thy car
 Of whirling zephyrs, where no axles jar,
 Bound with this morning's sunbeam in thy might—
 (The world thy circuit, thy companion light)—
 And cut, with heaven-tempered sword, the chain
 That shackles man to Slavery's iron wain—
 That breaks his spirit, with its serpent fold,
 To bow to stocks of stone and gods of gold ;
 Learn him to raise his long-dejected head
 From its worm posture and polluted bed ;
 So that he may, with animated bliss,
 Cry welcome to a glorious morn like this ;
 And with the flocks of earth and birds of heaven,
 Enjoy the simple pleasures God hath given.

W.

PADDY THE PIPER.*

I'LL tell you, Sir, a mighty quare story, and it's as thrue as I'm standin' here, and that's no lie :—It was in the time of the 'ruction,† whin the long summer days, like many a fine fellow's precious life, was cut short by raison of the martial law,—that wouldn't let a dacent boy be out in the evenin', good or bad ; for whin the day's work was over, divil a one of uz daar go to meet a frind over a glass, or a girl at the dance, but must go home, and shut ourselves up, and never budge, nor rise latch, nor dhraw boult antil the morning kem agin.

Well, to come to my story :—'Twas afther night-fall, and we wor sittin' round the fire, and the pratees was boilin', and the nog-gins of butther-milk was standin' ready for our suppers, whin a knock kem to the door. 'Whisht', says my father, 'here's the sojers come upon us now', says he ; 'bad luck to thim the villians, I'm afeard they seen a glimmer of the fire through the crack in the door,' says he. 'No,' says my mother, 'for I'm afther hanging an ould sack and my new petticoat agin it, a while ago.' 'Well, whisht, any how,' says my father, 'for there's a knock agin' ; and we all held our tongues till another thump kem to the door. 'Oh it's folly to purtind any more,' says my father—'they're too cute to be put off that-a-way,' says he. 'Go, Shamus,' says he to me, 'and see who's in it.' 'How can I see who's in it in the dark,' says I. 'Well,' says he, 'light the candle thin, and see who's in it, but don't open the door for your life, barrin' they break it in,' says he, 'exceptin' to the sojers, and spake thim fair, if it's thim.'

So with that I wint to the door, and there was another knock. 'Who's there?' says I. 'It's me,' says he. 'Who are you?' says I. 'A frind,' says he. 'Baithershin,' says I—'who are you at all?' 'Arrah! don't you know me?' says he. 'Divil a taste,' says I. 'Sure I'm Paddy the piper,' says he. 'Oh, thunder and turf,' says I, 'is it you, Paddy, that's in it?' 'Sorra one else,' says he. 'And what brought you at this hour?' says I. 'By gar,' says he, 'I didn't like goin' the roun' by the road,' says he, 'and so I kem the short cut, and that's what delayed me,' says he. 'Oh, bloody wars!' says I—'Paddy, I wouldn't be in your shoes for the king's ransom,' says I ; 'for you know yourself it's a hangin' matter to be cotched out these times,' says I. 'Sure I know that,' says he, 'God help me ; and that's what I kem to you for,'

* From "Legends and Stories of Ireland, by Samuel Lover. R. H. A."

† Insurrection.

says he; 'and let me in for old acquaintance sake,' says poor Paddy. 'Oh, by this and that,' says I, 'I darn't open the door for the wide world; and sure you know it; and troth if the Hussians or the Yeo's* ketches you,' says I—'they'll murther you, as sure as your name's Paddy.' 'Many thanks to you,' says he, 'for your good intintions; but, plaze the pigs, I hope it's not the likes o' that is in store for me, any how.' 'Faix then,' says I, 'you had better lose no time in hidin' yourself,' says I; 'for throth I tell you, it's a short thrial and a long rope the Hussians would be afther givin' you—for they've no justice, and less marcy, the villians!' 'Faith thin, more's the raison you should let me in, Shamus,' says poor Paddy. 'It's a folly to talk,' says I, 'I darn't open the door.' 'Oh then, millia murther!' says Paddy, 'what'll become of me at all, at all,' says he, 'Go aff into the shed,' says I, 'behind the house, where the cow is, and there there's an iligant lock o' straw, that you may go sleep in,' says I, 'and a fine bed it id be for a lord, let alone a piper.'

So off Paddy set to hide in the shed, and throth it wint to our hearts to refuse him, and turn him away from the door, more, by token, when the pratees was ready—for sure the bit and the sup is always welkim to the poor thraveller. Well, we all wint to bed, and Paddy hid himself in the cow-house; and now I must tell you how it was with Paddy:—You see, afther sleeping for some time, Paddy wakened up, thinkin' it was mornin', but it wasn't mornin' at all, but only the light o' the moon that deceived him; but at all evints, he wanted to be stirrin' airly, bekase he was going off to the town hard by, it bein' fair-day, to pick up a few ha'pence with his pipes—for the divil a better piper was in all the country round, nor Paddy; and every one gave it up to Paddy, that he was iligant an the pipes, and played 'Jinny bang'd the Weaver,' beyant tellin', and the 'Hare in the Corn,' that you'd think the very dogs was in it, and the horsemen ridin' like mad.

Well, as I was sayin', he set off to go to the fair, and he wint meandherin' along through the fields, but he didn't go far, antil climbin' up through a hedge, when he was comin' out at t'other side, his head kem plump agin somethin' that made the fire flash out iv his eyes. So with that he looks up—and what do you think it was, Lord be marciful unto uz, but a corpse hangin' out of a branch of a three. 'Oh, the top of the mornin' to you, Sir,' says Paddy, 'and is that the way with you, my poor fellow? throth you took a start out o' me,' says poor Paddy; and 'twas thrue for him, for it would make the heart of a stouter man nor Paddy jump, to

* Yeomen.

see the like, and to think of a Christhan crathur being hanged up, all as one as a dog.

Now 'twas the rebels that hanged this chap—bekase, you see, the corps had got clothes an him, and that's the raison that one might know it was the rebels,—by rayson that the Hushians and the Orangemen never hanged any body wid good clothes an him, but only the poor and definceless crathurs, like us; so, as I said before, Paddy knew well it was the *boys* that done it; 'and,' says Paddy, eyein' the corps, 'by my sowl, thin, but you have a beautiful pair of boots an you,' says he, 'and it's what I'm thinkin' you won't have any great use for thim no more; and sure it's a shame to see the likes o' me,' says he, 'the best piper in the sivin counties, to be trampin' wid a pair of ould brogues not worth three *traneens*, and a corps wid such an iligant pair o' boots, that wants some one to wear thim.' So, with that, Paddy lays hould of him by the boots, and began a pullin' at thim, but they wor mighty stiff; and whether it was by rayson of their being so tight, or the branch of the three a-jiggin' up and down, all as one as a weighdee buckettee, and not lettin' Paddy cotch any right houl't o' thim—he could get no *advantage* o' thim at all—and at last he gev it up, and was goin' away, whin lookin' behind him agin, the sight of the iligant fine boots was too much for him, and he turned back, determined to have the boots, any how, by fair means or foul; and I'm loath to tell you now how he got thim—for indeed it was a dirty turn, and throth it was the only dirty turn I ever knew Paddy to be guilty av; and you see it was this-a-way: 'pon my sowl, he pulled out a big knife, and by the same token, it was a knife with a fine buck-handle, and a murtherin' big blade, that an uncle o' mine, that was a gardener at the Lord's, made Paddy a prisint av; and more by token, it was not the first mischief that knife done, for it cut love between thim, that was the best of friends before; and sure 'twas the wondher of every one, that two knowledgable men, that ought to know betther, would do the likes, and give and take sharp steel in friendship; but I'm forgettin'—well, he outs with his knife, and what does he do, but he cut off the legs av the corps; 'and,' says he, 'I can take aff the boots at my convaynience;' and throth it was, as I said before, a dirty turn.

Well, Sir, he tuck'd up the legs undher his arm, and at that minit the moon peeped out from behind a cloud—'Oh! is it there you are?' says he to the moon, for he was an impident chap—and thin, seein' that he made a mistake, and that the moon-light deceived him, and that it wasn't the airly dawn, as he conceaved; and bein' friken'd for fear himself might be cotched and trated like the poor corps he was afther malthreating, if he was found walking

the country at that time—by gar, he turned about, and walke back agin to the cow-house, and, hidin' the corps's legs in th sthraw, Paddy wint to sleep agin. But what do you think? th divil a long Paddy was there antil the sojers kem in airnest, and by the powers, they carried off Paddy—and 'faith it was only sar vin' him right for what he done to the poor corps.

Well, whin the morning kem, my father says to me, 'Go, Shamus,' says he, 'to the shed, and bid poor Paddy come in, and tak share o' the pratees, for I go bail he's ready for his breakquest by this, any how?'

Well, out I wint to the cow-house, and called out 'Paddy!' an afther callin' three or four times, and gettin' no answer, I wint in and called agin, and divil an answer I got still. 'Blood-an-agers! says I, 'Paddy, where are you, at all, at all?' and so castin' my eyes about the shed, I seen two feet sticking out from undher th hape o' sthraw—'Musha! thin,' says I, 'bad luck to you, Paddy but you're fond of a warm corner, and maybe you haven't mad yourself as snug as a flay in a blanket? but I'll disturb you dhrames, I'm thinkin', says I, and with that, I laid hould of hi heels, (as I thought, God help me,) and givin' a good pull to wake him, as I intindid, away I wint, head over heels, and my brain was a'most knocked out agin the wall.

Well, whin I recovered myself, there I was, an the broad o' my back, and two things stickin' out o' my hands, like a pair o' Hus shian's horse-pistils—and I thought the sight 'id lave my eyes, whin I seen they wor two mortal legs. My jew'l, I threw them down like a hot pratee, and jumpin' up, I roared out millia murther 'Oh, you murtherin' villian,' says I, shaking my fist at the cow—'Oh, your unnath'ral *baste*,' says I, 'you've ate poor Paddy, yo thievin' cannable, you're worse than a neyger,' says I; 'and bad luck to you, how dainty you are, that nothin' 'id serve you fo your supper, but the best piper in Ireland? *Weirasthru! weirasthru!* what'll the whole country say to such an unnath'ral murther? and you, lookin' as innocent there as a lamb, and eating you hay, as quite as if nothin' happened.'—With that, I ran out, fo throth I didn't like to be near her; and goin' in to the house, tould them all about it.

'Arrah! be aisay,' says my father. 'Bad luck to the lie I te you,' says I. 'Is it ate Paddy?' says they. 'Divil a doubt of it says I. 'Are you sure, Shamus?' says my mother. 'I wish was as sure of a new pair o' brogues,' says I. 'Bad luck to the b she has left iv him, but his two legs.' 'And do you tell me she at the pipes too?' says my father. 'By gor, I b'lieve so,' says I. 'Oh, the divil fly away wid her,' says he, 'what a cruel taste at

has for music!" 'Arrah!' says my mother, 'don't be cursing the cow, that gives the milk to the childher.' 'Yis, I will,' says my father; 'why shouldn't I curse sitch an unnath'ral baste?' 'You oughtn't to curse any livin' that's undher your roof,' says my mother. 'By my sowl, thin,' says my father, 'she shan't be undher my roof any more; for I'll sind her to the fair this minit,' says he, 'and sell her for whatever she'll bring. Go aff,' says he, 'Shamus, the minit you've ate your breakquest, and dhrive her to the fair.' 'Throth I don't like to dhrive her,' says I. 'Arrah, don't be makin' a gommagh of yourself,' says he. 'Faith, I don't,' says I. 'Well, like or no like,' says he, 'you must dhrive her.' 'Sure, father,' says I, 'you could take more care of her yourself.' 'That's mighty good,' says he, 'to keep a dog and bark myself;' and faith I rec'lected the sayin' from that hour—'let me have no more words about it,' says he, 'but be aff wid you.'

So, aff I wint, and it's no lie I'm tellin', whin I say it was sore agin my will I had any thing to do with sitch a villian of a baste. But, howsomever, I cut a brave long wattle, that I might dhrive the man-ather iv a thief, as she was, without bein' near her at all, at all.

Well, away we wint along the road, and mighty throng it wuz wid the boys and the girls, and, in short, all sorts, rich and poor, high and low, crowdin' to the fair.

'God save you,' says one to me. 'God save you, kindly,' says I. 'That's a fine baste you're dhrivin',' says he. 'Throth she is,' says I; though God knows it wint agin my heart to say a good word for the likes of her. 'It's to the fair you're goin', I suppose,' says he, 'with the baste?' (He was a snug-lookin' farmer, ridin' a purty little gray hack.) 'Faith, thin you're right enough,' says I, 'it is to the fair I'm goin'.' 'What do you expec' for her,' says he. 'Faith, thin myself doesn't know,' says I—and that was thrue enough, you see, bekase I was bewildered like, about the baste, intirely. 'That's a quare way to be goin' to market,' says he, 'and not to know what you expec' for your baste. 'Och,' says I—not likin' to let him suspect there was any thing wrong wid her—'Och,' says I, in a careless sort of a way, 'sure no one can tell what a baste'll bring, antil they come to the fair,' says I, 'and see what price is goin'.' 'Indeed, that's nath'ral enough,' says he. 'But if you wor bid a fair price before you come to the fair, sure you might as well take it,' says he. 'Oh, I've no objection in life,' says I. 'Well thin, what will you ax for her?' says he. 'Why thin, I wouldn't like to be onraysonable,' says I—for the thruth was, you know, I wanted to get rid iv her)—'and so I'll take four pounds for her,' says I, 'and *no less*. 'No less?' says he. 'Why

sure, that's chape enough,' says I. 'Throth it is,' says he; 'and I'm thinkin' it's *too* chape it is,' says he; 'for if there wasn't somethin' the matther, it's not for that you'd be sellin' the fine milch cow, as she is, to all appearance?' 'Indeed thin,' says I, 'upon my conscience, she is a fine milch cow.' 'Maybe,' says he, 'she's gone off her milk, in regard that she doesn't feed well?' 'Och, by this and that,' says I, 'in regard of feedin' there's not the likes of her in Ireland; so make your mind aisy, and if you like her for the money, you may have her.' 'Why, indeed, I'm not in a hurry,' says he, 'and I'll wait till I see how they go in the fair.'

'With all my heart,' says I, purtendin' to be no ways consarned, but in throth I began to be afeared that the people was seein' somethin' unnath'ral about her, and that we'd never get rid of her, at all, at all. At last, we kem to the fair, and a great sight o' people was in it—throth you'd think the whole world was there, let alone the standin's o' gingerbread and iligant ribbins, and makins o' beautiful gownds, and pitch-and-toss, and merry-go-rounds, and tints with the best av drink in thim, and the fiddles playin' up t' encourage the boys and girls; but I never minded them at all, but detarmint to sell the thievin' rogue of a cow afore I'd mind any divarshin in life, so an I dhriv her into the thick av the fair, whin all of a suddint, as I kem to the door av a tint, up sthruck the pipes to the tune av 'Tattherin' Jack Welsh,' and my jew'l, in a minit, the cow cock'd her ears, and was makin' a dart at the tint.

'Oh, murther!' says I, to the boys standin' by, 'hould her,' says I, 'hould her—she ate one piper already, the vagabone, and, bad luck to her, she wants another now.'

'Is it a cow for to ate a piper?' says one o' thim.

'Divil a word o' lie in it, for I seen his corps myself, and nothin' left but the two legs,' says I; 'and it's a folly to be sthrivin' to hide it, for I *see* she'll never lave it aff—as poor Paddy Grogan knows to his cost, Lord be marcifal to him.'

'Who's that takin' my name in vain?' says a voice in the crowd; and with that, shovin' the throng a one side, who the divil should I see but Paddy Grogan, to all appearance.

'Oh, hould him too,' says I; 'keep him av me, for it's not himself at all, but his ghost,' says I; 'for he was kilt last night, to my sartin knowledge, every inch av him, all to his legs.'

Well, Sir, with that, Paddy—for it *was* Paddy himself as it kem out afther—fell a laughin', and that you'd think his sides 'ud split; and whin he kem to himself, he ups and he tould uz how it was, as I towld you already; and the likes av the fun they made av me, was beyant tellin', for wrongfully misdoubtin' the poor cow, and

layin' the blame of atin' a piper an her. So we all wint into the tint to have it explained, and by gor it took a full gallon o' sper'ts t' explain it; and we dhrank health and long life to Paddy and the cow, and Paddy played that day beyant all tellin,' and mony a one said the likes was never heerd before or sence, even from Paddy himself—and av coorse the poor slandered cow was dhruv home agin, and many a queit day she had wid uz afther that; and whin she died, throth my father had sitch a regard for the poor thing, that he had her skinned, and an iligant pair of breeches made out iv her hide, and it's in the fam'ly to this day; and isn't it mighty remarkable it is, what I'm goin' to tell you now, but it's as thrue as I'm here, that from that out, any one that has thim breeches an, the minit a pair o' pipes sthrikes up, they can't rest, but goes jiggin' and jiggin' in their sate, and never stops as long as the pipes is playin'—and there, there is the very breeches that's an me now, and a fine pair they are this minit.

A CHAPTER ON OLD COATS.

I LOVZ an old coat. By an old coat, I mean not one of last summer's growth, on which the gloss yet lingers, shadowy, and intermittent, like a faint ray of sun-light on the counting-house desk of a clothier's warehouse in Eastcheap, but a real unquestionable antique, which for some five or six years has withstood the combined assaults of sun, dust, and rain, has lost all pretensions to starch, unsocial formality, and gives the shoulders assurance of ease, and the waist of a holiday. Such a coat is my delight. It presents itself to my mind's eye, mixed up with a thousand varying recollections, and not only shadows forth the figures, but recalls the very faces, even to the particular expression of eye, brow, or lip, of friends over whom the waters of oblivion have long since rolled. This, you will say, is strange. Granted; but mark how I deduce my analogy!

In that repository of wit, learning, and sarcasm, the "*Tale of a Tub*," Swift pertinently remarks, that in forming an estimate of an individual's trade or profession, one should look to his dress. The man himself is nothing: his apparel is the distinguishing characteristics; the outward and visible sign of his inward and spiritual grace. What, adds the satirist, is a lawyer, but a black wig and gown, hung upon an animated peg, like a barber's caxon on a block? *What, a judge, but an apt conjunction of scarlet and white ermine,*

thrown over a similar peg, a little stouter, perhaps, and stuck on a bench? What, a dandy, but a pair of tight persuasives to corns and gentility, exuberant pantaloons, and unimpeachable coat and hat, trimly appended to a moving stick, from a yard and a half, to two yards high, grown in Bond Street, and cut down in the fulness of time in the King's Bench? What, a lord mayor, but a gold chain stuck round the neck of a plump occupier of space? What, a physician, but a black gilt-headed cane, thrust with professional gravity, under the snout of an embodied "Memento Mori?" What, an alderman, but a furred gown and white napkin stuck beneath the triple chin of a polypetalous personification of dyspepsia? —Caxon the barber held opinions similar to these. "Pray, Sir," said he to the antiquary, "do not venture near the sands to-night; for when you are dead and gone, there will be only three wigs left in the village."*

If then we look to the dress—of which the coat, of course, forms the chief feature—as the criterion of a man, it is logically manifest, that the appearance of certain coats will renew the recollection of certain individuals; or suppose we substitute the word "coat" for "man," and it will be equally manifest that a certain coat is *bona fide* a certain man. Now, whenever I see an old coat, brown, rusty, and long waisted, with the dim metal buttons at the back sewed on so far apart, that if a short-sighted man were to stand upon the one, he could scarcely, according to the ordinary laws of probability, see over to the other; I imagine, on Swift's principle, that I see my fat city friend, Tims, who died of a lord Mayor's feast, ten years since come Martinmas. In like manner, whenever I behold a gaunt, attenuated, blue surtout, so perfectly old-fashioned in shape, that I should hardly be justified in making an affidavit before Sir Richard Birnie, that, to the best of my belief, it was younger than the Temple of the Sun at Palmyra; I think that I behold my ancient college-chum, Dickson—the cream of bachelors—the pink of politeness—the most agreeable of tipplers, who expired last year of vexation, the necessary consequence of his having been married a full fortnight to a blue stocking. Peace to his ashes—he always spoke respectfully of whisky punch!

Old coats are the indices by which a man's peculiar turn of mind may be pointed out. So tenaciously do I hold this opinion, that, in passing down a crowded thorough-fare, the Strand, for instance, I would wager odds, that in seven out of ten cases, I would tell a stranger's character and calling by the mere cut of his *every-day* coat. Who can mistake the staid, formal gravity of the

* *Vide* Sir Walter Scott's novel of 'The Antiquary, Vol. I.

orthodox divine, in the corresponding weight, fulness, and healthy condition of his familiar, easy-natured flaps? Who sees not the necessities—the habitual eccentricities of the poet, significantly developed in his two haggard, shapeless old apologies for skirts, original in their genius as “Christabel,” uncouth in their build as the New Palace at Pimlico? Who can misapprehend the motions of the spirit, as it alily flutters beneath the Quaker’s drab? Thus, too, the sable hue of the lawyer’s working coat corresponds most convincingly with the colour of his conscience; while his thrift, dandyism, and close attention to appearances, tell their own tale in the half-pay officer’s smart but somewhat faded exterior.

No lover of independence ventures voluntarily on a new coat. This is an axiom not to be overturned, unlike the safety stage-coaches. The man who piques himself on the newness of such an habiliment, is—till time hath “mouldered it into beauty”—its slave. Wherever he goes, he is harassed by an apprehension of damaging it. Hence he loses his sense of independence, and becomes—a Serf! How degrading! To succumb to one’s superiors is bad enough; but to be the martyr of a few yards of cloth; to be the Helot of a tight fit; to be shackled by the ninth fraction of a man; to be made submissive to the sun, the dust, the rain, and the snow; to be panic-stricken by the chimney sweep; to be scared by the dust-man; to shudder at the advent of the baker; to give precedence to the scavenger; to concede the wall to a peripatetic conveyancer of eggs; to palpitate at the irregular sallies of a mercurial cart-horse; to look up with awe at the apparition of a giggling servant-girl, with a slop-pail thrust half-way out of a garret-window; to coast a gutter with a horrible anticipation of consequences; to faint at the visitation of a shower of soot down the chimney; to be compelled to be at the mercy of each and all of these vile contingencies; can any thing in human nature be so preposterous, so effeminate, so disgraceful? A truly great mind spurns the bare idea of such slavery? hence, according to the “Subaltern,” Wellington liberated Spain in a red-coat, extravagantly over-estimated at sixpence, and Napoleon entered Moscow in a green one out at the elbows.

An old coat is the aptest possible symbol of sociality. An old shoe is not to be despised; an old hat, provided it have a crown, is not amiss; none but a cynic would speak irreverently of an old slipper; but were I called upon to put forward the most unique impersonation of comfort, I should give a plumper in favour of an old coat. The very mention of this luxury conjures up a thousand images of enjoyment. It speaks of warm fire-sides,—long flowing curtains—a downy arm-chair—a nicely trimmed lamp—a black cat fast asleep on the hearth-rug—a bottle of old Port (vin-

tage 1812)—a snuff-box—a cigar,—a Scotch novel—and, above all, a social independent, unembarrassed attitude. With a new coat this last blessing is unattainable. Imprisoned in this detestable tunic—oh, how unlike the flowing toga of the ancients!—we are perpetually haunted with a consciousness of the necessities of our condition. A sudden pinch in the waist dispels a philosophic reverie; another in the elbow withdraws us from the contemplation of the poet to the recollection of the tailor; Snip's goose vanquishes Anacreon's dove; while, as regards our position, to lean forward, is inconvenient; to lean backward extravagant; to lean sideways impossible. The great secret of happiness is the ability to merge self in the contemplation of nobler objects. This a new coat, as I have just now hinted, forbids. It keeps incessantly intruding itself on our attention. While it flatters our sense of the becoming, it comprises our freedom of thought. While it insinuates that we are the idol of a ball-room, it neutralizes the compliment by a high-pressure power on the short ribs. It bids us be easy, at the expense of respiration; comfortable, with elbows on the rack.

There is yet another light in which old coats may be viewed; I mean as chroniclers of the past, as vouchers to particular events. Agesilaus, King of Sparta, always dated from his last new dress. Following in the wake of so illustrious a precedent, I date from my last (save one) new coat, which was ushered into being during the memorable period of the Queen's trial. Do I remember that epoch from the agitation it called forth? From the loyalty, the radicalism, the wisdom, and the folly it quickened into life?—Assuredly not. I gained nothing by the wisdom. I lost as much by the folly. I was neither the better nor the worse for the agitation. Why, then, do I still remember that period? Simply and selfishly from the circumstance of its having occasioned the dismemberment—most calamitous to a poor annuitant!—of the very coat in which I have the honour of addressing this essay to the public. In an olfactory crowd, whom her majesty's wrongs had congregated at Hammersmith, my now invalid habiliment was transformed after the manner of an Ovidian metamorphosis, where the change is usually from the better to the worse, from a coat into a spencer. In a word, some adroit conveyancer eloped with the hinder flaps, and, by so doing, secured a snuff-box which played two waltz tunes.

FROM AN UNPUBLISHED DRAMA OF BOADICEA,

BY DUGALD MOORE.

SCENE.—A wild cave in the mountains of Wales, the last retreat of the Britons of Iceni ; an altar to Odin, round which the Priests, Bards, and consecrated Virgins are singing a hymn to the god of battles.—Time, midnight ; the interior of the cavern illumed by the fitful flame arising from the altar ; at the end of their chant, LUTHA, the High Priest, advances from the circle and speaks.

FAIR wilderness of night ! thou universe
Boundless and bright of high and beauteous worlds !
Thou'rt with us once again ; but ah ! a cloud,
Far deeper than thy blackest, has descended
Upon thy worshippers since last we met,
And to the god of death and battle pour'd
Our souls in orisons : how desolate,
How dim this altar looks ! how mute the choir
Of thy adorers, thou Most Mighty ! yet
Our swords are still unbroken, and the foe
Have left us room to die ; and we can rise,
And, like our fathers, perish as we strike,
Even at the threshold of our ruin'd homes.
All now is over ; and the latest sigh
Of freedom has ascended ; treachery,
Cold coward treachery, has dug her grave ;
Yet all that valour or despair could do
Was nobly acted ; and our warrior Queen
Moved with immortal bearing through the fray ;
Her plume the highest, and her rearing steed
Spurr'd 'mid the hottest thunder of the charge,
Cutting her passage, like a fire-bolt, through
Forests of levell'd lances ;—still we fail'd :
Treason was in our lines. Oh, Odin ! crush
Such reptiles to perdition.

2d Priest. The orb that rules the midnight now has climb'd
The battlements of heaven ; and from her cloud
Looks on our stone of power, whose dying flame
We have again rekindled.

Lutha. Then, Selmo, take thy harp ; and bid the bards,
Those ancient men of peace, who swell the dirge
Of our departed, with the virgins, sing
One of our old and melancholy songs,
Which the grey fathers of our early tribes
Sung while they rested 'mid their snowy flocks
Upon the silent hills ; or rather chant
A low lament,—this hour hath need of it.

CHORUS OF BARDS AND VIRGINS.

Our men of the mountains stood
Stately and unsubdued,

Dauntless, and calmly view'd
 Roma before them ;
 Death's purple drapery
 Long stream'd our banners high ;—
 Ere the moon walk'd the sky,
 Cold turf lay o'er them.

In the red battle's van
 Fell each devoted clan ;
 Now in their serements wan
 Rests their proud number.
 Eagle and mountain roe
 Have still their cliffs of snow ;
 But since our overthrow
 Where shall we slumber !

High shrieks the hawk and ern
 Over our slaughter'd kern ;
 Deep in the bloody fern
 Heroes are trod on ;
 Freedom's forsaken band
 Longs for thy starry land ;—
 Bend from thy palace, and
 Welcome us, Odin !

Lutha. Enough !—let silence breathe upon your harps,
 And drink their latest echo : ha ! that sound ?

2d Priest. The rushing of the waters o'er the cliffs
 Of high Plinlimmon ; or the wandering wind
 Shaking the pine-trees in their stateliness
 On Snowdon's mighty ridges.

Lutha. Hark ! how the echoes come along the hills
 Like the wild breezes of the morning ;—see
 Beneath the moonlight yon far rolling cloud,
 Which waves along the desert. Is it not—
 Oh ! look and tell me ; for thy youthful eye
 Is not with tears so dim as mine, nor yet
 So weary worn with watching—is it not
 Our country's fallen banner ?

2d Priest. It is our glorious Queen, amid her own
 Lone remnant of the fearless.

Lutha. Oh sight of beauty, majesty, and power !
 Thou comest around my spirit, like the shade
 Of green hills in a waste and weary land.
 Brother, let's kneel to Odin.

[*A lament.*

Enter Boadicea and her train.

Lutha. Welcome ! great Princess.

Boadicea. Father, we come at last to rest with thee ;
 For we have flung our sword and sceptre by,
 And now have nought to do but look out graves,
 Where we may rest our worn and weary bones,
 And dream away our sorrows ; for in truth

The brows that have been girdled, and the head
That has for ten long winters worn a crown,
Hath need of sleep ; and the fresh turf will be
An easy pillow in an hour like this.
Our bleeding land, though trampled on, has still
Some spot untouch'd by the invader's heel—
Some holy spot, that can afford us room
To lay our ashes.

Lutha. Oh ! let us hope that sorrow's icy hand
Hath not so shatter'd fortune's wheel, but she
May roll it o'er our foes ; and that our God,
The Everlasting One, who bearest up
The drooping head of justice in the world,
Will still strike for us.

Boadicea. Thou talk'st it wisely ; but if *Lutha* looks
Athwart his native mountains, he will see
That ruin's iron grasp is laid on all.
Our foes are countless ; and, oh, God of life !
We cannot pay them back each wrong for wrong.
They have no homes—no loves—no parents here—
No wife—no children—and no holy ties—
No sister mild—no sire to bless their cause.
They follow fortune, as they follow fame,
Happy alone if they can catch her scarf,
And force the fickle goddess to a smile.
We cannot give them wound for wound, or hew
Their household boughs of love, and to the blaze
Give the proud pillars of their palaces,
And their enormous capitals. Their wives
And daughters smile beyond the reach of war ;
While we behold our all laid low, and stand
With nothing but our naked birth-rights on,
And even that boast has perish'd.

Lutha. Alas ! my Queen.

Boadicea. Ay Father, look ! thou see'st around us here
Some half-score warriors, the last ruins of
The splendid multitude, whose banners flash'd,
A short moon since, defiance on the foe.

Lutha. Odin is still omnipotent.

Boadicea. Thanks to all conquering treachery ! the snake
Has crept and poison'd where the royal bird,
The thunder-loving eagle, fear'd to stoop.
Cathul has ruin'd all.

Lutha. Where is the slave ?

Boadicea. With the proud Roman. Scarce a league's span off,
Those fierce pursuers, and their blood-hounds, chase
Their victims closely.

Lutha. Then must we die—

Boadicea. Or live to wear their fetters, and be scourged.
Which of the two is nobler ?

All. Death !

Boadicea. Then place the few who are in love with life

Around the cavern's mouth, that they may be
A moment's check to Rome's advancing legions ;
While we perform our last and noblest deed
In this great struggle.

Rathmor. The band is ranged without ; we need not fear
An interruption.

Boadicea. Then come, ye self-devoted martyrs ! Come,
Ye sacred few, whom freedom's self hath chosen.
Let's seize the little moment that is left us,
To be the master of our fates ; and while
Our hands are fetterless, let's die together !

Lutha. My princess !

Boadicea. Ay, Priest of Odin ! thou beholdest here
Men who have come, while they have liberty,
To choose their graves, and at the holy shrine
Quaff off one parting goblet, and shake hands
With grief and this rude world.

Lutha. I understand thee : may my choir of priests
And virgins join thy banquet ?

Boadicea. All who disdain to be the slaves of Rome—
Who rather would, that their own heath should bloom
Above their ashes, than a Roman heel
Should trample them like worms—may now partake
Of our last feast.

All. Then we are ready.

Enter a Soldier.

A herald, sent from the invader, craves
An audience with your grace.

Boadicea. What ! are we bearded thus before our time !
Will tyranny step in and close the grave,
Ere a few weary wanderers lay their bones
In hoped-for slumber ! warriors, this is sudden.

Rathmor. Let's sally forth and meet them.

Boadicea. No ; rather let their herald come, and we
May send a message back to earth's proud masters,
Craving one little hour to fit ourselves
To bear their bonds ; and oh ! in that brief time,
What may not be perform'd by desperate hearts,
Whose claims with earth are ended !

All. 'Tis wisely thought.

Boadicea. (to the Soldier.) Admit the stranger.

Enter a Roman Herald.

Lutha. Before we do commune, proud stranger, kneel
In reverence to our god.

Herald. The art of kneeling is, as yet, unlearn'd
By any Roman. I have stood erect
Even in the Pantheon, nor will I now
Like summer willow quake and droop the head

Because a storm is near. In mine own land,
My fathers' beauteous land, we hail our god
When he arises in the east and walks
In glory through high heaven, and when he sets
Throned in the gorgeous west, we worship him,
As Chaldaea's shepherds did, in earth's far day
Upon the breezy hill tops.

Lutha. Kneel—or thy doom is settled! ay, as seal'd
As if the genius of your star had writ it.

Boadicea. Peace, Lutha; we who strike for liberty
Should be the last to fetter. Roman, speak—
What says our haughty masters?

Herald. They grant thee life.

Boadicea. To live a shackled captive!—dost thou think
That crowns, like wassail goblets at a feast,
Can be exchanged, forsaken, or flung by,
Without one pang at parting?

Herald. They grant thee freedom.

Boadicea. To wither in a hovel!

Herald. There peace may be no stranger.

Boadicea. Yes, for a lamb;—let the frail firstling crop
The rushes by the brook,—the lion loves
The wilderness to dwell in. Where wouldst thou
Search for the eagle? not where cooes the dove;
But 'mid the frozen cliffs that shine afar
On our bald-headed mountains.

Herald. Yet they must die.

Boadicea. But not within the cottage of the hind
Will either seek to close their haughty eye.
They droop where they have reign'd, amid the wild
And everlasting solitudes of earth:
One in the savage grandeur of his cave,
Whose flinty arches lend a kindred echo
To his last groan; the other up among
The sparkling snow falls of the pathless hills,
With the blue heavens above, and all the stars,
Or the broad sun, in whose almighty face,
When riding like a giant o'er the storm,
He oft has floated;—and, old warrior, I,
Like them who rule their tribes, would like to sink
On the proud heights, where I have walk'd with all
Their thousand cataracts, their clouds and storms,
Their wandering blasts, their rattling thunder, and
The mighty spirit of the wilderness,
Lending his influence at the hour of death,
To nerve me for the change.

Herald. Submit to Rome, whose conquering armies stretch
Over the mighty world; and thou may'st sit
In thy own isle with honour.

Boadicea. Submit to Rome! and patiently hold out
These hands for fetters! look around thee, man,
Upon our deserts, as the moonbeam sleeps

On the white sparkling snow, that wreathes the fronts
 Of yon high upland shining in the air,
 And say could slavery tread those solitudes,
 Walk whining o'er such spirit-stirring scenes,
 And feel no early feelings harrow'd up—
 No dream of happier moments, by remorse.
 Oh ! who could be a slave in such a land—
 Where every thing breathes liberty or death !
 No ! where the eagle nestles, we have lived ;
 And with the wild stag wander'd o'er the hilla.
 Our homes are by the cataract, that out-roads
 The angry thunder ; or upon the waste,
 Where foeman never battled. Tell proud Rome,
 That we will die unshackled—that the flowers,
 The wild, untrodden flowers, of our own heaths
 May ope their ivory lips, and kiss the breeze
 That wanders o'er our graves.

Herald. Thou know'st our wrath is powerful ; think before
 Ye act thus rashly.

Boadicea. Ay, deep and deadly, as a bleeding sphere
 Cover'd with rotting carcases can tell,
 If the fallen dome, the plunder'd temple, and
 A thousand blazing capitals have words—
 If violated innocence, and worth
 Slaughter'd before the sun can utter speech—
 If murder'd freedom's apparition hath
 One solitary echo in the world—
 If the sack'd city, and the ruin'd cot,
 With all its butcher'd peasants, have a voice,
 Then will they utter one tremendous cry,
 Which will be heard from sea to sea ; and rise
 Along the spacious universe to heaven,
 Proclaiming to the astonish'd gods the power—
 Yea, mark me, Roman ! the dread power of Rome.

Herald. Dost thou not know that earth's imperial kings
 Have yielded to her nod ?

Boadicea. Roman ! we live in times when there are men
 Who fearless scan the universe, and dare
 To weigh kings in the balance, and proclaim
 That they are wanting. Yes, the sacred torch
 Of giant liberty is lit ; and she
 Has walk'd abroad among the multitude,
 Breathing into the ears of the oppress'd
 Strange truths, most fatal to the few who rule.
 But utter thy demands.

Herald. As is the lion in the hunter's toils,
 Thou'rt caged in by our legions ; yet great Rome
 Will treat with thee in justice.

[ye priests of Od

Boadicea. (turning to her followers.) What say ye, Britons,
 Will ye submit, and march Italia's slaves ?
 Or, with the voice of freedom, bid her enter
 And here disarm us ?

All. Let us set on them, till the latest heart
That throbs for home is broken.

Boadicea. Son of the stranger! go and tell our masters,
That we demand but one brief hour; and then,
If we submit not, ye may come and use
Your biting steel upon us;—ye will find
Men worthy your assault. Away! away!

Herald. Farewell, heroic princess! I am grieved
To bear so sad a message.

Boadicea. We will not weep, sir, when your tribes return.

[*Exit Herald*]

Now, fellow warriors! are your hearts unbent?
Are you determined still to die unchanged?
Or has misfortune sapp'd your bosom-strings,
And made you yielding? If it be, your Queen
Will blame you not; you still have recollections
Which float like sunshine round your darken'd souls,
And household deities, and little ones,
And many a dream and vision of the past,
Which withereth not; and ye may wear out life
In your high deserts, though oppress'd and fall'n:
But I—who oft have led you to the front—
The tug—the grapple of the conflict—I
Will perish here: one little hour, and death,
With his cold skeleton hands, will dash away
The chains that clank above my head, and make
All my old odds turn even;—yet, brave friends!
My long command is ended,—and ye are
Absolved from any claims to me or mine,
And stand on equal footing with your Queen,—
At liberty to die, or kiss the scourge
Which Cæsar whirls above ye.

All. We will expire with thee!

[*A storm that has been long gathering, bursts, thunder and lightning.*]

Boadicea. The elements are up, and at the charge
On the blue hill tops; 'tis a fitting hour
For freemen to depart in.

All. We are prepared.

Boadicea. Then bring the chalice; set it in the midst;
Pour in the drug, whose potent magic quiets
Each throb of sorrow; let the altar flames
Illume the tide that circles to the brim—
The draught of liberty.

Lutha. Ye priests of Odin! ere we quaff this cup,
Bring forth the bones of the self-offer'd victims,—
The sacred martyrs of the olden-time,
Who yielded up existence for the cause
Which calls us hence to-night; ay, round the altar
Range the cold skeletons, that as we drink

We may behold our Fathers, and not shrink,
But do as they have taught us.

[*The bones of the sacred dead are ranged round the altar, while the virgin
sing a wild lament.*]

Boadicea. Cold remnants of mortality ! ye shine
In blank and mouldy rottenness ; and such
Will be the dowry of the proudest, when
A few brief moons have shone above their grave.
Unlike most epitaphs, ye speak and lie not.
Forgotten masses, who in the far day,
Have loved, and joy'd, and hoped, and fear'd, and sigh'd,
And sorrow'd, with the weariness of life,
And wept your fill like us ; ye deathless ones,
Who ride the winds, and on your airy harps
Wail o'er us mortals ! we have kept your names,
Your fame, and altars, spotless to the last ;
And now, when slavery hunts through the world,
We come to join ye with those holy rites
Which were your bright bequeathment, saved and pure
From every stain of earth.

Lutha. Another rite, my Queen, must be fulfill'd
Before we drink the draught ; our god demands
Blood mingled with the poison.

Boadicea. Where are the victims ?

Lutha. This last feast must have blood.

Boadicea. 'Tis aptly thought of : what are now our tribes
But one poor band of victims, stripped and ready
To be deliver'd on the broken altar
Of glorious liberty. Then, warriors, come,
Before we rob the Romans of their prey
Let us embrace ; and o'er this bowl of peace
Stretch forth our arms, and pour, while we have left,
Blood for a sacrifice ; the ruddy drops
Will mingle with the hemlock's juice ; and we
Will quaff the dregs to Odin.

[*Thunder and lightning.*]

Lutha. The thunders in their rattling pilgrimage
Have deepen'd their great voices ; and the bolts
Leap through the pointed arches of the cave,
Making such splendour in the horrid gap
As if a sunset lit it.

Boadicea. Hark ! how the loosen'd avalanches shift
From their eternal cradles ; down and down
The enormous masses of the snow are hurl'd,
Crushing in their fierce devastating path
The old pine forests, that for centuries
Have steep'd their high heads in the blast, and flung
Their shadows o'er the chasms ; how they bend,
And rend, and rive beneath the clouds of ice,

That pitch'd from cliff to cliff comes thundering down,
A whirling, dazzling atmosphere of frost
Whit'ning the desert.

Rathmor. It is a glorious night for souls like ours
To join the god of battles.

Boadicea. Ay, liberty is out; and on the earth
The mighty genius that bestrides yon storm
No tyrant's arm can fetter; closer, friends!
Here is the chalice; Lutha, thou wert wont
To stab the victims on this altar-stone,—
Be thou the sacrificer.

Lutha. Are ye content?

All. We are.

Boadicea. Our arms are cross'd—our spirits fix'd—our eyes
Like men, who wear the image of their God,
And dare yet stand erect, and look to heaven
Amid a world of slaves, are bent above
On the wild beauteous universe, where play
The servants of the Highest, who now wait,
Amid yon dazzling thunderbolts, to lead
Our spirits to their fathers. Priest of Odin,
Is thy blade ready?

[*The virgins and warriors form a circle round the altar and poison chalice; grasp each other's hands, holding them over the bowl; and while Lutha stands in his office of sacrificer, Boadicea exclaims,*

Oh! thou eternal Spirit, undefined,
Thou incorruptible, undying flame,
Which kindles up the universe, and makest
The soul a living minister! descend
And waft the bleeding, broken hearts that pant
For thy pure kingdom! Spotless liberty!
Look on the bosoms who have worshipp'd thee,
Who lived with thee, and bled for thee, and died
To keep thy altar stainless in the world!
They are thine own begotten; thy first-born,
And the last remnant of the mighty band
Whom fetters have not sullied; deathless god!
Be with them in this last and bitter hour—
This hour of faith and trial, while they shed
Glory around a dying nation! Be
Their king and comforter. Now, Lutha, cut!
This is the last libation we can pour.
See how it turns the drug of death to red,—
The green and sickly draught to flashing purple.
Oh! may the blood which thus we shed to-night,
Reek up to heaven, and at the throne of God
Cry out for vengeance. Lutha, we bear nobly;
This is the hour for free-born men to die in.
Hark! far away the thunder and the crash
Of falling glaciers shake the midnight air;
Such knells are fitting for the mighty, in

Their hour of triumph. Lutha, tremble not—
Strike deeper ! pierce this arm ! that all may mix
Their blood, and quaff it to the god of vengeance.
Now all are bleeding ! Druids ! strike and raise
The warrior's dying chant, while these our veins
Empty their treasure forth.

[*During the awful ceremony, the virgins and bards sing the death dirge.*

Lutha. The chalice now is reaming to the brim,
And blood enough is shed.

Boadicea. Then let us drink. (*Lifting the bowl.*) I pledge ye all,
and here,

While death is standing by me—while I gaze
Upon the spectre's blue and fleshless face,
I do devote the traitor Cathul to
The fiery scourge of Odin. (*Drinks.*) With this draught
Ends my long heartache ; and the fiends of Rome
Will lack a Queen to torture. Here, my friends !
I have quaff'd deeply ; drink and send it round.
It is a sleeping balm for those who mourn—
A safe, a sure, and silent antidote
To all our sorrows.

[*She hands the chalice to Lutha, who drinks and gives it to Rathmor ; after
it has gone round the circle, Boadicea exclaims,*

Now let the music of our battles rise—
The stirring war-drum, and the fiery trump—
The gong, the chant, at whose tremendous shout
Our rolling chariots, with their levelling scythes,
Swept storm-like o'er the cohorts of the foe,
Cutting its ranks to atoms !—sing the hymn
That breathes of victory, that we may see,
While death is stealing on us, all the scenes,
The burning cities, and the slaughter'd Romans,
The shout, the tug, the charge, the living strife
Of our youth's splendid summer,—when we led
The freeborn armies of our fathers' land,
Conquering to conquer, and our war-cries rose
Even in the centre of the spoiler's palace,
Down through their valleys ; and the skies of Kent
Flash'd on our countless lances, and the wind
Ruffled my charger's plumage. Deeper yet !
Still louder and more loud ! that it may drown
The thick sighs and the heavy breathings of
The dying virgins, for they now begin
To feel as women ; and our warriors' ears
Have not been used to such strange melody.

Lutha. Farewell, ye boyhood scenes and happy vales,
Through which our early dreams and feelings float,
Like moonlight on the waters !—home, and Queen,

And you, my dying comrades, fare-ye-well!
As we have worshipp'd Odin without guile,
May the great God of battles, who now rides
You chaos-searching thunder, and conducts
The ether-scorching and all-visiting bolts
Upon their crackling path, unite us where
Rome dares not shackle!

[Dies.

Boadicea. Farewell, thou faithful friend! Oh! it were worth,
If earth had priests like thee, instead of those
Who light their censers in our domes, then preach
Rebellion to the million.

Rathmor. How shrill and savagely the voice of death
Is mingling with the tempest! all have fallen.

Boadicea. Ay, they expected softer bridal-beds
And blyther faces round them. How their eyes,
Fix'd in the gray cold glassiness of death
Are glaring on us! Ha! that laugh!—some one
Expires in madness. How the shuddering hiss,
Ghastly and sharp, sounds 'mid the heaving sighs!

Rathmor. There is a long, long evening stealing o'er us.
I fain would sleep. (*Takes the poison cup*)

Boadicea. What! Rathmor whining on the brink of life
Like a sick girl! the drug has been too weak,
And fate has doom'd us for the slaves of Rome.
But no, my honest warrior! as we've lived,
So let us sink beneath the falchion; and
Like warriors bidding farewell at a feast,
Embrace and perish by each other's hand,
Before the foe is on us. Rouse thee, man!
Taste not the dregs of that false goblet—but
Unsheath thy weapon.

Rathmor. 'Tis nobly thought; I am a man again.
Away, thou sickly messenger of death! (*Throwing away the cup.*)
Thou wilt not chill the last fire of my soul!
But thou, mine honest falchion, that ere now
Hast paid the foe the wages of invaders,
Come forth, and search this lone and aching heart,
And give it slumber! (*Stabs himself and dies.*)

Boadicea. Ungrateful chief! thou shouldst have stricken here,
And aided with thy blade the ghastly drug,
That seems too dull to break a wither'd heart.
Oh! am I doom'd to be the very last
Of all my kingdom?—no! the poison works,
And I am giddy. What an awful night
To stand amid the shroudless dead—and bid
A long and lasting farewell to the world.
The tempest deepens and my sight descries
Nought but the enormous masses of the storm
Stretching their desolate shadows o'er the hills,
And swathing the high fret-work of the cave,
Amid whose galleries the fire-spouts play
Fiercely and thick, as if the hosts of hell.

Hung 'mid the gloom, and wav'd their wings of flame
 O'er the blue faces of the yet warm dead
 That freeze around me—all the stars are hid,
 Buried within their sepulchres of clouds :
 The forests shake ; and on the viewless cliffs
 The torrents voice of thunder mounts and cleaves
 The low and whirling heavens. What noise is that ?
 The affrighted eagles rushing from their nests,
 Far up among the snow-rocks they are scared
 By the all-shaking thunder.

[*Warlike music ; Enter Suetonius, the Roman general ; Cathul the British traitor, soldiers, &c.*]

Suetonius. Britons ! we bid you, in great Cæsar's name,
 Deliver up your arms.

Boadicea. Proud Roman ! take them.

Suetonius. How is this ?

Boadicea. Ay, but an hour ago, and such poor spoil
 Had not been taken bloodless. Dost thou marvel
 To see a dying woman ? look around
 Our bleeding country, and you will descry
 A million.

Suetonius. All dead or dying—this is strange.

Boadicea. Yes ; use the sword, ye gentle conquerors !
 Against the only living thing that now
 Can wag the tongue against ye ; there they lie—
 The brave, who met ye in the battle-field ;
 These cold pale corpses, dim and luridly
 Grin out upon you ; but ye need not fear—
 Their greeting is a mute one.

Suetonius. The Queen is dying,—Rome and we are baffled.

Cathul. *Boadicea.*

Boadicea. Ha ! dost thou still remember that fond word ?
 I thought thou hadst forgot it—that thine ear
 Had lost the old familiar music and
 The kind names of thy youth.

Cathul. You mock me.

Boadicea. Thou cold and heartless traitor ! I have done
 With thee and thine ; and I have learned to die,
 The lesson is an old one, as I've liv'd
 Free and unfetter'd.

Cathul. Suetonius, may we bear her to our tent ?

Suetonius. The pangs of death are on her.

Boadicea. Yes, Roman ! I am dying—all is past—
 The pang, the parting, and the bitterness
 Of love, ingratitude, and heartless hate
 Of cold inveterate foes. Oh ! death is strong—
 More potent than despair in severing hearts.

Suetonius. Can we befriend thee ?

Boadicea. Yes ; plant thy dagger here, and I will bless thee !
 For oh ! the fiery fiend is tugging hard
 At this poor trembler.

(*Pressing her heart.*)

Suetonius. Cathul, this is a moving sight.

Boadicea. Mine eyes are dim—my heart is burning, and
My brain is swimming sick and dizzily.

What ho! my guards! ye thousands who have charged
The Romans at my bidding! come and save
Your injured Princess!—Ha! the slaves are mute
And motionless as midnight.

Suetonius. This struggle soon will end.

Boadicea. I faint—I fail; oh! is there no one here
On which a poor and crownless queen may lean
Her lone and weary head?

Cathul. My sovereign

Boadicea. Viper! avault!

[*She falls.*]

Cathul. Such words are not too kind.

Boadicea. Ha! dost thou leer upon me, thou arch fiend?

Here, on my stony pillow, I bequeath
Thee and thy seed my power; but with it all
The sorrows, fears, and miseries of state;
The hollow friendship; and the flattery
That runs like poison round the purple board
Of monarchs and their slaves; and take my crown,
The throne, and sceptre; for whose hollow joys
Thou hast for ever pawn'd that summer peace,
That sweet and calm serenity of thought,
Which clothed thy boyish hours; those gentle dreams
Shall never, never visit thee again.
Thou vain ambitious traitor, take them; ay,
My sovereignty with all its cares,
Its sleepless nights, its fearful visions, and
Its dull and tasteless days of tyranny,
And wild and awful dreams in which the ghost
Of murder'd liberty shall rise and bare
The breast which thou hast stabb'd; and take the hate,
The deep and deadly hate of the oppress'd,
Whose oaths are peal'd against thee to high heaven;
The orphan's groan; the widow's bitter prayer:
Take all the terrors which despair and fear
Blow round a traitor's spirit; take them with
My last and dying curse; false renegade!
By earth and earth's, her sorrows and her pains,
Her groans and sufferings, and her blasphemies,
Her wars and famines, and her pestilence,
Her graves, her hollow epitaphs and worms,
Her dead and living horrors,—by deep hell
And all the furies in its lowest gulphs,
Its darkness and despair, its miseries,
Its writhing victims, and its awful king,
Who battled with the Infinite, and bore
His charge of levelling thunder,—by the curse,
The deep and deathless ban, of highest heaven,—
I here devote thee to a felon's doom!
Reptile! thou'lt perish,—and for ever sink

To utter darkness ; thy vile corse will be
 Thrust from thy father's sepulchres to bleach
 Among the terrors of the wilderness.
 Thou'lt have no one to mourn thee ; but the storm
 That tells a tale of desolation, and
 Hurls the avalanche down to the vale,
 Shall be the only music of thy dirge ;
 The blessed moon that gilda the warrior's grave,
 The stars, that like the virgin eyes of love
 Woo the young flowers upon it, will not smile
 Above thy ashes.

Suetonius. Cathul, that curse is bitter.

Boadicea. Where are my flatterers and my favourites, w
 Like summer insects, sported in the beam
 Of my prosperity ? they all are gone
 With Fortune on her wanderings.

Suetonius. Our war at last is ended.

Boadicea. And now the world grows dim—it fades—it ei
 All sights are wearing into shadows ; and
 Mine eye-balls fail to single from the dark
 My last unshaken warriors, who stood
 Unflinching in the very jaws of death :
 Yet, still I feel their cold limbs by my side
 Oh ! this is gentle, Romans ; thus to leave
 My brothers with me. Ah ! my sight spins round
 In fiery flashes—I am sick, and chill—
 And all hath vanish'd. Oh ! the night is cold—
 Dark—dark—without a breaking.

THE CURTAIN FALLS.

DEAR NATIVE REGIONS.

DEAR native Regions, I foretell,
 From what I feel at this farewell,
 That, wheresoe'er my steps shall tend,
 And whensoe'er my course shall end,
 If in that hour a single tie
 Survive of local sympathy,
 My soul will cast the backward view,
 The longing look alone on you.

Thus, when the Sun, prepared for rest,
 Hath gained the precincts of the West,
 Though his departing radiance fail
 To illuminate the hollow Vale,
 A lingering light he fondly throws
 On the dear mountain-tops where first he rose.

WOW

FROGERE AND PAUL OF RUSSIA.

FROGERE had been a comic actor of no very great celebrity, in Paris. He went to Russia, where he became the favourite and the intimate associate of the Emperor Paul. Easy and pleasant, however, as was the friendship which for so long a time subsisted between these two eminent personages, it did once happen that the player was provided with leisure and opportunity for considering the important question, whether it be altogether prudent or safe to make very free indeed with an Emperor of all the Russias? At supper one evening, at the emperor's table, some one present took occasion to pay the illustrious host a compliment at the expense of Peter the Great. The emperor, turning to Frogere, said, "This is really robbing Peter to pay Paul: 'tis hardly fair, is it Frogere?"—"Quite the reverse, sire," replied the actor; "for the reputation your majesty will leave behind you will hardly tempt any one to rob Paul in return." Now, though this was almost as good a thing as any one need wish to say, it somehow happened that his majesty did not appear to be in the least tickled by it; and as his majesty did not condescend to honour it with his imperial laugh, no one else could presume to notice it by such a symptom of approbation. In fact the joke with all its merit was a total failure; at which nobody was so much astonished as the perpetrator of it himself. After a short time the emperor withdrew, and the company separated. Frogere retired to his own apartment. He was any thing but happy in his mind. His jest had fallen flat; and such a mishap to a professed joker is as serious a calamity, as the failure of a commercial speculation to a merchant. But to what strange cause could he attribute its ill success. The joke was a good joke, there was no denying of it; and, were it otherwise, the emperor was not so squeamish a critic, but that he had laughed heartily at many a worse. He thought, and thought—and thought again; but since his cogitations availed him nothing (he being still unable with all his sagacity, to discover what could have occasioned his failure), he got into bed, and like a wise man as he was, fell fast asleep.

It was the middle of a Russian winter. In the dead of the night Frogere was aroused by a loud knocking at his chamber-door. He arose and opened it, and greatly to his astonishment, an officer, accompanied by four soldiers armed to the very teeth, entered the room. Frogere, having no reason to expect such a visit, naturally concluded that the officer (an old acquaintance of his, who had the honour of being of the emperor's party on the previous evening) had mistaken his room for that of some other person. *Alas!* he was speedily convinced there was no mistake,

but that the untimely and alarming visit was indeed to him : the officer exhibited the emperor's warrant for his arrest, and immediate banishment to Siberia ! The effect produced on him, by this terrible announcement may—to use a phrase less remarkable for its novelty than for its convenience upon occasions of this nature—“ may be more easily conceived than described.” The idea of a trip to Siberia has shaken firmer nerves than those of poor Frogere. He wept—he screamed—he knelt—he tore his hair. What crime had he committed to draw down upon him so heavy a punishment ? Could he not obtain a short delay ? Of a day—a few hours only—merely, then, till he could see the emperor, that he might throw himself at his feet ? His supplications were in vain : the emperor's commands were precise and peremptory ; and if ever there was an absolute monarch who allowed his mandate to be trifled with, certainly it was not the Emperor Paul. All that the unfortunate man could obtain from the officer, who was his friend, was just sufficient delay to enable him to throw a small quantity of clothes and linen into a trunk ; and having done this, he was led forth. A carriage, guarded by a sufficiently strong body of cavalry, was in waiting, and more dead than alive, he was lifted into it : a soldier armed with a brace of pistols, and a sabre drawn, taking his seat on each side of him. The officer having seen that the windows of the carriage were carefully closed, so as to prevent the prisoner's communication with any one from without, headed the cavalcade, gave the word, and they started, at a brisk trot, on their formidable journey. How long they had travelled till they made their first halt he knew not, for he was in total darkness, and his guards were dumb to all his inquiries : they were strictly forbidden to speak to the prisoner, and few Russian soldiers are so much in love with the knout, as to disobey orders : but reckoning time by his sighs and groans, and lamentations, it seemed to him an eternity. At length the carriage-door was opened. It was broad day ; but he was not long permitted to enjoy the blessed light of the sun, for he was instantly blindfolded, and in that state led into a miserable hovel. Here the bandage was removed from his eyes, and he found himself in a small room, the windows of which being closed was dimly lighted by a solitary candle. Some coarse food was placed on a rough wooden table, and signs were made to him that he should eat. But a few hours ago he was revelling amidst the splendour and enjoying the luxuries of a palace, princes the partakers of his pleasures, a mighty potentate his boon companion. Now—disgraced ; a banished and forlorn man ; a wretched shed for his resting place ; his fare so little tempting, he would not yesterday have offered it to a starving mendicant ; surrounded by faces which, for

the sympathy he would have implored, struck hopelessness down into the very bottom of his heart as he did but look upon them ; a traveller on a dreary, dreary journey, which when ended no tongue should say him "welcome;" nor should his soul rejoice as he should utter "here will be my dwelling !" Siberia ! In that one word seemed to him to be concentrated all of human suffering ; and as he wildly paced the mud floor of the comfortless apartment, no sound escaped his lips, save only Siberia—Siberia !

That extremes meet is somewhat a trite observation. A trifling incident converted the agony of despair—and such was poor Frogere's—into a paroxysm of joy. The officer who commanded the escort entered the hovel, attended by an estaffette. Frogere had not seen him since he got into the carriage on the previous night, nor was he aware that he had accompanied him so far on the journey. He was the only person of the whole number the unfortunate man was acquainted with, and the appearance of a familiar face was to him in his present unhappy situation a source of happiness unutterable. He was about to rush into the arms of his quondam friend, but a slight movement of the hand, and a look of withering sternness, sufficiently convinced him that such a demonstration of friendship was not very cordially desired by the other party. He prepared to speak, but a finger on the lip constrained him to silence. The officer went towards the light, and sealed a packet which he held in his hand ; and having delivered it to the estaffette, to whom he enjoined the utmost possible speed, he ordered the guard to post themselves outside the door. Being left alone with his prisoner, and having again made a sign of silence, "Frogere," said he, in an under voice, "Frogere, here we part ; the officer who will take charge of you to the next station is in attendance. Tell me—what can I—And yet I hardly dare ; the emperor's commands are not to be disobeyed with impunity ; and should it be discovered that I—No matter ; to serve an old friend I will run the hazard of my disobedience. Tell me, then, what can I do for you on my return to Moscow."

The luckless Frogere burst into tears, and instead of replying directly to the friendly inquiry, he indulged in wild exclamations on the severity of the punishment for a crime the nature of which he had yet to learn.

His companion looked at him with amazement. "Yet to learn ! Are you mad, Frogere ? Surely you are ; and you must have been (as we all thought you) mad last night, or you never would have ventured that bitter sarcasm"—and he added in a still lower voice—"the more keenly felt as it was not altogether destitute of truth."

"Good Heavens ! and is it for a trifle like that that I am to be"—

"This is no time, Frogere, to waste in words : mine is the last friendly face you are likely to see for the rest of your long journey. The emperor, as you well know, is implacable in his resentments ; you cannot hope for pardon : so make up your mind to bear your punishment like a man, and tell me what I can do for you at Moscow."

But the mind of the traveller was too bewildered to think upon any other service which his friend might render him, than the only one which his friend (like many other friends upon trying occasions) declared to be exactly the one *he could not* perform for him : it was to intercede in his behalf with the emperor. It was impossible :—but for any thing else, he would "raise Heaven and earth"—"go through fire and water," &c. &c. &c. And, truly, there were many other modes of service open, not the least important of which was the disposal of his property—for not one particle of it (save the wearing apparel already mentioned) had he been allowed to take with him. He had money and some valuable jewels : and provided nothing to his disadvantage should *come out* upon the examination of his papers, it was possible that those might escape confiscation. In that case, had he any friends or relations in France to whom he wished they might be transmitted ? In the event of a contrary result to the scrutiny, a vast deal of trouble would be saved to him and to his heirs for ever. No ; he could think of nothing, he could think of nobody : his mind was all engrossed by the calamity which had befallen that one hapless member of his family who was at that moment on the high road to Siberia ; nor was it capable of entertaining any other idea.

"Then said his friend, "I must think for you, and I must act for you. Should your property, as I have said, escape confiscation, I will deposit it in safe hands, and on your return you can claim it."

"My return ! am I not banished for life ? Is there, then, a hope that"——

"For life !" interrupted the officer ; "do you imagine you are banished for life ! Ha ! ha ! ha ! No wonder, then, you are so grieved at your departure. No, my dear friend ; and happy am I to be the means of pouring consolation into your bosom. Courage, courage, my dear Frogere ! thirty years are soon over, and then"——

"Thirty years !" groaned the luckless jester—but there was no farther time for conversation ; the fresh escort was in readiness ; and the eyes of the victim having been bandaged as before, he was replaced in the carriage. His friend at parting kindly pressed his hand, and placing therein a small sum of money, whispered, "You

will find this more useful on your arrival at the place of your destination than you are now aware of. Courage! Farewell!" The blinds of the carriage were again carefully closed, the word to proceed was given, and away went the cavalcade, much faster than was agreeable to at least one of the party.

A Frenchman is proverbially the gayest creature in the universe, and blessed with greater aptitude than the native of any other country to accommodate himself to disagreeable circumstances. His language, too, furnishes him with a set of phrases admirably calculated to assist his philosophy, when assailed by the common misfortunes to which poor humanity is liable. He loses his umbrella or his wife; his dog is stolen, or his mistress is unfaithful; he is caught in an intrigue or a shower of rain, and he is speedily reconciled to the event by an "*allons puisque*"—or a "*c'est une petite contrariété*," or "*un petit malheur*;" or (if either or all of these should fail) by that last refuge of heroic endurance, the infallible "*ça m'est égal*." But a "Thirty years in Siberia," albeit it makes a promising appearance on paper as a title for a new book, is something more than a *petite contrariété*, and is not by any means *égal*; so that poor Frogere, finding that not one of these modes of consolation applied to his peculiar case, and no other source of comfort occurring to him, he unconditionally surrendered himself to despair. For many hours he rode on in total darkness, and in silence unbroken but by his own unavailing lamentations; for his guards were again debarred of speech, either to their prisoner or to each other. At length they stopped. He underwent the same ceremonies as before: his eyes were bandaged; he was led out of the vehicle; and when he was permitted the use of sight, he found himself in another miserable hut, drearily lighted by the flickering glare of two or three burning twigs of the fir-tree. Here another coarse repast was presented to him; and when he had partaken of it the escort was relieved by a party of fresh men, and again was he hurried forward on his journey. But upon this occasion the sound of no friendly voice met his ear—all were silent—all were strangers. As nearly as he could guess, he had travelled three nights and three days, with occasional halts, always attended by similar circumstances, when, on the night of the third day, again they halted. His eyes were bound; but instead of being allowed to walk, he was carried in the arms of his guards till he found himself placed on a wooden bench. Here he was left for several minutes wondering why the bandage was not removed as usual. Presently he heard an indistinct whispering. Footsteps approached him, his hands were suddenly seized, and bound firmly together. He tremblingly asked the reason of this proceeding. No answer was returned. Rapidly, but

silently, the upper part of his dress was loosened, and his neck bare. His heart sank within him. He began to doubt whether it was intended he should end his mortal journey by taking a place as Siberia in the way. A word of command was given, and he heard the clank of musquetry. The word was given, *march!* He was carried forward in the arms of four men. As they proceeded, he heard the regular tramp of many feet before him and behind.—“Halt!”—He was placed on a set of hands were unbound—the bandage was removed from his eyes, and he found himself—at the very same place, at the very same table, in the same apartment where he had cut his unlucky day. The same persons being present, with the emperor at their head. His wild look of terror, astonishment, and doubt, was greeted with a loud shout of laughter—and Frogere fainted. This had been the sort of Tony Lumpkin’s journey, for he had merely been carried backwards and forwards the distance of about half a dozen miles on the same road; and though computed by the standard of his own melancholy sensations, the time had appeared much longer. He had, in fact, been absent for but little more than forty-eight hours—the emperor, in disguise, being present at all the stoppages. Though this was but a *trick*, the anguish and sufferings of the object of it were *real*; and the consequence was a severe illness, from which it was long before poor Frogere recovered. It was, upon the whole, a piece of pleasantry which, however humorous it may be thought in conception, few would have had the heartlessness to execute but an Emperor Paul.

Some time after this the player was supping with the monarch, whilst at the same hour a trick was preparing of which he himself was to be the *butt*. Not long had they separated when the palace was alarmed. Frogere, with several others, rushed to the emperor’s apartments, and there lay the imperial joker—a dead corpse!

DELIGHTS.

Rock’d on the salt deep
 Into a sunny sleep,
 And a dream sublime
 Of the flow of Time,
 Whose billows without number
 Bear all things in a slumber

Into eternity,
 As we
 Over the glowing sea
 Are wafted sleepingly ;

Pillow'd with leaves and stars above us,
 Upon hearts that love us :
 Clasp'd and folden
 In arms and eyes,
 Till from full-cupp'd pleasure's brink
 Into a trance we sink,
 With visions golden
 Peopling the shadow of our ecstasies—
 Redeeming sleep from death,
 And doubling every joy that perisheth :

Upon an oaken bough
 In the fierce wind swinging,
 Shouting to earth below,
 To the clouds on high,
 And the birds that round us fly
 Rejoicingly,
 Words of a clear-tongued poet's singing
 Lofty flights of madness winging :
 These are delights divine—
 They have been mine.

[*The Tatler.*]

* W. *

A PROPHECY.

THERE is a mighty dawning on the earth
 Of human glory ; dreams unknown before
 Fill the mind's boundless world, and wondrous birth
 Is given to great thought ; and deep-drawn lore,
 But late a hidden fount, at which a few
 Quaff'd and were glad, is now a flowing river,
 Which the parch'd nations may approach and view,
 Kneel down and drink, or float in it for ever :
 The bonds of Spirit are asunder broken,
 And Matter makes a very sport of distance ;
 On every side appears a silent token
 Of what will be hereafter, when existence
 Shall even become a pure and equal thing,
 And earth sweep high as heaven, on solemn wing.

[*The Tatler.*]

I.

2 M

* W. *

A GHOST STORY.*

"Is this a dagger that I see before me?"

LATE one evening in November, a countryman was pursuing his way home, alone, by a road which lay across a lonely moor; and as he was somewhat superstitious, his journey was not altogether a pleasant one. Before he left the last village, he had taken care to fortify his heart with a few extra glasses of whisky, which had brought him thus far on his road without fear. But in proportion as his journey became more dreary, his fears increased, and his head, from the whisky and the night air together, became more and more confused. Indeed, as he himself afterwards admitted, he would not have known he had his head upon his shoulders at all, had it not been for a small empty barrel which he was carrying home on the top of it. The wind was blowing lustily, like a trumpeter on a horn, and when the countryman had come fairly into the open moor, he heard a peculiar sort of voice hallooing in his ear, sometimes on the one side, and sometimes on the other; a whew-whewing, as it were, which very much affrighted and bewildered him. He looked east, west, north, south; the moon shone brightly down; there was no appearance of any living thing within two miles of him. He concluded he was haunted, and he mistook the whistling noise he heard in the air, to be the humming, or rather the hymning, of the devil. He grew alarmed, the sound continued louder and louder, shriller and shriller, nearer and nearer; his blood ran cold, and he ran off; the sound pursued him, he stood still, all was still around him, save that infernal whistling in his ear. He looked up, half expecting to see some monstrous figure staring at him from above; the moon was shining forth in all her brightness—presently a thick heavy cloud passed over her countenance, and all was dark. At that moment the mysterious whistle was heard again, and the affrighted countryman perceived, or thought he perceived, as well as the darkness would permit, a tall spectre-like figure a few paces from him, staring at him with two terrible bright eyes, and stretching its long unearthly arms towards him. To add to his terrors, the bat whirred above his head, and the owl flapped fearlessly past him, so near as to fan his throbbing forehead with its wings. His knees knocked against each other and the barrel which he carried fell to the ground. The

* From "Odd Sketches. By the Author of Poetical Aspirations. Edin. 1831," 12mo.

whistle ceased, the cloud upon the moon past away, and the latter shone out again more brightly than before. The figure that had frightened him was nothing more than a tree, and the moonlight streaming through two apertures in its branches, had appeared to the countryman's distempered fancy to be two large terrific eyes fixed upon himself. Being now undeceived, he laughed at his late fears, and replacing the empty barrel on his head, he resumed his journey. But no sooner had he done so than the infernal whistle recommenced, and gave him as much alarm as ever. It was in vain he looked everywhere for the cause, it was to him perfectly inexplicable; near him and around him the shrill whew-whewing was heard, and round about, like "a hero dangling on a rope," did the terrified countryman pursue it, till he was "downright dixxy with the thought" and the exertion. The whistle was continually in his ear, it went wherever he went; he could not trace its cause. It was plain he was haunted by a whistle—a shrill piercing musically terrific whistle—and his heart was like to burst with terror and vexation.

In this uncomfortable state he continued his journey, till he had entered upon a road that led between two hedges to his home. His soul fell prostrate, like a felled bullock, as he surveyed the dreariness of the prospect before him; and he had got as far as the middle of it, ere he had altogether recovered his consciousness or his courage. The mysterious whistle had not ceased, it was still heard at intervals; shrill, piercing, and melancholy as ever, like a mischievous imp that leaves its victim for a time, only to return with unabated fury to its sport. The countryman's heart, however, had had opportunity to return to its place; he was determined to conquer the spirit that haunted him with its own weapon; so he plucked up a *spirit*, and whistled to it as lustily and as loudly as it did to him.

But his courage was doomed to receive another shock before his journey was ended.—About a quarter of a mile from his cottage, there was an opening in the hedge, which led home through a park where cows were left to graze. As he approached this opening he perceived that a large white, ghostly object was standing full in his way, and blocking up the passage. His courage was at last fairly capsized, so were his hopes, so was his empty anker. He made one step forward, and fell all his length in the mud. While he lay trembling on the ground, a pair of huge semicircular horns rose between him and the sky; they seemed to be attached to a head of vast circumference, belonging to a body of most alarming size. This was too much for him, and something like a swoon

came over his senses and his spirit. When he recovered, the object of his terrors had disappeared.

He was pale and agitated when he arrived at home, and his wife was no less alarmed than astonished at his haggard appearance. He was not long, however, in telling her the cause; but she laughed at him when he was done.

"Odd, woman," says he, as he supped his sowens, "I verily believe I was haunted a' the way hame by an evil speerit. Yon was a maist unearthly sound, something like a whistle, but mair supernatural and awfu', and whan I was comin' doon the lang loan up by, I'm as sure as I'm a livin' man, that I saw the deil himsel'. At least I'll tak my davy that I saw his horns."

"Haud yer tongue," said his dearie. "and swallow yer supper. D'ye think ye'll get me to believe sic stories? Whar hae ye left the barrel?"

"Odd I dinna ken, if the deevil hasna run aff wi't frae me in the loan."

"The deevil! the mischief! Ye hae been frightened out o' yer senses by the wind whistling in the empty bung-hole o' an empty barrel. Ye hae been drinkin', ye loon."

"I had but the share of twa mutchkins amang three o' us. Ca' ye that drinkin'? But odd, Jeanie, lass! I canna get thae horns out o' my head. What d'ye say to the horns woman?"

"The horns!" cried his wife; "ye're aye frightened for horns, and without ony cause. I suppose they were the horns o' some poor wearied cow that had faun asleep in the gap, and wha was mair frightened for you, than you was for it. He! he! Johnny, lad, ye're owre feard for horns. They'll be yer ain some day."

Tradition does not say whether this explanation pleased Johnny, or if he persisted in believing that he had actually heard the devil's whistle, and seen his horns; but I trust my readers will be satisfied with the story, and so I leave Johnny and his wife to settle the matter betwixt them the best way they can.

THE PAST IS POETRY.

THE past is poetry! The rudest sound,
That ever jarr'd on echo's sleeping ear,
Will fade to far-off harmony, before
It altogether die! The ambient air,
That near us undulates all unperceived,
When far away assumes the hues of heaven,

And to a dome of azure marble grows,
 Looking as it could never know decay !
 The past is poetry ! The deeds, the days,
 The feelings, thoughts, and phantasies of old
 Sown thickly o'er the memory, spring up,
 As odorous flowers to frame a wreath of song ;—
 Yea more !—for some there be of nature blest,
 Whose rich balsamic virtue ministers,
 Nor vainly “ ministers to minds diseased !”
 Hence the remembrance of an action kind
 Done in our boyhood, like the prayer of morn,
 Sustains and soothes us thro' life's weary day !
 And therefore did the ancient poet feign
 Mnemosyne the mother of each muse !
 She is the hidden Castaly, that flows,
 Oft bitter, but refreshing still and bright.
 The past is poetry !

J. M.

DEVOTION.

“ Wild Darrel is an altered man.”

Scott.

“——it was an old German, who had come hither, according to the custom of his countrymen, to assist in getting in the harvest.—He was now to behold the sea for the first time. As he drew near he uncovered his hoary head, and suddenly sinking on his knees, gazed upon the glorious element. There was no murmur, no motion on his lips, but the language of his countenance, who shall interpret ?”

Extract from my Journal.—Schevening, Oct. 1830.

Many a time—many a time,
 In his boyhood's vernal prime,
 When he roved his native valleys—
 Where the queen of streams, the Rhine,
 Issues from her mountain palace
 To dispense her boons benign—
 Often, often, then and there,
 Had his simple childish prayer,
 Like a dew-drop, flown above
 To the source of light and love.

For the beautiful, the bright,
 Ever present to his sight,
 Had like summer's glancing showers,
 Mildly sunk into his heart,

Till sweet thoughts, like waking flowers,
 Into life and light would start !
 But it was not yet devotion,
 This spontaneous emotion ;—
 'Twas enjoyment's happy sigh
 Rising odour-like on high !

Yet that vale, in after-years,
 Grew for him a vale of tears !—
 Ah ! the rosy wreath that lightly
 Now the boyish brow adorns,
 Stretch'd o'er manhood's temples tightly,
 Will become a crown of thorns !
 Life will lose the dazzling hue
 That it wore when strange and new ;
 For the mind will learn to scan,
 Till it fear its fellow-man !

Then his ardent bosom yearn'd
 For the things his soul discern'd :
 Friendships, fond and warm and lasting,
 Love, as pure as infant thought !
 These (his very soul exhausting),
 These he sought—but vainly sought !
 So he turn'd from gulleful dust,
 And in God alone would trust ;
 Still devotion had no share
 In his fierce and frantic prayer !

Autumn's breath was on the bower,
 Day was in his dying hour,
 When I saw that lone one kneeling
 On the bleak and barren sands ;—
 Tears adown his cheeks were stealing
 And he clasp'd his wither'd hands ;
 And his reverend locks of gray
 Flutter'd in the sun's last ray,
 As he bow'd before the ocean
 Overwhelm'd with deep devotion !

Oh ! 'twas wonderful !—sublime !—
 'Twas as if the things of time,—
 Waning seasons, days declining,
 Setting suns, and sands all bare,
 And that human being pining,
 Old, and lone, and helpless, there !—
 All that's fleeting,—seemed to be
 Worshipping eternity !
 For that ever-youthful sea
 Shone a type of such to me !

THE AMATEUR'S THREE YES'S.

A BRIEF REMINISCENCE OF PICTURE-HUNTING.

THOUGH I am not a scientific observer of "the mute and motionless art," as the author of *The Pleasures of Hope* calls painting, yet I somehow prefer being alone at an *exhibition*, or with a friend who judges in my own way, to having an artist or amateur alongside of me, with his clouding technicalities or obtrusive hints, perpetually disturbing the kindly current of my thoughts. This disinclination has perhaps originated in experience of the blindness of such guides. I would by no means insinuate that a man of genius, whatever his department, could be otherwise than an agreeable and instructive companion; but I believe, at the same time, that no plain man would be troubled with anything *professional* from artists such as Wilkie or Allan. He would probably discern acuteness and knowledge, though whether pertaining to poet, or painter, or philosopher, or all together, it would very much puzzle him to determine. This is so much a matter of course, that I state it merely to limit and illustrate my meaning. Every person who has frequented such places, will know what I mean by the *common herd* of talkers, who go up and down our picture-rooms in search of *ears*. It was my lot not very long ago to be fixed upon by one of them. From some previous knowledge of the brotherhood, I was aware of him before he had finished his first sentence; and determined to make my escape as soon as possible, and return on another day. But first let me tell what I was looking at when he assailed me. "Picture of a Castle by moonlight." "Why"—squeaked he out, "these clouds ar'n't in nature, and if they were, the trees below don't harmonize, though it is a pretty thing, only out of keeping, and I fear won't go off among so many first-rates." "It certainly is a pretty painting," said I, "and I should not readily have observed the defects you mention. The ruin, I think, is very finely broken."—"There I am with you," said he, "just my perspective—my *chiaro schuro*—light dipping into shade. It is finely broken—*yes*, you are right." At this juncture a third party joined us, and contrary to my first intention, I remained stationary. "Poor Darrel has failed at last, or I am no judge," said the new-comer. "Oh! my dear Mr Garret," he continued, "how are you? Got the prints home safe? That's right. You beat all our amateurs at a bargain." (Here the speaker and my friend shook hands.) "Why, I have had some practice now, George," said Mr Garret; "and as to Darrel—I am

with you there." "The thing's absurd," rejoined George; "did ever mortal see such *fore-shortening*, such perspective, such light and shade? A summer sun couldn't flare more on the trees, and no moon ever saw such shadows. It is a very ugly daub." "There I am with you," said Mr Garret, "just my idea. It is a very ugly daub—yes, you are right. The perspective is ridiculous—the lights horrid. I knew *we* would agree." Hereupon they parted, and Mr Garret whispered me, that the new-comer was a young gentleman of most approved taste and discernment, that he had several written commendations from first-rate teachers, and that his house was resorted to by every person of any pretensions to connoisseurship about town. Then he talked in praise of his *recherche* dinners;—and thus the whole secret came out; for, of course, he would never think of losing such excellent society by adhering to so small an affair as consistency or truth:—opinion, I dare say, he had none. *We* resumed—or rather *he* resumed, the criticism; when one of his inextricable periods was cut short by the approach of two portly figures, an old gentleman and his lady. "Ah, Garret!" she cried, "I was sure I would find you at Darrel's moon-piece. Isn't it a splendid thing, don't you think; you that know how such things should be?" Mr Garret looked acquiescence, and held up both his hands. "I knew it would be so, and told the Doctor as much when we set out." (The husband nodded.) "It unquestionably beats the whole room." "There I am with you, madam," said Garret; "that is just my idea. It does unquestionably beat the whole room. Yes, you are right." Mr Garret was now invited to dine with the worthy couple; and I was left to meditate on what I had heard.

B.

 SONG, FOR MUSIC.

I.

Is my lover on the sea?
 Sailing East, or sailing West?
 Mighty ocean, gentle be:
 Rock him into rest.

II.

Let no hateful wind arise,
 Nor a wave with angry crest
 All be gentle as his eyes,
 When he is caress'd.

[The Tutler.]

ALCANTARA.

DEATHS OF LITTLE CHILDREN.*

A GRECIAN philosopher being asked why he wept for the death of his son, since the sorrow was vain, replied, "I weep on that very account." And his answer became his wisdom. It is only for sophists to pretend that we whose eyes contain the fountains of tears, need never give way to them. It would be unwise not to do so on some occasions. Sorrow unlocks them in her balmy moods. The first bursts may be bitter and overwhelming; but the soil, on which they pour, would be worse without them. They refresh the fever of the soul,—the dry misery which parches the countenance into furrows, and renders us liable to our most terrible "flesh-quakes."

There are sorrows, it is true, so great, that to give them some of the ordinary vents is to run a hazard of being overthrown. These we must rather strengthen ourselves to resist; or bow quietly and drily down in order to let them pass over us, as the traveller does the wind of the desert. But where we feel that tears would relieve us, it is false philosophy to deny ourselves at least that first refreshment; and it is always false consolation to tell people that because they cannot help a thing, they are not to mind it. The true way is to let them grapple with the unavoidable sorrow, and try to win it into gentleness by a reasonable yielding. There are griefs so gentle in their very nature, that it would be worse than false heroism to refuse them a tear. Of this kind are the deaths of infants. Particular circumstances may render it more or less advisable to indulge in grief for the loss of a little child; but in general, parents should be no more advised to repress their first tears on such an occasion, than to repress their smiles towards a child surviving, or to indulge in any other sympathy. It is an appeal to the same gentle tenderness; and such appeals are never made in vain. The end of them is an acquittal from the harsher bonds of affliction,—from the tying down of the spirit to one melancholy idea.

It is the nature of tears of this kind, however strongly they may gush forth, to run into quiet waters at last. We cannot easily, for the whole course of our lives, think with pain of any good and kind person whom we have lost. It is the divine nature of their qualities to conquer pain and death itself; to turn the memory of them into pleasure; to survive with a placid aspect in our imaginations. I am writing at this moment, just opposite a spot which contains the grave of one inexpressibly dear to me. I see from my window the trees about it, and the church-spire. The green fields lie around,

* From "The Indicator." By Leigh Hunt.

The clouds are travelling over head, alternately taking away the sunshine and restoring it. The vernal winds, piping of the flowery summer-time, are nevertheless calling to mind the far-distant and dangerous ocean, which the heart that lies in that grave had many reasons to think of. And yet the sight of this spot does not give me pain. So far from it, it is the existence of that grave which doubles every charm of the spot; which links the pleasures of my childhood and manhood together; which puts a hushing tenderness in the winds, and a patient joy upon the landscape; which seems to unite heaven and earth, mortality and immortality, the grass of the tomb and the grass of the green field, and gives a more maternal aspect to the whole kindness of nature. It does not hinder gayety itself. Happiness was what its tenant, through all her troubles, would have diffused. To diffuse happiness, and to enjoy it, is not only carrying on her wishes, but realizing her hopes; and gayety, freed from its only pollutions, malignity and want of sympathy, is but a child playing about the knees of its mother.

The remembered innocence and endearments of a child stand us instead of virtues that have died older. Children have not exercised the voluntary offices of friendship; they have not chosen to be kind and good to us, nor stood by us from conscious will in the hour of adversity. But they have shared their pleasures and pains with us as well as they could: the interchange of good offices between us has, of necessity, been less mingled with the troubles of the world; the sorrow arising from their death is the only one which we can associate with their memories. These are happy thoughts that cannot die. Our loss may always render them pensive, but they will not always be painful. It is a part of the benignity of nature, that pain does not survive like pleasure, at any time; much less where the cause of it is an innocent one. The smile will remain reflected by memory; as the moon reflects the light upon us, when the sun has gone into heaven.

When writers like myself quarrel with earthly pain, (I mean writers of the same intentions, without implying, of course, any thing about abilities or otherwise,) they are misunderstood if they are supposed to quarrel with pains of every sort. This would be idle and effeminate. They do not pretend, indeed, that humanity might not wish, if it could, to be entirely free from pain; for it endeavours at all times to turn pain into pleasure, or at least to set off the one with the other; to make the former a zest, and the latter a refreshment. The most unaffected dignity of suffering does this; and if wise, acknowledges it. The greatest benevolence towards others, the most unselfish relish of their pleasures, even *at its own expense*, does but look to increasing the general stock of

happiness, though content, if it could, to have its identity swallowed up in that splendid contemplation. I am far from meaning that this is to be called selfishness. I am far indeed from thinking so, or of so confounding words. But neither is it to be called pain, when most unselfish; if disinterestedness be truly understood. The pain that is in it softens into pleasure, as the darker hue of the rainbow melts into the brighter. Yet even if a harsher line is to be drawn between the pain and pleasure of the most unselfish mind, (and ill health, for instance, may draw it,) we should not quarrel with it, if it contributed to the general mass of comfort, and were of a nature which general kindness could not avoid. Made as we are, there are certain pains without which it would be difficult to conceive certain great and overbalancing pleasures. We may conceive it possible for beings to be made entirely happy; but in our composition, something of pain seems to be a necessary ingredient, in order that the materials may turn to as fine account as possible; though our clay, in the course of ages and experience, may be refined more and more. We may get rid of the worst earth, though not of earth itself.

Now the liability to the loss of children,—or rather what renders us sensible of it, the occasional loss itself,—seems to be one of these necessary bitters thrown into the cup of humanity. We do not mean that every one must lose one of his children, in order to enjoy the rest: or that every individual loss afflicts us in the same proportion. I allude to the deaths of infants in general. These might be as few as I could render them. But if none at all ever took place, I should regard every little child as a man or woman secured; and it will easily be conceived, what a world of endearing cares and hopes this security would endanger. The very idea of infancy would lose its continuity with us. Girls and boys would be future men and women, not present children. They would have attained their full growth in our imaginations, and might as well have been men and women ~~at~~ once. On the other hand, those who have lost an infant, are never, as it were, without an infant child. They are the only persons, who, in one sense, retain it always; and they furnish their neighbours with the same idea. The other children grow up to manhood and womanhood, and suffer all the changes of mortality. This one alone is rendered an immortal child. Death has arrested it with his kindly harshness, and blessed it into an eternal image of youth and innocence.

Of such as these are the pleasantest shapes that visit our fancy and our hopes. They are the ever-smiling emblems of joy; the prettiest pages that wait upon imagination. Lastly, “of these are the kingdom of heaven.” Wherever there is a province of that bene-

volent and all-accessible empire, whether on earth or elsewhere, such are the gentle spirits that must inhabit it. To such simplicity or the resemblance of it, must they come. Such must be the ready confidence of their hearts, and creativeness of their fancy. And so ignorant must they be of the "knowledge of good and evil;" losing their discernment of that self-created trouble, by enjoying the garden before them, and not being ashamed of what is kindly and innocent.

TO T. L. H.

SIX YEARS OLD, DURING A SICKNESS.

SLEEP breathes at last from out thee,
My little, patient Boy;
And balmy rest about thee
Smooths off the day's annoy.
I sit me down, and think
Of all thy winning ways:
Yet almost wish, with sudden shrink,
That I had less to praise.

Thy sidelong pillowed meekness,
Thy thanks to all that aid,
Thy heart in pain and weakness,
Of fancied faults afraid;
The little trembling hand
That wipes thy quiet tears,
These, these are things that may demand
Dread memories for years.

Sorrows I've had severe ones,
I will not think of now;
And calmly midst my dear ones,
Have wasted with dry brow;
But when thy fingers press
And pat my stooping head,
I cannot bear the gentleness,—
The tears are in their bed.

Ah! first-born of thy mother,
When life and hope were new,
Kind playmate of thy brother,
Thy sister, father too;
My light, where'er I go,
My bird, when prison bound,
My hand in hand companion,—no,
My prayers shall hold thee round.

To say "He has departed"—
"His voice"—"his face"—"is gone;"
To feel impatient-hearted,
Yet feel we must bear on;
Ah, I could not endure
To whisper of such woe,
Unless I felt this sleep ensure
That it will not be so.

Yes, still he's fixed, and sleeping!
This silence too the while—
It's very hush and creeping
Seem whispering as a smile:
Something divine and dim
Seems going by one's ear,
Like parting wings of Cherubim,
Who say, "We've finished here."

L. HUNT.

1

2

